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A

MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. JOHN JENKINS,

LATE

A WESLEYAN MISSIONARY

In the Island of Jamaica ;

INCLUDING

Characteristic Notices of West Indian Slavery,

&c., &c.

BY

GEORGE JACKSON.

"The most beloved on earth
Not long survives to-day;
So music past is obsolete,
And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet,
But now 'tis gone away:
Thus does the shade
In memory fade,
When in forsaken tomb the form beloved is laid!"

KIRKE WHITE.

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PREFACE.

MANY were led to expect a Memoir of Mr. Jenkins, about twelve months ago, from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Beal; a gentleman whose name excited such expectations as place his present biographer in very unfavourable circumstances. The question, "Why, at this late period, is it sent into the world by one whose name is scarcely known?" appears to be so natural, and so reasonable, that it deserves a serious reply. This is found in the facts that, twelve months after the death of Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Beal was obliged to return the papers from which materials were to be collected, his other engagements rendering it impossible for him to redeem his pledge; and, owing to a short acquaintance having existed between the present writer and Mr. Jenkins, his amiable widow pressed him to engage in the undertaking with an importunity which he found it impossible to resist. It was urged that about 600 subscribers had given in their names for copies of a Memoir of Mr. Jenkins; and that, in general, this was from pure affection to him, and not from any regard to the known ability of his supposed biographer. These friends Mrs. Jenkins felt desirous to gratify; and, as she was pleased to place some confidence in the person whose name appears on the title-page of this Memoir, though he had no prospect of paying either immediate or uninterrupted attention to it, and consequently must compose it under great disadvantages, yet, rather than Mrs. Jenkins and the friends of her deceased husband should be entirely disappointed, he very reluctantly consented to engage in the undertaking. He knows that his work will meet the eyes even of the subscribers under every disadvantage.

Many of their minds are chilled by disappointment; all have been subjected to unreasonable delay; and, of course, on him is imposed the onerous task of suing for indulgence, where he ought to have met with regard. Could he not plead their affection for their departed friend, and their wish that some one should be employed as his biographer, he should despair of success; but, as he can sincerely urge these powerful pleas, he feels some degree of hope, though, owing to circumstances over which he has had no control, he is obliged to throw himself on their indulgence.

The Memoir must stand or fall by its own merits; and therefore he feels it to be useless to say much to gain it acceptance, or avert its condemnation. He has endeavoured, as much as possible, to make Mr. Jenkins his own historian, though he has also inserted such remarks of his own as appeared to him to be required for the purpose of either comment or correction. Having himself been a Wesleyan missionary in the West Indies, he felt a solemn anxiety to convey correct information, especially at a time when misrepresentation and persecution put the friends of missions so fully on their defence. This he hopes will be regarded as a sufficient reason for what some may perhaps consider an occasional digression, and for the volume being larger than was at first intended. He has endeavoured to bear in mind that he was writing the life of a Missionary; and, as every man is in some degree what circumstances make him, and can only be fully known by his powers of compliance, resistance, or control, as occasion may require, he has made such remarks on the state of West Indian society as Mr. Jenkins's papers seemed to demand, and his own observation had furnished; and such as he hopes will increase the interest of the volume. He has frequently felt much gratification and profit while engaged in the work of compilation; and he sincerely hopes and fervently prays that his "*labour may not be in vain in the Lord.*"

Hastings, August, 1832.

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A MEMOIR, &c.

CHAPTER I.

Introductory remarks.—Piety of Mr. Jenkins's ancestors.—His conversion.—Religious experience and consistent conduct.—Employed as a local preacher.—Zealous and useful labours in England—In Wales.—Examined and recommended to the conference as a candidate for a foreign mission.—Correspondence with the Rev. A. Barber.—Letter from the Rev. W. Barber.

We obtain some of our most gratifying and instructive thoughts by indulging our disposition for contrast; but it is one of the most pleasing reflections of the writer of the following memoir that he has not to offer it to the world as *unique* in its kind. Though it is the memoir of a man who would once have been considered a Christian and a missionary of no ordinary stature, the standard of piety in the present day is such that the church of Christ contains many such Christians, and the zeal of that church employs many such missionaries. The times are happily passed when mere official piety, or even gross superstition, were the only requisites for the pulpit; it is only a very small minority who are disposed to tolerate an impious ministry; and "Thou that teachest another, teachest thou not thyself?" as it is the enquiry of inspiration, is now also the general question of mankind. It is, therefore, properly demanded of one who undertakes to be the biographer of a missionary that he shall be prepared to give an account of his conversion; for conversion, in the scriptural sense of that term, is the only proper ground of Christian piety.

Conversion is the work of the Holy Spirit on the heart of its subject; and, though its fruits are manifest unto all to whom the convert may be known, the process and the consummation of the change are

known only to the almighty Agent, and the favoured recipient, of this spiritual transformation. This renders it desirable that religious biography should be compiled partly from the records of the experience of the subject of the story; and this desire the journal kept by our departed brother Jenkins will enable us to gratify. His religion was "that of the heart;" and of this religion he kept a record, which carries us back as far as the thirteenth year of his age.

From this record it appears that Mr. Jenkins "was born at Swansea, in the county of Glamorgan, South Wales, in the year 1798," of truly religious parents, who trained him up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." St. Paul made the piety of Timothy's "mother" and "grandmother" the occasion of his grateful observation; perhaps because their example had been blessed, and their prayers answered, in the communication of that "unfeigned faith" to him which "first dwelt in them;" and Mr. Jenkins's ancestors were like-minded with those of Timothy. Mrs. Jenkins remarks, "His grandmother, Elizabeth Jenkins, was among the first that embraced Methodism in Carmarthen, and was one of the first leaders, made such by Mr. Wesley on his second visit to that town. He often went to her house (as it was always open to the preachers), and Mr. J.'s father has frequently stood between his knees, Mr. Wesley calling him namesake, and often praying the Lord to bless him, and make him and his posterity a seed to serve him." We know not the blessings which descended on "the house of Onesiphorus," in answer to the prayer of the apostle, because "he often refreshed him, and was not ashamed of his chain;" nor do we know the blessings we may entail on our posterity, by inducing those whom we entertain to store the minds of our children with blessings and prayers, and to lay up in their behalf this kind of treasure. All whose minds are properly regulated would prefer that they should have an interest in these, rather than in the hereditary worldliness and wealth of "a Demas," who, under the same trying circumstances, forsook the apostle, "having loved this present world." "The effectual,

fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." Though a conviction that he "was not worse than other boys" for some time prevented Mr. J. from "hearkening to good advice," so as to lead to his conversion, yet it "kept a restraint upon" him, and prevented his "running to the same excess of riot." But, from this time to the sixteenth year of his age, his life does not appear to have been equally blameless; for though at a prayer-meeting in the vestry of Portland Chapel, Bristol (to which city he was brought by his parents early in life), he was convinced of his sins, and of the need of forgiveness, he became "acquainted with some youths of a bad moral character;" he "was drawn away by them to seek death in the error of his ways;" and he expresses his "belief that, if God had not called him when he did, he should have become one of the most abandoned wretches on the face of the earth." His conversion, however, soon followed; and it is dated March 13th, 1814. About two months previous to this date, he was "taken by his father to a Sabbath-school in the country, to a place called Clay-hill;" and in this school he "became a teacher." To the duties of a teacher in this school he "devoted himself for years," says Mrs. Jenkins, "going with his sister every Sabbath three miles into the country, taking their food along with them; and in one of these journeys they narrowly escaped being lost in the snow." This pious employment brought him into the society of those who were differently disposed, who desired his salvation, and who invited him to one of their love-feasts on the day above mentioned. He went, "accompanied by several of his acquaintances:" he was soon impressed with a sense of his danger: and his companions beginning to cry for mercy increased his distress, and he soon "saw himself as it were on the brink of hell." Though he saw no hope of mercy, he cried mightily to God, until eleven o'clock arrived; when, though he was perhaps unconscious of it at the time, and possibly ever afterwards, sleep seems to have come to his relief. This, I think, will appear from his own words, which are extracted from his account of this occurrence in his journal.

"I continued crying to God, until my strength failed, and I was forced to lay my head down and continue silent. But my agony increased. O! the agony! the inexpressible agony of my soul!"

In noticing "the way in which he felt his soul delivered of its burden," he speaks as follows:—

"It was about 11 o'clock, after I had been on my knees about two hours, that the Lord visited me with his salvation. I leaned my head upon the form where I was kneeling, when my ears were saluted with the sound of harps; for I thought they were in the room where I was. No sooner had I listened to this strange sound, than the door of the room opened, and a man with a robe as white as the light came directly to me, and stood over me; and, with a smile on his countenance, said, 'Son, be of good cheer: thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee: arise, and go in peace.' This was glorious news for me; it was this that gave me the victory over sin and death, that filled my soul with love that is past all human comprehension: and I praise God that ever since I have found him as good as his promise; for he has told me that he "will never leave me nor forsake me."

I have not a doubt of this being a dream. A youth of sixteen, who had been on his knees for two hours, and who at eleven o'clock at night, and in a state of exhaustion, laid his head on the form before which he was kneeling, would scarcely be able to avoid sleeping, and sleeping he was graciously influenced to dream on what was the subject of his solicitude. This dream, however, in his case, answered the best of purposes. It directed his mind to an encouraging declaration of Holy Writ; and the man who trusts in the Lord, as therein directed, whatever be the means of "bringing it to his remembrance," will feel that in him "he has righteousness and strength." Such was the effect, whatever was the means, that he never afterwards doubted the sufficiency of the merit of the Saviour's blood; and the language in which he concludes the paragraph of which the above is an extract was ever afterwards the language of his heart:—"May the Lord grant that I may walk worthy of the vocation

wherewith I am called, until I am taken up to dwell in his kingdom of glory!" This is the language of one who had "passed from death unto life," whatever the means or the process might have been; and he attributed the change to its proper agent, in asking, "Did Christ ever send a soul away without the desire of his heart, if he asked in faith? No," he replies; "his heart is touched with the cries of the penitent; he steps in to his relief; and enables him to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Such was the case with me. I thought it was impossible for God to pardon my sins, on account of the innumerable multitude I saw before my eyes. Yet, when faith was imparted, I was enabled to triumph over them all." Thus God "pardoneth and absolveth all them that truly repent, and unfeignedly believe his holy gospel."

Conversion is the point at which scriptural holiness commences; and the apostolic exhortation to the new convert is, "Go on unto perfection" (Heb. vi. 1); and Mr. Jenkins appears to have been early saved from the fatal delusion of many who lose sight of that maxim of the kingdom of God—"Whosoever hath [increase] to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance; but from him that hath not [increase] shall be taken away, even that [talent which] he hath." Matt. xiii. 12. A practical regard to this maxim, and to all the precepts which grow out of it, is the only safe-guard we possess against the doctrine of justification by faith degenerating into antinomianism; and the best proof of this is found in the fact that the antinomian is the most virulent opponent of Christian "perfection," which now became the object of Mr. Jenkins's pursuit. October 9th he writes,

"For some time past, I have felt much of the powers of the world to come. I have also felt more and more of my own nothingness; and I feel the want of an entire renewal of my perverse and deceitful heart. Sanctification is now what I want to feel; for how can I think of resting short of full salvation, when God has declared that without holiness no man can see his face? Therefore I am determined that I will not rest short of all the fulness of his Spirit.

O that I had faith! O that I had that belief of the promises of God which would enable me to lay hold on the blessing.

> 'I want thy will to do,
> As angels do in heaven;
> In Christ a creature new,
> Most graciously forgiven:
> I want thy perfect will to prove,
> All sanctified by spotless love.'"

From this time, to the 1st of February, 1815, he continued in the diligent search of this blessing; and on that day he writes,

"This day my soul has been drawn out in prayer to God, in full expectation of receiving the blessing; and, glory for ever be ascribed to the name of the Lord, he has heard my multiplied petitions, and has given me to taste his sanctifying grace. O what shall I render unto my God for all the rich bounties of his love, which he is constantly making known to me! I have given him my heart, and I know he is able to keep me to the end. May God keep me humble and faithful unto death! For some time past I have had many severe trials, and many great temptations; but, blessed be God, I can look to him and find 'no condemnation;' therefore I know that his 'Spirit bears witness with my spirit' that I am a child of God—that I have tasted and felt his sanctifying grace, which enables me to triumph over death, and that gives me a glorious prospect of a blessed eternity. O for more of the mind that was in Christ Jesus! for more of his love that casteth out all fear, and that purifies the heart! 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name! bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits!'"

From the first of his Christian course, Mr. Jenkins appears to have been much attached to the Rev. Aquila Barber, then a youth like himself, and like him also fervently seeking the constituent graces, and the pure enjoyments, of the "inward kingdom of God." In several parts of his journal, which a regard to brevity has obliged me to omit, he speaks

in the most affectionate terms of his attachment to this young friend, and of their frequent Christian intercourse with each other. Under the above date he says, "One thing that rejoices my heart is, that my dear brother and friend has found the sanctifying influence of the Spirit of God. Now we are enabled to go on blessing and praising the God of our salvation; and God grant that while we live we may live to God!" Joyful mention is also made of the salvation of other young people. Were the intercourse of the rising generation always thus pure, and their efforts and anxieties always thus directed, spite of the depravity of nature, and the temptations of the devil, our earth would bear some analogy to the original paradise. O, how generally it happens that the confirmed iniquities of age are but the vices of youth in luxuriated maturity!

The last entry of this year will lead us to regard Mr. Jenkins in his convictions, his fears, his determinations, and his designs, as a Christian missionary. He writes,

"I feel a deadness to the world through the cross of Christ; but O how hard I feel it to glory in that cross! I am determined, however, not to give way to the suggestions of Satan; for I know that Christ has called me to labour in his vineyard. 'Woe to me if I preach not the gospel.' I believe the Lord has put this in my heart, so that I can get no rest by day, and scarcely by night. The cry is, 'Come over to India and help us.' I am fully satisfied that, if the Lord please that I should go, he will open my way. I do bless my dear Redeemer for his many great and precious promises; and I do feel daily an application of his precious blood to my soul. I know that God has the whole of my affections; I know that he is my God, and that I am his child. I feel that I have redemption in the blood of Christ, even the forgiveness of my sins, and it is my desire and determination to be a Christian. God has, and shall have, all my heart."

On the 1st of January, Mr. Jenkins entered into a solemn covenant with God in private; but during the week he expresses himself as much distressed by

temptation, though he "felt not the least desire to submit in any one thing to the tempter," and as "feeling that his treasure and his heart were in heaven." On the following Sabbath he attended "the renewing of the covenant" in Bristol, and says, "My soul returned again to its centre, when renewing my covenant with my God. I felt my soul melted as wax before the fire, and afterwards, at the sacrament, I was abundantly blessed."

About this time, he seems to have been much perplexed respecting matters which, owing to his minority, he could not control; and during this season of perplexity he writes, "I feel I have lost ground considerably; for in these dark moments, not being able to see the smiling face of the blessed Jesus, I was tempted to give up my confidence relative to sanctification. I instantly gave way to the tempter, and relinquished my hope. But, I bless God, I think I have learned wisdom. I see clearly the great danger of drawing inferences in the time of temptation. I ought to look to Jesus, over or through the temptation, and leave all that is past, pressing forward to those things which are before; and I find, in so doing, that Jesus does hear and answer prayer, and fixes my mind on himself. Blessed be the God and father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who has given me a name among his people. I am not worthy of the least of his favours, but, I bless his name, I feel I have no other desire than to be given up to him."

March 13th, as the day on which he "obtained mercy," was regarded by him as an era in his life, and on this day, 1816, he has the following entry:—

> "'Hail happy day that fixed my choice,
> On thee, my Saviour and my God;
> Fain would my longing heart rejoice,
> And tell thy praises all abroad.'

Yes; blessed be God! I feel at present thankful to God, my Father, for his ever taking notice of a sinner, and that the 'chief.' I have enjoyed the pardoning love of God for two years; and blessed be God that I do not feel tired of his service. I feel I love it more

and more. My heart's desire is, ' to know nothing among men save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." I bless his name that he is opening the way for his unworthy servant to ' preach the unsearchable riches of Christ ' to a perishing world ; and, as my desire in this respect is chiefly for the missionary's life, I do not feel a small degree of comfort on this ground."

Up to this time Mr. Jenkins had not made known to any one his convictions and designs in this respect; but now he was agreeably surprised to find that not only his juvenile friends, the Rev. A. Barber, and his brother, but some of those whose years and piety gave authority to their opinions were equally convinced that he ought to direct his attention to the ministerial office, improve himself in reference to this sacred vocation, and hold himself in readiness for the call of the church. On this subject, under date of April 27th, 1816, he writes as follows :—" I see that, in order to be ' a workman that needeth not be ashamed,' I must be very diligent in the acquirement of knowledge, and likewise get a thorough acquaintance with my own heart. I see nothing short of being a Christian in heart and life will qualify me for the work of the ministry; therefore, by the help of God, I am determined not to rest short of all the mind that was in Christ Jesus."

Mr. Jenkins was made acquainted with the convictions of his friends, in reference to his future employment in the church, just before he completed the eighteenth year of his age : and that one so young should have attracted the attention of the aged and pious proves him to have been possessed of both spiritual and mental endowments beyond his years. From his journal it appears that, about this time, he made a few attempts to speak in public at " the hospital " and other places; and, from the date of the following entry in his journal, it appears, his labours, as a local preacher, became regular, and frequently excessive.

" *April* 29th.—I bless God that nothing can satisfy my soul but his love, and this I have felt for some

time past, in a more abundant degree than before. Jesus Christ is my only satisfying portion.

"With respect to the work of the ministry, I do not feel inclined to give up the idea, although the very thought makes me tremble. Yet, through Christ strengthening me, I can do all things. Sometimes I am tempted to think it is all a delusion; but what gives me very great encouragement is, whenever I stand up to declare the unsearchable riches of Christ, help,—every thing I need, is imparted."

"*Oct.* 3d.—This day has been a day of great rejoicing to my mind. I have been for nearly a fortnight with a member of our Society at Temple Cloud. I went over only intending to stay one day; but our hearts were so united that the family would not permit me to leave. It was on the Saturday evening I went, and on the Sunday I went to a prayer-meeting, and exhorted for about twenty minutes, and the people were very much pleased, no doubt on account of my youth. On Thursday evening Mr. Curry gave out, without my knowledge, that I should preach there on Friday evening. At this my mind was very much burdened, for I found I dared not refuse. I stood up before nearly 150 people, in a private house, and spoke from these words of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner." It was a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord: the greater part of the people were in tears. This encouraged me much; I found very great liberty in speaking; and I believe good was done. This is the first time I have spoken from a text before so many people.

"On Saturday I accompanied Mr. Curry, jun., to a place called Cheddar, in the Banwell circuit. I had not been long in the house of Mr. James Cox, before Mr. C. said to his wife and family, 'Mr. Jenkins will preach you a sermon to morrow, if you please.' To this they readily agreed; but they little knew what an ignorant fellow I was. I therefore stood out for a long time, until they told me they were determined to hear me. I thought that, as I had made a surrender of myself to God for some time past, if he thought fit to

call me to preach then, it was my duty to comply, although I felt myself quite insufficient for the work. Accordingly, the people were told that I should preach (but it was not published from the pulpit); and at six o'clock I ascended the pulpit for the first time. But what was my astonishment, when I saw 300 or 400 people assembled to hear instruction from one so young and inexperienced! My mind was very much agitated; but the Lord comforted me. I spoke from these words: "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy." All my agitation fled; and the people were pleased and blessed. I received many a hearty blessing from the good old people. But this did not suffice: nothing would please but I must preach again on Monday; though we expected to leave. However, Mr. C. remained, and persons went about the village to inform the people that I should preach at seven o'clock; and, when I came, the chapel was so full that it was with difficulty I got to the pulpit. I preached from 'Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.' The Lord abundantly blessed me, and I could not for a moment question my call to the all-important work."

As Mr. Jenkins kept no *regular* journal from the time he became a local preacher—probably for want of time—to the time of his departure from England as a missionary, our information respecting him will be gathered from his numerous letters to his affectionate friends, and the information furnished by his excellent widow. She was the daughter of Mr. Cox, of Cheddar, the gentleman above mentioned; and, respecting his early efforts, she gives the following information:—"In October, 1817, he spent four days at Cheddar, and preached on Tuesday the 7th, and on the Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday; and every service was attended with the influences of the Spirit in such a manner as the oldest members had not before witnessed. The chapel was filled every night, and those who had not till then thought about their salvation began to ask, "What must I do to be saved?" He had prayer-meetings generally after the sermons; and, while others were engaged in prayer, Mr. J. would point those in

distress to the Lamb of God. His third visit was in November, when he spent a fortnight, preaching almost every night. At this time many were awakened, and found peace. He came again on the 18th of December, and spent the Christmas; and such a season had not been known there before. On the 25th, his friend Aquila visited him, and he preached at six o'clock; and his word was made a blessing to a person who came out of mere curiosity to hear Mr. J., a smaller man than himself. On the 31st, Mr. J. held a watch-night till after twelve o'clock, and that solemn night is remembered, and spoken of with pleasure, to this day. The congregations increased, so that we were obliged to enlarge the chapel; for which Mr. J. and a gentleman begged the money; and, in three or four months, the new gallery was completed. The class was divided, and from twenty to thirty new members added; and, though many of them are not now in the society, they cannot forget what they then felt. If he visited Cheddar only for one day, the people expected he would preach; and they think of those days with pleasure; many of them wish for a return of such seasons, and they speak of him with great affection."

In the beginning of June, 1818, Mr. Jenkins's health was in such a state as to render a trip to Wales advisable; and the voyage seems to have been of very essential service to him; though it appears he, very imprudently, began to preach almost immediately on his arrival. A great excitement was the general effect of his labours, and this was a constant temptation to him to exceed his physical abilities; for it induced many invitations from different places, and kept him frequently engaged in prayer-meetings until late at night; and he sometimes "went to his lodgings so worn out that he could not walk without assistance." That there was much that was admirable in the principles which led to this line of conduct no one who cares for the salvation of his fellow-creatures will question. That a mere youth, who would labour thus, would be much admired, by those who are never so well pleased with a man as when he is taking the shortest route to the grave, is equally indisputable;

but a suffering life, suspended labours, expensive afflictions, and a premature grave—the pretty certain consequences of such a line of conduct—should operate as warnings, both to those who pursue and those who encourage it. God knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust; and he is not a hard Master; consequently, there must be a medium between the calculating apathy of the mere duty-doing minister, and that wasting devotedness to public exertion which frequently occasions the taper of life to flicker in the socket, and eventually extinguishes it before it has burned out half its days. These consequences of Mr. Jenkins's pious, but imprudent zeal, were early foreseen by his friends, and he was faithfully warned by his most intimate associate, Mr. Barber, who wrote him as follows, under date of June 29:—"I have understood from Miss M. what has disappointed and grieved me much; though I cannot say I am much surprised; I mean your very imprudent conduct with regard to public exercises. By your letter, you gave me to understand that they were not frequent; but it seems they are both frequent and unreasonably laborious. John, you are much to blame. I had hoped that you had learned wisdom by your sufferings. You are not fit to be trusted out of the sight of those who have the absolute government of you. I do not know whether you had not better have remained in Bristol. I am not unreasonable, or unkind, but I certainly do think that there is a way of making yourself occasionally useful in public, without running into such extremes as those of which you are guilty. I forbear to say more, because I think I have just reason, from former communications between us, to apprehend that what I have just now hinted will be entirely without effect. My candid opinion is that you will fall a sacrifice to your own imprudence, long before you have an opportunity of being brought out by the Conference."

Mr. Jenkins could not see, however, that he came under this censure, and he replied as follows:—"My pleasure was great when I saw a parcel from Bristol; but heightened when I found a letter from my dear

Aquila. It is a rod, I confess, which extorted tears of pleasure that I had so faithful a friend; but the rod was not for me; as, for once, I do not come under the description of the person for whom it was prepared. It is not, I assure you, as Miss M. represented. The few times I have stood up I have felt it good. Poor Swansea! O! were it not for the church I certainly would lay myself out; but I fear I should become my own executioner. God has given me one soul at the Mumbles; glory be to his name! The kindness of the people is my greatest snare. Pray for me more than ever." As this note bears date about a month after his arrival in Wales, his labours might possibly not then have been such as to have excited alarm, except as connected with the delicate state of his health, and consequently only in the minds of those who could see and reason for him, which his zeal prevented him from doing for himself. But the following extract from a letter to his future partner in life will show what he did while in Wales, and with what success he laboured:—"The scene of my labours has been such that I have had but little time for any thing but prayer, for you, myself, and the church of God: travelling through four counties, about 2000 miles, and preaching about 300 times during the space of nine months, in which time God has made me the honoured instrument of bringing many to the knowledge of the truth;—in Carmarthen upwards of fifty—in Cardigan five or six—in Pembrokeshire more than thirty. I have laboured night and day, in cold and wet, in hunger and thirst, in weariness and peril."—"Blessed be God! my soul I trust is in a prosperous state. I feel more love to God, more love to souls. O for a heart full of divine love! spotless and pure! possessing a burning zeal for precious souls, that will enable me to spend and be spent for God! O! how many times have I wished I were incapable of fatigue; that I might never cease to labour till I finish my course. Upon the whole, I have been very well; though the wet, hard travelling, change of beds, and much preaching, have almost worn out my little strength. God was my helper, and all has been well."

This letter was dated February 13th, 1819, just after Mr. J. had returned home; and, in reference to his visit there, his widow remarks, "Mr. Jenkins visited Swansea for the restoration of his health. After preaching there a few times, he was invited by preachers and others, who had heard of his zeal, talent, and usefulness, to other parts of Wales." The destitute state of the societies, the invitations which he received, the attention excited by his labours, and the blessing which usually attended them, were the reasons why he spent so long a period in Wales, in a merely local capacity; and these circumstances justified the conduct of those who urged what in general would properly be considered a premature engagement in the regular work of the ministry. These things he stated with becoming humility to his young friend Barber, who on all occasions was his confidant. A regard to brevity forbids that extracts should be numerous, and the following may be sufficient.

"My very dear Aquila,

"The bearer of this is a young lady, the daughter of one of our old preachers, whom I dare say you know. I have been in Carmarthen nearly a month, and have preached four times a week in the chapel. It will hold 1500. The congregations are very large; such as I never addressed before; and I have been made acquainted with such sensations as I never before experienced; but God has always been better to me than my fears, and I have not been ashamed of the gospel of Christ. On week-nights the chapel is nearly full; but on Sundays completely crowded, so that numbers are forced to go away. O could I describe my feelings, to see the most respectable inhabitants of the town present, the galleries filled with them, to hear a lad speak on the truths of the gospel! I almost fall in the place; but God is my helper; I look up to him, and stay my mind on him. O my dear A., were it not that I was assured of the will of God in coming to this place, I must not stay here. The greatest snare I find is the kindness of the people." In another letter, dated Spitall, he says, "I want more

active love ; such a love as Jesus speaks of as being the source of genuine obedience: ' If any man love me, he will keep my word,' &c. I want more faith, to hang upon the blessed Jesus, moment by moment, and find him all in all ; more humility, that I may be nothing ; to have his image stamped, and ' holiness to the Lord' inscribed on all I do. This has lately been more impressed upon my mind ; ' Be ye holy who bear the vessels of the Lord.' Lord, make me holy, loving, obedient, faithful, humble, and all like thyself. My dear brother, pray for me, that God may assist me! Sometimes I am so sick of my performances that I wonder how people come to hear me. I am ill very frequently a couple of days before I go to preach."

That the attention of those on whom it devolves to supply the church with labourers, and especially the heathen world with missionaries, should be turned towards a youth thus pious, and acceptable, and useful, is as it should be ; and it is quite natural that so many invitations to preach to such congregations, to a person of his years and ardour, and the success which attended his labours, should increase the temptation, to which he was too much disposed to yield, to labour beyond the proper bounds of his physical capabilities. He returned to Bristol early in 1819, owing to a request from his venerable superintendent, the late Rev. Walter Griffith, for the purpose of his being at home to be examined at the March quarterly meeting, preparatory to his being proposed as a missionary to the ensuing district meeting and Conference. To this he alludes in the letter an extract from which has been given above. " I saw Mr. Griffith," he observes, " who was very glad to see me; expressed great thankfulness at my being made useful ; and proposed my going a trip across the sea, as he calls it. He intends proposing me at the next quarterly meeting for the district." At the Conference his name was placed on " the list of reserve," as a candidate for the ministry. The Rev. T. Wood, M. A., the successor of Mr. Griffith, made known to him the decision of Conference ; and, as he had so long looked upon it as his duty, it was natural

that he should rejoice in the prospect of success, even though the consummation of his wishes held out the prospect of a separation from his family and friends, to whom he was sincerely and ardently attached, and an afflictive contact with all the peculiarities of the missionary field. To his friend Barber he thus expresses himself:—

"My dear Aquila,

"Before this time you will have heard the decision of Conference respecting your friend. When I received the note Mr. Wood sent, my feelings could not be expressed. Blessed be God who has thus caused me to triumph in Christ. Pray that my gratitude may abound more and more till Jesus has possession of all my heart—till, filled with gratitude and love, I am fully given up to God. I hope I am growing in grace, making some proficiency in the divine life. Providence has thus far opened my way, but still I dare not be too sanguine. I place myself in the hand of a wise and gracious God. He will do well. I have not quite finished Butler (Butler's Analogy), but will be glad if you will let me have Arndt's Christianity. Write me a line or two; it is like water in a thirsty land. From morning till evening my time is taken up. We have not been in the playground* for this week; think then of our work.

"I am your sincere friend,

"JOHN."

Being placed on the list of reserve, however, among the Wesleyan Methodists, is frequently a severe trial to the patience of a young man. Sometimes, for years, he knows not when he will be called upon, or where he will be sent; and the uncertainty as to his destination is increased if he be a candidate for the foreign work. That Mr. Jenkins's attention was exclusively directed to this is evident from a letter dated Chew

* At this time Mr. J. was engaged as assistant in a respectable boarding-school, at Zion-House, Chew Magna, near Bristol. The meaning is, he and his associates had been deprived of exercise the whole week.

Magna, October 11th, 1820, upwards of twelve months after his being approved by the Conference. It was addressed to Mr. A. Barber; and in allusion to his being sent for by the missionary committee he remarks, "I have not heard from London; what am I to conclude? Well; it is the Lord, let him do as seemeth him good. I have very little time for thinking, being engaged from six to half past eight. However, I read a little, write a little, and, I hope, pray and watch a little.

"Fare thee well, and, if for ever,
Still for ever fare thee well.

"I am, my dear Aquila,
"Thine affectionately,
"JOHN."

Brother Jenkins was singularly happy in having a few pious and intelligent friends about his own age, with whom he kept up a regular correspondence, and whose letters must have added much to his stability and comfort. I greatly regret the want of Mr. A. Barber's letters to him, but learn from Mrs. Jenkins that they were lost, she thinks, with many other things, in a shipwreck which they suffered, in their passage from Jamaica to the Bahamas, in the year 1826. To a person in the state of suspense in which Mr. Jenkins was placed, from the Conference of 1819 to that of 1821, the following remarks must have been very seasonable. They are extracted from a letter from Mr. W. Barber, brother of the above, who was also an intimate friend of Mr. Jenkins, and who afterwards became a Wesleyan missionary, and died at Gibraltar of a malignant fever, which was very fatal there, in the year 1828.

"You, my dear fellow, under the tuition of that expansive benevolence which wills the good of all, have ardently desired to put exertion to the wheel of human distress, and help it out of the mire of sinful lusts. How does the business get on? Where are you now? Still at Sion-House, or in London? It would be a mercy for which I should feel afresh called

to thank Divine goodness, if I might hear of your destination to some eastern port, and of your preparation to depart with your lovely Sally towards it. If Providence really intends you to go, there must be some adequate reasons for his permitting your subjection to so severe a trial of your patience. You are, I hope, solicitous to discover these, if it should be proper you should know them, and desirous they should have their proper effects if it be not. Is it not well that a life of privation and self-denial—for such must a missionary's life be—should be gently introduced by a course of discipline which is calculated to put his graces to the test, and show him how very much he will really want? The distance of the occupation, and the business of preparation between the anticipation and the reality, serve too often, I believe, to heighten the effect of the distant appearance. They only produce the effect of foils behind a jewel; what they add is delusive, and, taken away, they diminish nothing of the value. Do not think me reasoning like a stoic. You know I am no stoic on this subject. But it seems a point of Christian virtue very desirable to be attained, to desire the work of a missionary solely for its own sake; that is, saving the souls of the heathen for the sake of Jesus Christ. Nothing but this, I am persuaded, can make it a bearable situation; nothing but the closest communion with Jesus Christ can secure this. But how does Sarah stand affected? She, I hope, is too deeply pious, not to show you a pattern of holy submission. Well, the Lord bless you both! My cordial prayers go up for your speedy, happy, lasting union, in person, purposes, plans, engagements, usefulness, &c. &c. Believe me

"Yours, with increasing 'brotherly kindness,'

"W. BARBER."

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Jenkins appointed to Ashburton.—Remarks on the probation of missionaries.—Labours in the Ashburton circuit.—Opposed by a clergyman.—Illness.—Several times in great danger.—Letter to Rev. A. Barber.—Letter to Mr. Jenkins, Sen.—Acceptable and successful labours.—Letter from Rev. A. Barber: revival in his circuit.—Mr. Jenkins appointed a third year to Ashburton.—Is requested to hold himself in readiness to be examined as a missionary.—Letter to his sister on the subject.—His appointment to Jamaica.—Anecdote of a Cornish cynic.—Letter from Rev. J. Saunders.—Lines on the portrait of Mrs. H. Newell.

At the Conference of 1821, Mr. Jenkins received an appointment, though it was not, as he desired and expected, to a foreign station. He was appointed to the Ashburton circuit, Devonshire. Probably the reason was, that one so young might serve his probation at home; a measure which is desirable in reference to all who are destined for the missionary field. One of the best rules ever made by the British Conference was made in 1827, and with one or two exceptions it was intended to provide for this; but unhappily, for reasons no doubt satisfactory to all the parties concerned, the exceptions have chiefly been carried out into practice. Such a probation in the work at home would add much to the experience of those who are employed, and consequently to the efficiency of our missions. Youthful piety, and incipient information, come in more constant contact with the means of stability and increase at home than abroad; and here youthful ardour meets more frequently with those who

will extend to it their charities rather than magnify its exuberances, and who will give it the wholesome directions of prudence rather than chill it by the blasts of persecution. The Wesleyan missions stand unrivalled among those of modern times for both their extent and efficiency. O what might they not have been if all who have been employed upon them had passed through the crucible of a four years' probation at home before they were thrown into the entirely new society, circumstances, and labours, into which they are thrown immediately on their setting foot on board a ship for a foreign station! This advantage Mr. Jenkins enjoyed.

But, though Mr. Jenkins was appointed to an English circuit, he only regarded himself as a probationer for the foreign work; and how well his labours in Ashburton and its neighbourhood were calculated to inure him to the hardships of the missionary field will be evident from the following letter to Mr. A. Barber. It is written, like all Mr. Jenkins's letters to him, in the unrestrained language of youthful and affectionate familiarity; but such language the writer of this Memoir regards as the life of epistolary correspondence, and he disclaims all sympathy with those who may regard it as requiring any apology.

"*Buckfastleigh, September* 18, 1821.

"My very dear brother Quill,

"To occupy your time and my head in framing apologies for not writing you sooner, I consider useless, as I wished to give you a view of the circuit, places, prospects of usefulness, &c. &c. This you know would be impossible before a visit.

"The circuit is large, and we go round it in a month, visiting most of the places but once a fortnight, preach about thirty-two sermons, and travel more than 300 miles on an average every month. By this you will perceive my time is nearly filled up. O my dear A.,

> 'Tis all my business here below
> To cry, Behold the Lamb!'

For this I feel grateful and humble; and I hope I am

determined to be spent for the salvation of the people among whom I labour. The rides and walks are sometimes long. I rode on Sunday twenty-six miles, and preached three times; thirteen miles after preaching in the evening. But, thank God, I was never so well as at present. The people are kind. I hope to have a good year with them, or at least till I am called out, which Mr. Saunders says will not be, if he can prevent it, till Conference. Mr. S. is an affectionate, judicious, zealous, Cornish-man, and he has the affections of the people, who find him a Methodist preacher. Mrs. S. is deeply pious, and very attentive and kind. I am as a son to them, for they have no children, and we live in each other's affections. Our prospects of usefulness are great. Glory be to the great Head of the church, he has commenced a good work at this season, the renewal of the tickets; the people are alive to God, and crying 'O Lord; revive thy work!' Blessed be God, my mind is deeply in earnest for a full salvation. I want a clean heart, that I may more fully live in the spirit of my work. O my dear Quill, what am I, what can I do? but the Lord is my help, praise his name! he is my all in all, and I will live to his glory; for God alone shall possess all my heart.

"20th. I am now at ————, having to preach here under painful circumstances, the people not being pleased at the removal of the last preachers. I have constant exercise for all my grace; but praise the blessed Jesus! my strength is equal to my need; but I need your prayers, your constant, most earnest prayers, that I may stand, and, having done all, stand. This is a little seasoning. God has sent me to learn some important lessons. I am in his hands, to be used for his glory in any way.

"Accept the affectionate love of

"Your sincere friend,

"JOHN."

A letter under date of July 23rd, 1822, brings our information to the end of the first year of his itinerancy. The following is an extract, and shows what were some of his labours, sufferings, and successes.

" I believe I told you that I had to preach on the Lord's-day after I left you at ———. This I did, not a little to the annoyance of the parson (who can hunt, drink, shoot, &c. &c. &c.), and who the next time, when it was Mr. S.'s turn, came with his clerk to disperse the crowd; for we had 300 persons, and we stood in the middle of the town, where the revel is held, the bulls baited, &c. He first talked, then pushed, next threatened, &c. I was giving out 'Jesus, the name high over all,' and sung with all my might. However, after a great deal of labour, he sent some from the opposite wall to look on. When I had finished, he came to us and asked us for our licenses. These were at home. He told us we were on unlicensed ground, &c., and wished the people not to hear us. However, after he finished his speech, I prayed, and Mr. S. published for me to preach the next Lord's-day fortnight. Just before this time, however, we were both summoned before the rulers of the people. This did not prevent my going to preach; and, on the Tuesday after, we waited on the magistrates, and answered before them for our conduct. They blustered, but they were silenced; for we produced the law, which brought them to the blush, proved that the principal person perjured himself twice, and that they were acting illegally. We told them prison was nothing to us; for not a farthing would we pay; and that, whatever injunctions they laid us under, we should 'obey God rather than man.' They dismissed us with, 'It is an important case, and we will think of it.' I suppose we shall hear no more. However, it has been productive of much good. The Lord has given us favour in the eyes of the people, and this shall work for his glory. Bless the Lord, O my soul!

" For some time I have been preaching four times on the Lord's day, and sometimes ride thirty miles, besides preaching every night in the week. This, as you may suppose, is more than I can bear, and I have at last been forced to give way; for at present I am not able to preach. I do not think I have any settled disease, but a general weakness from over-exertion. Mr. Saunders thinks this affliction is sent to prevent my

going abroad ; but that is with the Lord, and in his hands I leave it entirely. I hear I am expected by many at Plymouth-Dock, with my old friend Mr. Martin, but that I leave if the Lord see fit. I think a removal would be well, as the work here appears too hard for me, because I cannot spare myself. But I wish to be just where the Head of the church shall appoint. We have an increase of eighty members, and thirty at present on trial this year. For this I am sure you will be thankful. Bless the Lord! Amen."

The following is one of a few entries which he made in his journal during his first year in Ashburton; but which it is not surprising, considering his labours, he did not keep with regularity.

"My mercies have been very numerous. Four times I have been delivered from the very jaws of death: the effects I now feel. Once I lost my way, and wandered, almost in a state of derangement, many miles over a common in the dark. Another time I was carried over a bridge into the water, in consequence of the excessive darkness of the night, which rendered it impossible for either myself or my horse to see the path. A third time my horse took fright at the top of a steep rocky hill, and ran, with unmanageable velocity, to the bottom; where, losing his feet, we were both precipitated into the river which ran at the bottom. A fourth time he fell and threw me a considerable distance over his head. Here let me stand and adore ; for not one of all the good things which the Lord has promised has failed."

In consequence of the first of these casualties he was confined a week; from the second he received no injury ; from the third a slight bruise ; and from the last a considerable one, which prevented the use of his arm for nearly three weeks.

From a letter dated the 18th of October, it appears he had been afflicted with an attack of paralysis, but soon recovered ; and from the following extract from a letter to his friend Barber, now also in the work of

of the ministry, it appears he was again equal to his uninterrupted labours.

"Nothing gives me more solid satisfaction, in connexion with your present circuit, than the prospect you have of comfort and prosperity. May the Lord of the harvest make you very, very, holy and useful. For this I am confident you wish to live. Here let me stop and look back two or three years. Bless the Lord, we are both at last in the work which we love, and which has occasioned us so much anxiety, weeping, and prayer. Let us perform our vows by living to the glory of the Redeemer.

"In this circuit the Lord is with us; the work is hard, as we have but two Saturday evenings in the month vacant, and much travelling. We walk sometimes twelve or fourteen miles, which with preaching, &c. &c., renders rest pleasant. But souls are brought to God. Last quarter twenty-four, and about the same number on trial. Praise the Lord with me! I will not complain, for 'the best of all is God with us,' and, if good be effected in his great name, no privation is too great, or labour too mighty.

"Pray for me fervently that the Lord may preserve me; and be assured I never forget you. My love to your superintendent and family, and tell them to be sure and use you well, or ———. Mind and write soon to

"Your affectionate friend,
"JOHN JENKINS."

The following extract of a letter from Mr. Jenkins to his father, dated February 14th, 1823, shows his affection as a son, and his zeal, acceptableness, and joy in success, as a minister; and it also prepares our mind for his third year's appointment to the Ashburton circuit, by request of those who knew his worth.

"My dear father

"Will lawfully expect a letter when he sees or hears that I have transmitted a packet, and in it will naturally enough expect very much news; and,

really, I have so many things to say that I know not on what to fix. The world and every thing in it is so full of changes that every day's feeling, &c., furnishes more than enough for a letter. I will begin, however, by stating that I do not forget you and my dear mother, and that the place which you hold in my thoughts and affections is so considerable that an hour does not pass, I think, in my waking time, but you are present with me. The blessings I enjoy I owe under the Governor of all things to religious parents, and the obligations I am under will certainly never be forgotten.

" The winter has been severe. I have felt it; and several times thought it impossible to go through; but I received help. During the most severe part I was in the Tiverton circuit (to which I have a very pressing invitation for the next year). The people were exceedingly kind, and I received every attention they could afford. 'Tis humbling to think 'the servant is above his Lord;' yet so it is. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul!'

" Mr. Saunders and myself are invited to remain a third year; but what will be done I know not, neither am I anxious to know, as the Head of the church will make the way plain if I put my trust in him, and in him I think I put my trust. Ashburton is in a very blessed state. Every week we have additions; last week eight. Taking into account the spirit that prevails, God's arm has been indeed made bare. We were 300 when we came, now we are more than 500. It is the Lord's doing, and blessed be the name of the Lord!

" I at present enjoy tolerable health; and hoping mother, yourself, and all the family are in possession of the same blessing, I subscribe myself

" Your affectionate son,

" JOHN."

The following letter contains the Rev. A. Barber's opinion of Mr. Jenkins's appointment to the Ashburton circuit for a third year, and his wish to induce him to remove into the neighbourhood of St. Neots, in which

circuit Mr. B. was travelling, and in which it will be seen there was an extensive revival of religion.

"*St. Neots*, 10*th April*, 1823.

"My dear John,

"Though I scarcely know how to spare time to write even to you, yet necessity, and the hope of being able to prevail with you to come to B., have prevailed over every other consideration. They say I am always arguing. Well, well; I don't mind so long as it is in a good cause, and I can gain my point so far as to be consistent with propriety. Let me then try my strength in the matter that lies before me. Your attention is divided between three places. With respect to the first, it certainly is much to your credit to receive an invitation to remain a third year with them. But both Mr. W. and myself are of opinion that Conference will appoint no young man on trial in his first circuit three successive years. They will consider that, if you are worth any thing, one circuit ought not to monopolize your labours; and, in addition to this, they will think that removing you to another circuit, by adding to your experience, will more effectually qualify you for church-government in future. So that I think you will be sure to be removed. With regard to ————, as far as I can learn from your representation, I should be afraid of a capricious people, who have used other preachers ill. Besides, I do not think that your bodily health is of that robust description that would long support *your sort of preaching in a large chapel.* Though you might feel it easier for a time, I am greatly apprehensive you would make too free with your voice; which will perhaps bring you to your grave sooner or later. Now, as it respects B., neither of these difficulties occur. As far as I have had an opportunity of ascertaining, the people are kind and attentive to their preachers. The chapel will contain 300 or 400 people; in the town they have sixty or seventy members, and about 1500 inhabitants; and the comforts of the home I believe are desirable. I certainly think you had better make up your mind to come here; send me

therefore a letter to that effect, at or before the beginning of the week after next, about which time I expect to see Mr. M., and then he will strain every nerve to effect your removal.

"The Lord still continues to work among us in a marvellous manner. More than 120 convinced since last Sabbath six weeks, and about 105 put into classes. A revival has also broken out in the church of an evangelical clergyman with whom I am intimate, and who lives about six miles from this place. Expecting me at his house one day, he published for a prayer-meeting at one of his parishioner's, intending me to stay all night with him. I consented. Our meeting lasted about three hours and a half, and about ten souls were in distress. This was not the commencement of it, for it had begun some few weeks before. One week nine penitents were made happy in the love of God. This gentleman is for all the world like a Methodist. He encourages the distressed as we do, and one of his parishioners gave me as clear an account as ever I heard of the way in which she received and retained entire holiness. Glory, glory be to God! We seem to be alive almost every where. There is one wicked country village in our circuit (where I was grossly insulted one day when I preached in the open air, a butcher having pushed me off my standing-place while I was engaged in prayer) that is so stirred up that my last week-night congregation was 100. One girl was so exasperated at the conversion of her two sisters, her brother-in-law, and her cousin, that she became almost as much like a fiend as a female; and she told me, yesterday, that if at that time I had dared to speak to her, in any of our prayer-meetings, she would have beaten me in the place; and even her own relatives tell me, such is her spirit, that she would have been as good as her word. But she has been brought down; the lion became a lamb; she sued for mercy in several of our meetings, found peace, and joined society. She and her friends went thirteen miles to hear me preach yesterday. What hath God wrought! Adieu. Write as above directed to

"Yours affectionately,

"AQUILA BARBER."

Great interest was made, however, with the president of Conference by an official communication from the June quarterly meeting, and with several of the influential members of the Conference, for Mr. Jenkins's re-appointment to Ashburton for a third year, and the applications succeeded. Mr. Saunders, his superintendent, went to Conference, bent on using all his influence to secure his return, and he wrote Mr. J. as follows, under date of July 11th :—" The eyes of some of the preachers have been turned towards Ashburton ; and no doubt sacrilegious hands and oppressive arms would be directed towards us but for the drawn and brandished swords of the " one-and-all " men who have hitherto guarded our prosperity ; and we hope to retain you, for I think your station will not be affected by home work, and I have not heard an intimation of your going abroad. If I hear any thing, I will instantly let you know." This appointment must have been very gratifying to so young a man as Mr. Jenkins, who was employed in the Wesleyan Methodist itinerancy, which subjects the characters, and abilities, and doctrines, and appointments, of all its agents, to the annual inspection of a Conference of its most approved ministers, who seldom appoint its juvenile preachers three successive years to the same circuit, even at the request of their friends.

Notwithstanding the silence of Conference in reference to Mr. Jenkins's going abroad, the Rev. Richard Watson, one of the missionary secretaries, had intimated, some time previously, that " they considered him as their man ; " and, on the 13th of September, a letter was forwarded by the Rev. Joseph Taylor, another of the secretaries, informing him that he " supposed they should want him in a few weeks," and promising to " get the president to supply his place in the Ashburton circuit with an acceptable preacher." In a letter dated the 31st of October he says, " The president has authorized the missionary committee to call you up to town, and to supply your place. You will come direct to town.

" I am, my dear brother, yours truly,

" Joseph Taylor."

This requisition being the result of a previous understanding, and so consonant with Mr. Jenkins's desires, he now prepared for his future and foreign destination; and the following letters are fine specimens of the union of sacrifice and affection in which he commenced his preparations:—

"My dear sister Sue should have heard from me very much sooner and oftener but for the numerous and pressing engagements to which I have had to attend. However, I know she will not think that her brother has forgotten her, or that he ceases to cherish those impressions made by her sympathy and solicitude; for, 'while my heart can love, I'll love thee, thee I'll love.' How mysterious are the ways of Providence in uniting us in families, and yet how benevolent and wise! I know not why Providence gave you such a brother as myself; but he has done so, and all our relationships are to be attributed to God's interposition. I know not a family on earth with which I should wish myself connected but the family with which I am connected; I know not a father, mother, sisters, and brothers, that I should like to be connected with as I am with you. And yet such is the state of things, in this changing world, that the most happy unions with creatures are formed but to be dissolved by separations of various kinds. To the minds of wicked persons this is dreadfully appalling; but to the minds of Christians, who are united here and hereafter by the most indissoluble bonds, the thought only suggests the might, and wisdom, and interest, of a gracious God.

"I am led to these thoughts by the probability that I shall be appointed to a foreign station this year; and it has been the object my heart has always hung about. I feel thankful to the Head of the church that he does me so much honour as not only to put me into the ministry, but to make me an apostle of His to distant Gentile nations. O my dear S., my heart fires at the thought, and I long to bear the cross, and to publish the glad sound to the millions of dying heathen! The Lord knows I am not qualified for this great work, but he can produce the fitness. Tell my dear mother,

father, sister, and brothers, that they may unite with me in prayer and praise to the Head of all things in heaven and earth. O let us give ourselves to him, and fight for him, and die for him in the thickest and hottest part of the battle, shouting victory! victory! Glory be to God! Glory be to God! If all turn out as I expect, I shall be in Bristol next week on my way to London. I am now very busy, bidding farewell to my kind friends in Devonshire. It is painful work, but it is for Jesus and precious souls. After Tuesday you may expect that I shall pop upon you some morning to breakfast. Pray on, my Sue, pray on, and we shall meet about our Father's throne.

"I am your affectionate brother,

"JOHN."

"77, *Hatton Garden, London, Dec. 4th*, 1823.

"But a few minutes have elapsed since I received, from my kind friend Mr. Taylor, the final decision of the committee respecting my appointment; which is the Island of Jamaica, but that part of it which is opposite the coast of Spanish America, at which place I am, as soon as I have a competent knowledge of the Spanish language, to commence a missionary station. I hope this will perfectly accord with your feelings and those of my dear mother, as also of my sisters and brothers; for, be assured, no circumstance will add to my happiness more than to leave this land with the full consent of those who are most dear to me in it. I need not attempt to assure you that no motive but a conviction of duty could ever induce me to think of leaving England, where I have the appearance of so much real comfort, both in the church and in the world. But the Christian, my dear father, and more especially the Christian minister, is at the disposal of the great Head of the church, and God forbid that I should feel the smallest degree of hesitation when he gives the word 'go.'

"I bless God for Christian parents. Your memory I shall love, not only with the affection of a child, but of one brought to God through your prayers. Then recollect that you have a large share of the honour attached

to turning many to righteousness ; and, in the eternal world, you will look upon the heathen brought to God through your son's ministry as your children in the Lord. All will be well, only let us pray on and live to God.

" I hope to be with you by the end of next week ; but before that time let me hear from you. My love to my dear mother, sisters, and brothers, and be assured I feel myself

" Your son,
" JOHN."

" Mr. John Jenkins."

" *Mission-House, London, Dec. 5th,* 1823.

" My dear brother,

" A post has not left town since I had the opportunity of giving you positive information respecting my appointment, which is at last fixed. The few lines I wrote in Mr. Taylor's letter contained but general remarks, for my mind was not in a composed and happy state. However, I am at present in a more fixed and collected condition, and I can, with some degree of proper feeling, look upon the transactions that have transpired. They are important, and I hope they are not the effects of premature thought. They are awful, and have been, I trust, directed by the infinite One. They are interesting, not only to myself, but to the heathen ; they are affecting, and have caused an indescribable sacrifice of feeling. They relate to God, to souls, to eternity.

" I found my dear S., the morning after I left you, in better health and spirits than I expected. She seemed to have resumed her wonted cheerfulness ; and the effect upon my mind you may guess, as it at once relieved me from the apprehensions I felt. Her mind seemed prepared for the statements I made ; and, with the feeling of a truly devoted servant of Jesus, she wept submission to his will. We offered our souls and bodies to the Head of the church, to try to do his will. Her mother felt better prepared than I expected to find her. So graciously has the Lord dealt with me that I think, after all, she will consent. It will be

reluctantly, yet I think she will consent. Bless the Lord, O my soul! My parents, especially my mother, felt exquisitely; so much so that I dare not think of it. However, after they permitted Christian feeling to speak, the parent yielded, and I could discover in their words, and in the tone of their expression, something like 'thy will be done.'

"I reached this place on Wednesday morning in safety, but was not introduced to the committee till the day before yesterday. They received me with more of the warmth of kindness than I can express; and after an examination, with which they expressed their satisfaction, they conceived that I should first proceed to a part of Jamaica not yet occupied by our missionaries; and, after opening a mission there, proceed to Mexico, for the purpose of introducing a mission in South America. I am just beginning the Spanish language with that view. I am to leave England about the end of this month with a young man who is to accompany me. My ordination will take place either at Bristol or Bath; and O how much it would delight my heart to have my friend Mr. Saunders present to hold up my hands on that trying occasion!

"My very, very, very, kind love to Mrs. Saunders, and assure her that as long as I can think I will with pleasure cherish her memory and her kindness to one of the most unworthy of my Master's disciples. It will be useless to mention the names of my dear friends, but please to give my love to them *all*. Pray for me often and fervently, and be convinced I am

"Yours most affectionately,

"JOHN JENKINS."

From what the writer of this memoir saw of brother Jenkins, during an acquaintance which he laments was so short, he considers him as having been one of the most amiable of men, but one whose natural disposition placed him much under the control of exciting occasions and social influences, and consequently one whose unrestrained intercourse with his affectionate, and confidential, and youthful friends, was open to the

misconstruction of men of more advanced years and of severer minds. Besides, the involuntary efforts of such a mind to regain its elasticity in social intercourse, after the oppressions of study, would increase the liability to give offence to those who seldom see a preacher smile but his smiles offend. To avoid offending such persons, a man who is at the same time studious and happy must be more than human. On one occasion, at least, the great and pious Wesley is said to have failed. A Cornish cynic had long wished an introduction to the deserved object of so much esteem, and doubtless he expected to see severity personified, for such a one with him was the *beau ideal* of excellence. But he left the company of Mr. W. quite undeceived, highly offended, and even doubtful of the sincerity of his piety, because, forsooth, he had seen him laugh! Laughter, however, is a natural and patriarchal expression of pleasurable emotions, which God himself did not reprove in the father of the faithful (Gen. xvii. 17); and it is no reproach to a man's piety if affectionate familiarity should sometimes furnish occasion for cynics to snarl at what they call his "levity." Mr. Jenkins did not always escape the censure of men of leaden minds, inflexible muscles, and slanderous tongues, as will be seen from a letter from the Rev. J. Saunders (his superintendent while at Ashburton) to Mr. Jenkins's widow. It is dated October 7th, 1831; but, as it gives some account of him while in the Ashburton circuit, it properly belongs to this part of his memoir. Impartiality requires that his testimony should be given entire; and for these prefatory remarks the writer is accountable. The letter is as follows:—

"My dear sister Jenkins,

"Yours of the 26th ult. duly came to hand, and I am sorry that several most important engagements have prevented my replying till now; and I fear that what even now I may communicate will not be perfectly satisfactory to *you* or to *myself*. I would do my best to meet your wishes, which might have been done better had an earlier application been made.

" Your dear departed friend was called to leave his beloved home and endeared connexions, and to engage in the itinerant work, by the Conference of 1821, and was appointed (as a lent missionary) to the Ashburton circuit, Devon, at which station I was appointed a second time by the same Conference. Aware of the peculiar desirableness of having an affectionate, faithful friend in one's colleague, it was my endeavour, in every possible way, to serve him and contribute to his comfort; and in this my dear wife was not a whit behind me, but always endeavoured to make our house (of which he was an inmate) desirable. His letters testify that he was more than satisfied; and I am happy to say that we usually found him a most agreeable inmate. Indeed we looked upon him as a sort of elder though only son; and as a family we were happy.

" I am sorry to say that we found the circuit in a most disordered state; most of its societies greatly reduced in the number of their members; and in many other respects the reverse of what a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ would wish. We thought it best first to give ourselves to the Lord, and then to the circuit by the will of God; and we did so. Our plans of procedure were the result of deep thought and mutual consultation and deliberation, begun and followed by prayer; and, glory be to God! we soon beheld that our labour was not in vain in the Lord. In various parts, the moral wilderness, and solitary places, did both bud and blossom.

" I soon had the pleasure to perceive that I had, in my colleague and helper, one of an intelligent mind, accompanied by an unusual warmth of zeal for the Lord of Hosts. The latter at times appeared to overstep the bounds of prudence; as when he would preach three times on a Lord's-day in the chapel, and, at its close or commencement, take his stand in the open air, and with a voice that astonished all that heard him, and regardless of consequences, preach for an hour or upwards the unsearchable riches of Christ. From these and other exertions, which I was afraid would injure him, and which I in former times had indulged

in, I endeavoured to dissuade him; but our prudence, so called, was not to stand in his way in snatching perishing souls out of the fire, or prevent him doing what he judged to be the will of God. He was a man of a social soul, and at times it was thought by some that his friendship bordered on levity, which they did not fail to take the advantage of. But he was *admired* by many; he was *welcomed* by most; and *esteemed* by all. He was *very* popular throughout the circuit; *diligent* and *studious;* never unemployed; and, as a poet, he was frequently led by his fertile mind from nature up to nature's God.

"God was with us in our work, and almost every society in the circuit prospered. Some new ones were formed; and, at the close of our two years' blessed toil, we had a clear increase of more than 100 members, the circuit free from debt, and money in the steward's hands. By the special request of the circuit we were appointed to them a third year; but our comfort was soon to be interrupted by the call of the missionary committee for Mr. Jenkins, who left us November 7th, 1823. I must say that I was never fully satisfied that his health was equal to such service; but medical opinion (which I took) and the committee were against me in this, and he was torn from us, to the great grief of many, who were to see his face no more. I send three letters from Mr. J. to me, the only ones I can now find, and you or Mr. Jackson may extract what you like from them; but I shall *fully expect* to have them returned. Set my name down for eight copies of Mr. Jenkins's Life. My dear Jane unites in sincerest love to you and the family.

"Yours affectionately,

"J. Saunders."

On this letter it is but just to present the remarks of Mrs. Jenkins to the writer of this memoir. They are as follows:—"I and Mr. Jenkins's family, who ought to know something of his character, could not perceive in his friendship any thing like trifling. I am rather surprised that any one should have thought that his friendship bordered on levity. He was innocently

cheerful, but no trifler." The precise boundary between "innocent cheerfulness" and "levity" will be differently drawn by different minds; and, where precision is impossible, charity is most essential. "Let every one be fully persuaded in his own mind;" and "let us not judge one another any more."

The following is one of Mr. Jenkins's poetic effusions, which, as it was composed during his last year in the Ashburton circuit, may form an appropriate conclusion to this chapter. It was written on the blank side of a paper that bears the likeness of the late Mrs. H. Newell.

"She was
A gem of softest ray,
A flower of lovely hue,
A note of sweetest key,
A drop of morning dew;
But gems will cease to shine,
And flowers forget their hue,
And notes their sounds decline,
And transient is the dew.
But there's a clime where gems are found
Of ever-during ray;
And flowers ne'er wither on that ground,
So fair and bright are they;
And notes bear raptures as they fly
On music's wings divine:
And sparkling dew-drops ever lie,
So steadily they shine.

"JOHN JENKINS."

"*Plymouth-Dock, August 5th*, 1823."

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Jenkins's ordination. — Marriage. — Sails for Jamaica.—Reflections on leaving home.—A storm. —Driven into the Cove of Cork.—Letter to Mr. Jenkins's parents.— Leaves Ireland. — Pilot-boat upset, and narrow escape of the crew.—Reflections on losing sight of Waterford light-house.—Unable to have divine service on board.—Character and kindness of the captain.—Divine service on deck.— Flying-fish.—Dolphin.—Mr. Jenkins's birth-day. —Passes the "Leeward Islands."—Jamaica in sight.—Lands at Morant-Bay.—Kindness of the Rev. Mr. Trew, the Rector.—Visit to a sugar-estate.—Visit to the burying-ground.—Tedious passage to Kingston.—Wesleyan chapels and congregations in Kingston.—Sickness of Mr. Allen.— Mr. Jenkins stationed at Grateful-Hill.—Death of Mr. Allen.

With his designation to the work of the mission, to which he had so lately been appointed by the imposition of hands, Mr. Jenkins resumed his journal. The following are extracts :—

"Many are the purposes for which a remembrance of facts may be perpetuated; vanity, personal aggrandizement, or lasting fame ; but from these I am saved. As the observations are individual and momentary, the description shall close with existence, shall perish with mortality. Yet they shall answer these important ends, shall lead me to praise the great Author of my life 'for all that is past, and to trust him for all that is to come.'

"The term *era* has of late become exceedingly

popular, and it may be because the world is disposed to give importance to its subjects by words. But, let its inclination be what it may, it is a word which is calculated to answer my purpose better than any word I am acquainted with at present. While I live I shall be induced to look upon the 8th of January, 1824, as one of the most momentous days of my existence; as during the evening of that day I was set apart, by the imposition of hands, for the work of the ministry among the heathen. The feelings of my mind during the service were the most solemn I ever experienced.

"The time that passed between this and the day of our departure from England was spent in bustle that has not the most profitable tendency. O how easy is it, even for pious people, when the object is visiting, to lose a sense of the Divine favour, or the abiding presence of God! My dear wife* and myself had frequent opportunities of being thankful to the great Head of the church for the friends he has given us, and the solicitude they evince for our welfare, and of regretting the want of spirituality in our feelings and conversations. Probably this was mutual. My soul be thou diligent, and live for God and souls."

The writer regards the above extract as a protest against that senseless vapid conversation, and those useless complimentary visits, which all are sometimes called to *endure* and more or less lament, and with which a newly-married couple, just on the eve of their departure for a foreign station, would probably be not a little annoyed. But he protests (and he knows he might do it in the name of the subject of this memoir) against it being so construed as to countenance an idea, which he fears is too prevalent, that conversation in all companies must either be "spiritual," or we must "lose a sense of the divine favour." This he regards as chiefly the idea of religious gossips, who force their conversation in all companies, and by this means satiate many who are well-disposed with common-place religious chit-chat, and disgust those who are not. Our blessed Lord spoke of "the *mysteries*

* Mr. Jenkins's marriage, here referred to, took place the day before his ordination.

of the kingdom of heaven" to his enquiring disciples alone, and thereby avoided "casting his pearls before swine." How much true religion has been "trampled upon" and "rent," by those who have been offended by an officious obtrusion of "spiritual conversation," is too well known to need either proof or illustration; and it is something more than a mere curious speculation to determine in what degree this conduct may have induced that lamentable insensibility to *vital godliness* which is so manifest in the lives of many of the children of those whose *profession* of "spiritual religion," and *incessant conversation* respecting it, show more zeal than knowledge. When the company is select, a tea-party may occasionally and properly be turned into a class-meeting; but should an hour be spent in such intelligent conversation, though it be what some would call "worldly," as will increase the stock of useful ideas, or prudential rules of conduct, the writer thinks it may "minister grace to the hearers," and ought not to be deplored. Whatever is *forced* is necessarily offensive; it is but few who possess the tact for introducing spiritual conversation into mixed companies; and to have that love which "does not behave itself unseemly" is much less frequent than many very zealous religionists suppose. The persons here censured are always most "profited" when they engross most of the conversation, and most censorious when by any means this is prevented. Those who are best acquainted with Mr. Jenkins will be the most easily convinced that it could never be his design to lament the absence of such conversation as is here condemned.

On the 1st of February he took his departure from Bristol, and his journal contains the following entry:—

"*February 1st.*—Few of the days of my life have occasioned more feeling than this. The day towards which I had anxiously looked arrived, and parents the most truly affectionate, sisters and brothers whom I loved tenderly and by whom I was equally beloved, and friends dear and faithful, must be forsaken for the name of the Lord Jesus. Forget the scenes I shall not; describe them I cannot; for, though I have no

occasion to regret embarking in the work of the Lord, yet the thoughts of the parting, the shake of the hand, word, office, look, give a poignancy to feeling which words are too void of expression to tell. Being detained, my dearest Sarah, part of the mission party,* our sisters Mary and Susan, with my brother George, took coach to Pill, and there got on board the Jamaica; but what were our feelings when called to part with these last dear relatives! Lest I should betray my ignorance and weakness, I pass the whole over in silence.

"It was the sabbath of the Lord when we took our last farewell look of our dear relatives, and the land of our birth. It was the pleasure arising from resignation, hope, and a consciousness of duty, aided by our assurance of the Divine favour and help, that kept us from sinking. We thought of the land we were leaving, the employment of its pious inhabitants, the calm and joy of the Lord's house and ordinances, contrasted with our situation, engagements, and feelings, and the noise and bustle of the ship's company going down the Bristol Channel; and we retired into our cabin, where we poured out our hearts to God, in fervent intercessions, for his blessing and assistance. He was present to hear and answer, and, probably, for the first time, I felt *fully* the meaning of—'*Neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, shall men worship the Father*: they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.' O how cheering was the light of his countenance! Glory be to God my rock! After social prayer, in which we felt much assisted, I wrote two or three letters to my friends, informing them of our situation on board (which is most comfortable), and our latest state of feeling, before the sight of our shores is taken for the last time. This work was hurried, as the pilot intended leaving as we passed the Holms, in the Bristol Channel, but the feelings expressed were real."

* This party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Whitehouse, Mr. Allen, and a Miss Harris, the late wife of the Rev. Mr. Crofts, then a Wesleyan missionary in Jamaica. She died in the Bahamas, in the month of May, 1829.

One of the letters above alluded to was to Mr. Jenkins's father, and is as follows:—

"*Ship Jamaica, Bristol Channel, Feb. 1st.*, 1824.

"To our dear Parents,

"I steal a moment or two to tell you we are under weigh, and likely to do well. It is now about ten o'clock, and we are not far from the Holms. You may be now with the great congregation, where we are not forgotten. Bless the Lord, the prayers of his people never appeared so valuable, so precious, as at the present moment! The hurry and pangs of parting I shall not forget; but all my cups are strongly impregnated with mercy. My mind felt, and still feels, support. O how can I bless God enough for his goodness to such a one as I am!

"Let us, my dearest parents, O let us fly to the strong hold: let us take pleasure in doing the will of the Head of the church; you in giving up your children, and ourselves in going. Be assured of this, I am perfectly satisfied I am where God designs me to be.

"My kindest, kindest love, to my dear sisters and brothers. Sorry, very sorry, I am, that I had no opportunity of bidding Richard and Lydia farewell; but Providence ordered it so. Bid them farewell for me. And O let me beseech you all—yes, all—to meet us in heaven. Pray for us; give us to God; leave us in his hands; and the God of missionaries will do all that is well for us, and for you. Request our sisters to give our kind love to father and mother, and all the family [at Cheddar]: also to all the Goughs, and all our friends.

"Your son JOHN."

The second and third of February appear to have been such days as can only be described by those who have been at sea, as they are described in the following extract from Mr. Jenkins's Journal:—

"These were days of considerable sickness and danger; the nights excessively so. Darkness, adverse winds, frequent and violent squalls, dreadful tossings,

rain, hail, and the dangers of the channel, prevented sleep, and occasioned thoughts the most gloomy. Great searchings of heart, and frequent, unreserved, dedication of life and all to God, in whose salvation I felt assuredly interested.—The night of the fourth was extremely dreadful, at least to me. The sea frequently dashed over us; the sails were closely reefed; the winds most tempestuous and adverse; the poor sailors all hands at work in the rain and dreadful showers of hail; and the ship drifting towards the coast of Ireland: so much so that I was sick almost to death, and forced to quit my bed in the middle of the night to seek some assistance. But vain are created powers. God was my refuge and strength; and he can bear me record that I did not doubt of his mercy and effectually "saving power."

On the fourth of February the captain found it necessary to put into the Cove of Cork, from which Mr. Jenkins wrote his parents as follows:—

"*Ship Jamaica, Cove of Cork, Feb. 4th*, 1824.

"A few minutes spent in conversation with our dear parents will afford us the relief our spirits so greatly need, after the fatigue, sickness, and danger of the days that have intervened between Sunday morning and to-day. We will not attempt to describe the scenes through which we have passed; suffice it to say that we have had to contend with perpetual adverse gales, till driven to seek shelter from their fury in this quiet haven. O, what will heaven at the last prove, after we have passed the toils and tossings of this world of billows and of fear! The storm that compelled us to take shelter in this place commenced its ragings on Sunday afternoon, and we have reason to fear continues till now in the open sea, although we feel nothing of its force. You may suspect that Divine Providence never designed us for the work in which we have hazarded our lives; but we think differently, and in this procedure can see the trial of our faith, and have been able to derive additional evidence that we are in the way we should go. We hope most sincerely and affectionately that you will not distress

yourselves about us. We are happy,—we are safe,—all is well. God is with us, and what more can you wish? Love us still, as affectionately as we love you; and pray for us as fervently as we shall ever pray for you; and all will be well, in time, and in eternity.

"Present our kind regards to Mr. and Mrs. James Wood; and our love to our dear sisters and brothers; and

"Believe us your affectionate children,

"JOHN AND SARAH JENKINS."

There is something sufficiently characteristic of Irish hospitality in the following account of the reception of Mr. J. and the mission party, at the Cove of Cork, to supersede the necessity of apology for its insertion:—

"We entered the steam-boat at about half-past eight o'clock, and proceeded from the ship to land on Irish soil. The captain of the boat was a short, thick, ruddy man, with large red whiskers, and a phiz which indicated that he had seen a great deal, he thought a great deal, and he knew a great deal, while his tongue was as voluble as a weaver's shuttle is rapid.

"In a quarter of an hour we landed, and made enquiry for Mr. Kyle the preacher, whose name will be registered in my mind among those who permanently demand my affection and praise. I had for a considerable time entertained very high notions of the genuine Irish character, for simplicity, sincerity, warmth, and hospitality; and this truly excellent man most fully established my opinion. He proved that he was an Irishman; and the mode of his receiving my dear brethren and sisters, my Sarah and myself, will show what I mean about the character of the Irish when possessed of real religion. We were in his sitting-room at the time it was announced that some strangers wished to see him. He made his appearance, and I introduced the party as Methodist missionaries from England. As I spoke he seized my hand, held it between his, his eyes sparkled, and he gave vent to his feelings in the most affecting and expressive language. 'My dear sisters and brethren' were repeated again and again, while he thanked God for

the honour of having a visit from missionaries. His words and actions affected us all to tears, and we felt in an instant the meaning of the Saviour's words, 'By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one towards another.' At once we recognized the features of our Master in his disciple. May the great Head of the church make me thankful for the least attention from these heirs of the kingdom of heaven!

"At half-past nine we proceeded up the river to Cork. Profitable reflections occupied my mind as I listened to the conversations of the passengers, looked at the beautiful scenery, walked and read, and conversed with the mission party, and while I could abstract my mind from home, and fix it upon the Saviour and the work in which I was engaged, O how did I mourn my want of more piety, zeal, and knowledge, while I longed to be wholly engaged in publishing to the heathen the unsearchable riches of Christ! On board we were providentially introduced to a young lady, who apparently belonged to the family of God. By Miss Woods we were introduced to the house of the Rev. Mack Mullen, who bears the stamp of a primitive Methodist preacher. Soon after we were led to the house of Colonel Hall in Patrick Street, whose very amiable, deeply pious, and affectionate family, treated us with more than hospitality. Never, while I am capable of recollection, shall I forget the Christian, handsome, fatherly, friendly, treatment we all received in that house. Every thing that could make us happy was most readily provided us. I often weep when I remember them all; and, as I repeat their names, pray my heavenly Father for the greatest of his blessings upon them. We spent the Lord's-day at Cork. Brother Whitehouse preached in the morning, brother Allen in the afternoon, and I in the evening. The congregations were good, the people were attentive; and, by the very large attendance at the prayer-meeting, I may hope good was done. During the intervals of service my dear Sarah and I attended the class-meetings; and, if from a single visit we may judge of them, the Methodists of

Cork are acquainted with the deep things of God. Indeed, I felt ashamed before the Lord while I attempted to give advice to them. The kind and pious solicitude of the members of the society is certainly in my recollection without a parallel. Messrs. Tobias and Matthews were the Methodist preachers, of whose affection, piety, qualifications for usefulness, and efforts for our happiness, it is impossible for me to speak too highly ; and, in parting with the friends who loved us for our Master's sake, I felt as one leaving an almost necessary source of happiness. But the following words are encouraging :—

> ' There we shall meet again,
> When all our toils are o'er,
> And death, and grief, and pain,
> And parting are no more ;
> We shall with all our brethren rise,
> And grasp them in the flaming skies.'

I should like to write much more of the kindness we received during our stay in Ireland, but words are not capable of telling what I mean. Three times we visited Cork, and each time gave additional proofs of the affection of the friends found there."

On the 14th of February the ship left the Cove of Cork ; and of their departure he writes as follows :—

" About half past three, P. M., we began to recede from the Irish coast, the wind tolerably favourable but boisterous ; however, we expected to be able to make considerable sail. It *seems* a disadvantage that skilful captains have not the management of their own vessels, and that they are to give up the direction of their ships to a person who deems himself competent to direct. The very great disadvantage of this we felt on the present occasion. The pilot, when he entered our ship, was evidently intoxicated, as well as the persons who had the management of his boat, for which wickedness they had well nigh paid dearly ; for just as we were clearing the points of the harbour, though we were carrying very little sail, through the drunken imprudence of the men in the boat, they ran against our starboard quarter and were instantly

overwhelmed, the boat turning from under them through the agitation of the water, occasioned by the swiftness of our going. The men of course were at the mercy of the waves, which swelled tolerably high, on account of the narrowness of the passage; but, providentially for them, the boat with bottom upwards appeared, and they sat upon it. At this moment I saw them again, for I had retired to my cabin in extreme agitation on their being upset, considering it hardly possible that they should escape death in the dreadfully unprepared state in which they evidently were. Our boat was lowered from the ship with all possible speed, but I am quite unable to describe our feelings as it left us in so much evident danger, and especially when it drew near the boat on which the men were, for it appeared to us that all would be lost. Previous to this, in haste, I called the mission party into my cabin, where we cried mightily to God for the salvation of these poor creatures, and we have reason to hope that our cries were regarded. After prayer I felt much more calm, and was confident the Lord would spare them. The earnestness I felt in prayer for them, the access I had to the throne of God, and the faith I felt in his great power and nearness, were the reasons why I rested in the assurance that they would be saved. But just as our boat reached them we perceived that one of the men disappeared, having been washed from his hold. However, in a few moments he again rose, and was taken, by means of an oar reached out to him, on board our boat. After they got on board with us, I endeavoured to impress upon them the necessity of turning to God by repentance, lest he should one day give them up to a sudden destruction. After the pilot left us we continued making all possible sail, and about eleven o'clock, P. M., lost sight of the light-house off Waterford that first attracted our attention when near land, and was now the last object to be seen as connected with the British Isles.

"Associating with it the many dear friends we were leaving—the land with all its blessed privileges from which we had consented to go—the dangers of the situation in which we were then placed—the land

towards which we were hastening, its untried climate, and the views of its inhabitants—the truly great and awful work in which I was engaged—my responsibility to the missionary committee, to the Methodist body, and above all to the great Head of the church—the labours and toils of a missionary—the natural weakness of my system—my proneness to gloom—the situation of my dearest Sarah, should I leave her in a land of strangers—my unparalleled unfitness for the employment of an ambassador to the heathen, through the want of piety, zeal, and knowledge; together with the very, very great probability I shall fall in the field of toil;—all these thoughts, associated with a last look at a distant light-house, tended to excite the falling tear, and to lead me afresh to Him in whose work I was engaged. Connected with this was the darkness of the night; only a star or two appeared in the whole heavens, and these were only seen at intervals; for the dense clouds rolled their blackened columns along, and intimated that the storm was beginning to awake from its slumbers. The world, save its watery part, was completely out of sight; the wind's current, intercepted by the ropes, made a dismal hissing; the waves heaved our vessel as though it had been a cork on their surface; and themselves rolled along in high and rapid succession: the dense clouds, as the hiding-place of gloom and anger, threatened us with tempest and storm. Only a person situated as I then was can form any conception of the state of my mind: it was powerfully affected, and I went into my cabin to give myself afresh to my great High Priest, and to seek at least bodily relief in sleep. The night was stormy and adverse, and I wept when I heard the rain, hail, and wind, and while thinking of the privations of the men on deck and the mercies I enjoyed in having a shelter from its peltings. During the night I was again visited with sea-sickness, with all its train of awful sensations; and my Sarah also had a relapse, from which she suffered exceedingly. But there is a land where 'there is no more curse,' and I hope to be found there at the last.

"The sea-sickness, so greatly increased by the

roughness of a winter's passage, together with the extra duty and exertion required of the men during such weather, prevented the possibility of their having service on board, even on the Sabbath; and the indescribable monotony of such a life afforded Mr. Jenkins no materials for such detail as would interest the generality of readers until the 1st of March. And indeed the following extracts, commencing with that date, do little more than show of how little variation the life of a missionary is capable under such circumstances: how limited his foreign resources, when the varying clouds, the flying-fish, and the dying dolphin, are regarded as sufficiently interesting to be the subjects most worthy of narration, and the few souls on board a ship the only objects of his pious solicitude!

"The week has passed away, and the occurrences of it were mere common-place. The same work, feelings, prospects, &c., &c., now engage our attention, and the different appearances are viewed with minuteness and interest. A change in the appearance of the clouds, that would be passed over on shore without concern or even without notice, now catches our attention, and furnishes matter for conversation not always the most unprofitable; for frequently, when the storm has driven me from the deck, I have retired singing,

'The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas;
This awful God is *ours*,
Our *Father* and our love,
He will send down his heavenly powers,
To carry us above;'

and I have felt the meaning of 'He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.' Sure have I found the dwelling-place, and transporting the abiding.

"During the week I have had frequent conversation with the crew, and find them not only civil, but very attentive and willing to hear. A present of New Testaments, made by the Cork Bible Society, through its secretary the Rev. Mr. Sweete, for them, I distri-

buted, and others from our own stock (so that each might have the word of life), and for them they evinced considerable gratitude, and more than once expressed hope that we shall have Divine service every Sabbath while on board. I hope the Lord will make us useful to them. We have had frequent and heavy squalls, so that we have made but little way.

" We hoped that on the morning of Lord's day we should be able to call the ship's company together for divine service ; but in this we were disappointed, no doubt in mercy ; though it is one of those things which we ' shall know hereafter.' In the evening, although the vessel tossed exceedingly, I read prayers, and brother Allen preached to the ship's company in our dining cabin. I felt it good to draw nigh to God, and hope the exercises will be of considerable service to all present. Our very excellent captain, of whom I cannot speak too highly as a governor of a ship's company, a gentleman, or a friend, evinced more than a cold interest in the service. Having considerable relish for the things of God, he feels most solicitous for the good of his men, and this he showed in the most unequivocal way. May my great Master bless him and his dear wife and children with piety and eternal life!

" 2d. This morning, after family prayer, I met the mission party, for the purpose of enquiring particularly into the state of each other's minds. We had frequently done this before when we were not able to sit together, and were the subjects of pain and sickness. But this had not enough of the appearance of a church to satisfy me, or indeed any of us. Our hearts were melted into much tenderness before the Lord, who was evidently in the midst of us. We all felt encouraged to go forward with increased purpose of mind to the heavenly world, and to seek a greater meetness for our holy and divine employment.

" 5th. This evening we met at the table to commemorate the last supper of the Lord. To me, and I believe to all the mission party, it was a time of great humiliation and melting in the divine presence. Many circumstances united to induce these feelings. We

were on the mighty deep, far from the 'general assembly' of the Redeemer's people. It was the first time of our meeting together for this exercise, and we were sailing together as ambassadors to the heathen. Who can describe our feelings when we thought of the time when we shall eat the supper of the Lord with a people raised up by our instrumentality to his holy name! I gave myself afresh to the God of my mercies, and I am resolved to glory in nothing save in the cross of Jesus Christ. I want to spend every day on board to the glory of God, in such a way that after landing I may not regret the way in which I have spent my hours.

"6th. Upon a review of the week I feel occasion for thankfulness and regret. Thankfulness that my dear Sarah, the mission party, and myself, are now pretty well recovered—that my Sarah increases in piety, and has never let slip the faintest sound of regret for having engaged with me in my important work—and that the mercy of God is still towards us, while I hope we are growing in the knowledge and love of God. I have reason for regret that, though I strive to be useful among the passengers and crew, yet I see little evidence of real spiritual good—that I do not grow in holiness and knowledge as I ought to grow—and that I am still unfit for my great and holy work. Yet I strive, and am determined to do so, till I am perfected in God. I often sing with much feeling,

> 'Jesu, lover of my soul,
> Let me to thy bosom fly,' &c.

This evening was spent in singing on the quarter-deck. The air was mild and calm; the sun had disappeared, and had tinged the clouds, and the surface of the undulating and widely-spreading waters, with various hues; the stars, one by one, began their twinklings above us; the ship, under a full press of canvass, was gliding majestically and swiftly along. Night was hastening; my heart and the heart of my Sarah seemed happy in the God of our salvation, and 'we

forgot all time and toil and care,' while singing the hymn the first verse of which is,

> ' God moves in a mysterious way
> His wonders to perform ;
> He plants his footsteps in the sea,
> And rides upon the storm.'

" The atmosphere in these latitudes is exceedingly lucid ; at least it surpasses the atmosphere with which I am most familiar. I have observed this most at the rising and setting of the sun. The appearance of the moon and stars, and the distinctness with which every object is seen, afford additional proofs of this pureness of the air. Just before the rising of the sun a beautiful transparent grey skirts the eastern horizon (and to a considerable height tinges the sky) which increases more and more with great rapidity till it breaks into open day. The few minutes which precede the appearance of the sun are most brilliant ; a highly burnished golden tinge spreads itself along the sky, the clouds mutually participating and aiding in the glory of his rise. Upward shoot the lightsome beams." [They frequently reflect different coloured rays, something like an expiring rainbow, but originate in a centre, and expand through the vault of heaven ; and the writer has sometimes seen the same appearance reflected from the opposite horizon, and the rays meeting in the zenith.] " Its setting is equally beautiful. But description is poor when the subject is the sublime. Never did my mind talk with Milton, Thomson, &c., with more real feeling and perception of their beauties than now, and never did I more ardently wonder at and adore the God of nature and grace. I find we have made but little way these two days. We are at present about 26° 5′ N. lat., and 29° 59′ W. lon.

" 8th. I have spent another Lord's-day on board a ship, but not far from the temple of my God. O how do I now exult in the fact that the religion of my almighty Redeemer is a spiritual religion! ' He dwelleth not in temples made with hands,' is a blessedness I would not part with for the world. The wea-

ther was favourable; the awning was spread over the quarter-deck; seats were placed for the passengers and crew; and all was quietness and solemnity, while I read the church service and brother Whitehouse preached. Good, I hope, was done; and, if solemnity of demeanour and fixedness of attention are proofs, we have seen them. In the evening I addressed the same company on, 'Will ye also be his disciples?' The Saviour was present, and several were affected. O that the good of the day may be lasting as eternity!

"10th. To-day I saw the singular flying-fish, which has considerably interested my attention, but has yet eluded my closer inspection. From what I could see from the deck of the ship the body of the fish is about the size of a herring, but the head on the top seems flat. The wings are tolerably long, measuring from their extremities more than its length. In the sun they have a silvery appearance, and do not very much differ from the martin in England. They do not mount high, not I suppose above two or three yards from the surface of the water. Their flight is tolerably rapid, and when pursued by the porpoise, or their most decided enemy the dolphin, they fly in shoals. How wonderful are the works of God! How far beyond the judgment of man! But in wisdom has he made them all.

"12th. This morning, after family prayer, we met for pious conversation, and I was pleased to remark more spirituality than usual. In the evening we met again at the table of the Lord, and found it exceedingly profitable. It was with me a time of great searching of heart and of earnest prayer. Our captain, of whom I entertain a good opinion, joined with us. It was good to be there; the Redeemer was powerfully present, and my mind was very much engaged with God. O how pleasant to be able to engage in holy devotedness to the Lord in the midst of the great deep! I find these ordinances produce the most salutary and lasting effect on my heart.

* * * * *

"18th. This morning, by a hook from the stern of the ship, we caught a tolerably good sized dolphin,

which surpasses in beauty every fish I have seen. The number of beautiful purple spots that cover its back, the fine silver of its belly, and the frequent and rapid changes of its colour while dying, were truly striking. I could not avoid feeling pleased with its beauty, while I pitied the fish. We had a part of it for dinner, and found in it, as in most things that are pretty, that goodness was not one of its qualities.

The following is the description of the dying dolphin by the lamented Falconer, in his poem entitled "The Shipwreck:"—

'And now, approaching near the lofty stern,
A shoal of sportive dolphins they discern.
From burnish'd scales they beam refulgent rays,
Till all the glowing ocean seems to blaze.
Soon to the sport of death the crew repair,
Dart the long lance, or spread the baited snare.
One in redoubling mazes wheels along,
And glides, unhappy! near the triple prong.
Rodmond, unerring, o'er his head suspends
The barbed steel, and every turn attends;
Unerring aim'd, the missile weapon flew,
And, plunging, struck the fated victim through.
Th' upturning points his ponderous bulk sustain—
On deck he struggles with convulsive pain.
But while his heart the fatal javelin thrills,
And flitting life escapes in sanguine rills,
What radiant changes strike th' astonished sight!
What glowing hues of mingled shade and light!
Not equal beauties gild the lucid west,
With parting beams all o'er profusely dress'd.
Not lovelier colours paint the vernal dawn,
When orient dews impearl the enamell'd lawn,
Than from his sides in bright suffusion flow,
That now with gold empyreal seem to glow—
Now in pellucid sapphires meet the view,
And emulate the soft celestial hue—
Now beam a flaming crimson on the eye—
And now assume the purple's deeper dye:
But here description clouds each shining ray—
What terms of Art can Nature's powers display?

"20th. I am now twenty-six years of age, and all I can say of myself is, 'few and evil have been the days of my life.' But of the God of my life I know not what to say. 'Not one good thing of all the good things which the Lord hath promised hath failed.'

'Bless the Lord, O my soul!' He shall be my guide even unto death. I am just about to enter a fresh field of labour as a missionary to the heathen. O how do I tremble while I think of my pledges to the Redeemer and his church, and of my very great unfitness for my high and holy calling! How shall I feel when I look back upon this year, if I spend the whole of it in his vineyard? What good shall I be the instrument of doing? What degree of holiness shall I attain? What confidence in providence? I have reason to mistrust myself, and will fly to God for help. Help me! help me!

"We have had a tolerably good wind, and are anxiously looking out for land, and expect to see it in the morning. Our health is better, although obliged to take medicine almost every day to counteract the influence of the change of climate.

"22d. The Lord's holy day has again passed and we are yet on the mighty deep, and the day was not spent so profitably as some of the former. In the morning about five o'clock I had a sight of land, which was indeed most truly gratifying, as five weeks have passed away without any material change of scenery. The eastern promontory of Antigua was first visible over our starboard bow, and appeared as a darkish cloud reaching from the horizon to an inconsiderable height. Guadaloupe at the same time was visible on our larboard side, and Montserrat directly a head. My attention was fixed, and my desire of seeing objects distinctly very great; nor could I go below, lest some omen of a near approach to land should escape. About seven o'clock the rock Rodundo appeared between Nevis and Montserrat. Between eight and nine o'clock we were abreast of Antigua, and probably, just when our people there were going to the house of God, our ship was telegraphing with the fort of St. John's, not more than eight miles from the shore. Had the brethren known that we were so near to them, probably we should have been able to exchange some tokens of friendship which would have been acceptable to us. About eleven o'clock we cleared Antigua, were not far from Montserrat, and

could discern Nevis and St. Kitt's. We had intended to run close to the point of St. Kitt's, where the town stands, but the wind would not allow us, so that we saw little of the island. We had a very fine breeze the whole day, so that, by the time the sable goddess gained the ascendency, we had nearly lost sight of land, which led to many strange feelings, a mixture of hope, pleasure, anxiety, and disappointment.

" It was the Sabbath, and the atmosphere was mild, and brother Allen, my Sarah, and myself, while sitting on deck, sang that beautiful hymn by Kirke White, '*The Star of Bethlehem.*' But the day had not been spent as I like the day of God to be spent, in the ordinances of the Lord; for, in consequence of the frequent shifting of the sails, the men were all engaged. Yet our family worship was not neglected; in which we thanked God for his incessant help and took courage.

" The appearances of the islands were certainly interesting, as they constantly changed their aspects as we approached or passed them. The most interesting was Montserrat, which seemed composed of huge mountains, the height of which is beautifully, though unintentionally, described by Goldsmith in his 'Deserted Village'—'Like some tall rock,' &c. This morning all is sea and sky again; but if the wind continue we hope to see St. Domingo to-morrow. We are all in good spirits, and long to be at the end of our voyage.

" 23d. This morning, about six o'clock, we had a view of the western point of St. Domingo; and, as the wind is fair and tolerably strong, we have the prospect of escaping the calms so frequent off its high lands. We can see but little of the island in consequence of the distance; but the consciousness of being near land is very agreeable.

" 24th. Yesterday afternoon having to pass the watery hypothenuse of a triangle, formed by the land of St. Domingo, we bore away for the western point of the island; and early this morning, through the apparent inattention of the watch, we were almost ashore before our danger was discovered. However,

the timely appearance of the captain soon put us out of danger of being wrecked, which would most likely have been the case had there been a fog, or had it happened in the middle of the night. 'The very hairs of your head are all numbered.' We are all alive, expecting to see Jamaica to-morrow.

"25th. Light winds till about four P. M., keeping our minds doubtful whether we shall see land to-day. How strangely does my mind now feel! How many its fears, hopes, desires! What reception shall I meet with? Where shall I be stationed? What plan shall I adopt to afford instruction? Shall either my dear Sarah or myself fall a sacrifice to the climate? What manners must I forget, what acquire? Can the Lord make *me* useful? &c. &c. These, and many similar enquiries, press upon my heart with such insupportable weight that I almost despair of doing any thing, and I am for being any where but in my present and prospective situation. Here, however, I find the advantage of having a High Priest over the house of God; and I hear him say, not in the language of displeasure, hardly of reproof, 'O thou of little faith, wherefore dost thou doubt?' I then check these feelings and sing,

'Blind unbelief is sure to err,' &c.

"Sun-set. Jamaica in sight; and how shall I describe my emotions! Thousands of miles from the blessed land of my birth—from my dearest parents, sisters, brothers, friends. Just about to try an unknown climate and people, to find new associates, if the Master spare me, and struggle with untried difficulties. Yet, in all this, how good is the God of providence to me in giving me my dearest Sarah, to assist me by her resignation to be resigned, by her faith to believe, by her zeal and devotedness to labour with all my powers, by her love to God and me to love both more fully! O that I may never be so faithless to my Lord as to force him to take from me this best of earthly gifts, who is all the world to me when the

whole world is excluded!—The land is at present scarcely discernible, only the Blue Mountains, which are seen at a very great distance, and night is approaching. I retired to thank God for his help, and afresh to trust in him; as well as to ask his assistance to do the work of an evangelist.

"26th. A day to be remembered to eternity; a day of fear and great searchings of heart; a day of hope and of confidence. I am determined to spend my life for the salvation of souls. Lord help me! Keep me from gloom and indolence, and from departing from thy ways, that I may not grieve thee and thy church.—At day-break could see Jamaica. My heart overflowed, and spoke in tears. Every object, as revealed by the increase of the day, was pleasing and interesting. The hills, the plantations, the trees, the houses, in a word, the whole country, was interesting. About nine o'clock the pilot came on board, and, as he was the first Negro I had seen in these parts, I felt an unusual degree of what I call contiguous attachment to him. We passed along the coast for a few miles, and could distinctly see the objects on shore. Between nine and ten o'clock we were at anchor, in Morant-Bay, and my heart overflowed with praise to my Great Deliverer, whose providence had helped me so long and so well, and had helped me to the end of our long, and, in some degree, perilous voyage. As soon as things could be got ready, our kind captain had his boat prepared to take me on shore; so that, in a few minutes, I was landed; while sensations, the most strangely rapid, thrilled through my whole soul. O what I felt the first moment my feet touched the shore! *Recollected* feeling was suspended; it was too powerful for a moment or two; and all I can say is, *I felt*—I know not what. Mr. Horne" [the resident Wesleyan missionary] "was at another part of his circuit, and I returned to my Sarah and companions to inform them of the accommodations provided for them. We again dined on board, and then all of us proceeded on shore. Immediately as we landed, we began to experience the kind brotherly feeling of Christian ministers in this

land: the Rev. Mr. Trew, the church clergyman, was waiting with his chaise to drive the females of our party to the Mission-house.

"27th. How shall I express my gratitude to the Father of spirits for his goodness to me, my Sarah, and the mission party! I looked round upon them with pleasure, and with unspeakable thankfulness, that we are all alive and in tolerable health; and brother Allen, who on the voyage has been so long ill, now looks cheerful and well. 'It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.' We all sat together at the breakfast-table, and it was a gratifying sight, the pleasure of which was heightened by the gratitude which beamed in every face, and the cheerfulness that rolled in every word. The dangers we had escaped, the hopes we entertained, and the resolutions we had formed, were the subjects of our first conversations; the whole rendered peculiarly interesting by the knowledge that they were personal and sincere. Just before we had finished breakfast Mr. Horne arrived, and expressed his great thankfulness for our safety, and his sorrow that our party was so small; as they need much assistance in various parts of the island which cannot be afforded them. Mr. Horne obtained leave of the magistrates for us to preach in the chapel on the following morning.

"28th. Brother Allen preached and felt much discouraged. In the evening the Lord opened my mouth, and the day, on the whole, was profitable. I felt melted before the Head of the Church that he had "counted me worthy" to bear the message of mercy to this land.

"29th. This day I rode with Mr. Horne to a sugar estate belonging to Sir George Rose, and was exceedingly gratified at what I saw and heard. The children answered with great readiness and correctness the questions proposed to them. The scenery is truly majestic, more so than any I have yet witnessed in any parts I have before visited. I saw the process of sugar and rum-making, which is exceedingly simple and rapid. The overseer was affectionate and attentive: after dining with him, we returned. Twenty

miles' travelling in Jamaica, in the heat of the day, is more fatiguing, I think, than forty in England. I begin already to feel a little of the lassitude induced by the climate.

"We (the mission party) visited the burying-ground in this place, where so many of the Lord's servants have fallen; and, while looking at their tombs, I was most powerfully affected by the thoughts which associated themselves with the spot,—the men,—their labours,—the country they left,—their friends,—the resurrection of the just,—my own departure from this life, probably in this place, and succeeding missionaries making enquiries respecting *my* person, character, age, usefulness, piety, &c., and dropping the tear, the tribute of brotherly affection; and taking courage.—Well, let me live by the faith of the Son of God, be the instrument of saving souls, and die in the faith, and I shall be satisfied."

It was singularly unhappy that this party should have gone out in a vessel bound for Morant-Bay; for such is the want of suitable conveyances abroad, and the impossibility of travelling without them in tropical climates, that, to prevent an early hazard of health and life, missionaries should always be sent, not only to the island or colony where they are destined to labour, but, if possible, to the very town where they will receive their stations. Mr. Jenkins and his companions had soon to commence a voyage to Kingston, the principal town in the island, under circumstances which must have greatly affected the comfort, and hazarded the health of all; and appears, indeed, to have been the *proximate* cause of the death of one of the party. The following is Mr. Jenkins's account of their voyage:—

"*April 3d.*—About eleven o'clock, A. M., we took leave of our very kind friends on the beach of Morant-Bay, and got on board a small coasting-sloop that was going to Kingston. Scores of people were collected to wish us God speed, and to assure us that they were interested in our happiness. We soon found ourselves in a situation not to be forgotten by us, and not to be easily described. The vessel was not larger than a

good ship's long-boat, and the hold was filled with sugars, coffee, rum, &c.; so that we had but a very small portion of the deck to sit upon—so small, indeed, that we were completely huddled together; and such a steam arose from the sugars and the bilge-water as, when it came from the hatch-ways, nearly suffocated us. The almost direct rays of the sun assisted to make the whole not only painful in the extreme, but equally dangerous. About one o'clock the wind died away, and we had almost a perfect calm, so that we had nothing to cool us, or render the intense heat tolerable. The thermometer stood regularly at 109 degrees. Our kind friends had provided us with a little wine, salt-fish, bread, water, and beer; but the water, which was most agreeable, soon got so exceedingly hot that it grew insipid; and the bread and fish, to persons whose saliva, by the heat, was reduced almost to the consistency of birdlime, were not at all agreeable. In this situation we were until night began to approach, and there appeared no probability of getting to Kingston until the next night. I was alarmed for the females in particular, as I concluded the damp would inevitably kill them; especially as, from the heat during the day, the blood seemed to have boiled within us. I prevailed, however, upon the Captain to try for the shore: he did so; and, after being out seven hours, we put into St. David's, only about eleven miles from Morant-Bay. We have a society in this place, and Mrs. Horne and family were staying there. We were kindly received by them, and spent the night with as much comfort as we could expect, considering the swarms of musquitoes, and the smarting of burnt faces, hands, &c.

"4th. This morning, after breakfasting with Mr. and Mrs. Horne, we got on board, at seven o'clock, to finish our voyage (about fourteen miles), but found ourselves in a worse condition than the preceding day. In addition to the usual sources of misery, our bodies were suffering from the burning of yesterday; the wind was locked up in its store-houses, and the sun darting its intense heat upon us still hotter than the preceding day. The glass varied from 110 to 120

degrees; the perspiration ran from every pore; our faces, hands, and feet, were blistered; and in this way we remained for thirteen hours; when, at last, thank God, we set our feet on the quay of Kingston. I sent to apprize the preachers of our arrival, and we were received by all as angels from heaven. We were conveyed to the preacher's house (Mr. Shipman's), and, after mutual interchanges of affectionate expressions, we 'thanked God, and took courage.'

"6th. We find ourselves in Kingston, in strange circumstances. Here toleration is scarcely known, and we are not allowed to open our mouths in public. We are obliged to wait the Quarter-Sessions, to take the oaths, and receive licenses. The heat is almost insufferable, in consequence of the lowness of the place on which the town is built; and we witness the variety of country, colour, dress, manners, condition, &c. &c., which here show themselves to perfection. Yesterday we attended the chapels, and such a show of colour and finery I never before witnessed. The people, of course, were all in their best: whites, browns, blacks, with all the intervening shades, to which they pay the most scrupulous attention—all gay, all light, all airy. One of the chapels is a plain building, such as I love, built only for convenience, and will hold about 1500 people; the other, a fine, elegant place, exceeding any Methodist chapel I have seen in England, will hold 3000 persons. Both of these are well filled every Lord's day.

"Yesterday, about three o'clock, brother Allen was taken ill of an old complaint, which, no doubt, was brought on by the voyage from Morant-Bay."

The above is an extract from Mr. Jenkins's journal, transmitted in a letter to his brother Richard; and he adds,

"Since the above note in the journal, he has passed into the world of spirits, and his body lies in the chapel-ground near Kingston. During the whole of his illness he persisted in the idea that he should die: indeed, he had fixed it so deeply in his mind that the doctor frequently told him he destroyed the effect of his medicines, and baffled all his skill. So deep was the gloom

on his mind that all we could say or do was insufficient to arouse him. I had no apprehension of his death; and, having obtained license at Spanish-Town, for Grateful-Hill, I was forced to leave him, as the day following (Good-Friday) I had to preach. On the Saturday morning he died, and I saw him no more; but he, in dying, triumphed gloriously. All about him stood convicted, overpowered, and alarmed, and were forced to 'glorify God in him.' He had long been in a very gloomy state of mind, and more particularly during the first days of his illness; and he frequently gave me particular directions about his effects; but at last his soul rose above the whole, and seemed to struggle hard for liberty. He would sing,

"Arise, my soul, arise!" &c.,

with strength and correctness, when dying. Just before his death he had a long, dark, dreadful struggle; and, as he was coming off conqueror, he cried out, 'God did not send me to this country to labour, but to *praise Him*.' He soon afterwards began to sink very fast; and, just with the last effort of his lips, already tremulous with the touch of death, he cried out, weaker and weaker, till only the motion could be observed, 'Praise! praise! praise!' and for ever sunk to rest."

On the feelings of Mr. Jenkins, on hearing of the death of Mr. Allen, the Rev. Mr. Shipman, chairman of the Jamaica district at the time, writes as follows to the writer of this memoir:—"That he (Mr. J.) had a heart peculiarly formed for friendship himself, will appear from a copy of a note I received from him on the death of that young missionary, Henry Allen, who was the ship-companion of Messrs. Jenkins and Whitehouse to Jamaica, and who died, and was buried, that day *three weeks* he landed. The newly arrived part of our mission family were all together in Kingston when Mr. Allen was taken ill, and fearing lest these brethren, and their wives, and the late Mrs. Crofts (who had accompanied them), should also fall a sacrifice to the climate, we hastened them away; Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins to Grateful-Hill, a mountainous, woody, and cool situation, twenty-five miles from Kingston;

and therefore he did not know of the death of brother Allen. Having, however, heard a report of it, he wrote me as follows :---

"*Grateful-Hill, April 20th*, 1824.

"My dear brother,

"You expect I have heard the melancholy tidings of the death of my dear Allen. I feel his loss, because the number of my sincere friends is lessened, and lessened where friendship is so valuable. I will cherish his memory, and repeat his name, in my woody solitude,---and yet I will not wish him back from the heaven to which he has flown, but will rejoice in the assurance that he is well and happy. His love to me was that of a friend whose services, thoughts, and feelings, were at my command. While I live in Jamaica, I will visit the spot where lies the remnant of one who was incapable even of roughness, or of knowingly inducing distress.

"We are all well; we are happy; and hope to be useful.

"Yours, &c.,

"JOHN JENKINS."

The above is only an extract from Mr. Jenkins's note on occasion of the death of this amiable young man, who appears, however, to have been a very improper subject for such a station. No one who has not witnessed or experienced it can be aware how much depends, in such a climate, and in such a situation, on the most perfect self-possession, and tranquillity of mind. A tendency to gloom is particularly objectionable; for, in general, it is occasioned by some physical predisposition to a class of maladies which are sure to be greatly aggravated on such a station; and, if not, it predisposes to those which are periodically prevalent, and counteracts the curative efficacy of the most approved remedies. This appears to have been the case with Mr. Allen. His gloom was probably the mere effect of some physical predisposition to a disorder which was too easily brought into deadly activity by the first untoward event of his new situation;

and, in three weeks, he was no more! The elder missionaries, after a little intercourse with a group which has newly arrived, will almost invariably proceed to prophesy as to the probability of their longevity; and it is astonishing how generally correct are their predictions. Happy is the man, however, and happy only he, who visits such a climate prepared for every event; and, consequently, for affording his surviving brethren the opportunity of bearing such a testimony, in reference to him, as is borne by the Rev. Mr. Shipman in reference to Mr. Allen, in the following extract from his letter above alluded to:—

"The death-bed of Henry Allen was one of the most affecting scenes I ever witnessed. The morning on which he died, when the glaze of death was on his eyes, and the dark yellow tinge diffused over his body, and he was within an hour or so of breathing his last, he made signs to Messrs. Young, Binning, myself, and Mrs. Shipman, who were by his bed, to sing. We sang that beautiful hymn,

'Arise, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears,' &c.

At the commencement he made signs for some one to wet his lips, which being done by Mrs. S., he instantly struck in the bass, and, dying as he was, he continued singing and waving his hand to the end of the hymn, and, shortly afterwards, he expired. Such is the rapidity of decomposition in such cases that it was necessary to bury him as soon as possible, and his remains were interred that evening, before tea-time, in the presence of a vast concourse of people, and his death was improved the next day."

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Jenkins's station at Grateful-Hill.—Letter of J. S. Lane, Esq.—Hostility to missions.—Smith and Shrewsbury.—Defence of the Wesleyan missionaries.—Letter of the Rev. Joseph Taylor.—Rev. R. Watson on Wesleyan missions.—Letter from.—Rev. Mr. Trew on missions.—Remarks on the late rebellion in Jamaica.—Fidelity of religious slaves.—Mr. Box's imprisonment.—Jeopardy of the missionaries.—Letter from Mr. Jenkins on the condition of the slaves.—Reasons for controverting its contents.—Food of slaves.—Clothing.—Sabbath.—Rev. Mr. Trew's remarks upon.—Labour of slaves.—Punishment.—Dr. Williamson upon.—Rev. Mr. Trew upon: Female flogging: Awful case of.—Extract from the Jamaica "Christian Record:" Cases of great cruelty.—Abolition of slavery.—Jeremie's "Four Essays" on.—Mr. Beaumont's speech.—Substitution of missionary labours for the cart-whip.

The letter of Mr. Shipman, with which the last chapter concludes, shows the nature of Mr. Jenkins's new scene of labours. It was a mountainous district, amidst a slave population, and consequently his access to the objects of his mission was liable to be greatly facilitated, or much obstructed, by the planters allowing him access to their Negroes, or their opposition to his benevolent exertions. On this subject the following letter is instructive. It was written to Mr. Jenkins by the late J. S. Lane, esq., a magistrate, and a gentle-

man of whom Mrs. Jenkins observes, "He and Mrs. L. were kind beyond all praise to us while at Grateful-Hill, and I believe to all the missionaries who have lived at that station." The letter is evidently a reply to one which Mr. Jenkins had written him for the purpose of obtaining a more enlarged field of action; and it contains sentiments which, as they come from a friend, may furnish some idea of what a missionary has to expect from his enemies.

"*Cool-Shade*, 16*th July*, 1824.

"Dear Sir,

"I am quite ashamed to reply to a letter you wrote a month ago, but I had been in the daily expectation of seeing you, and conversing with you personally, on the subject of your letter.

"It is my most earnest desire to promote the object of your mission, as far as any means I may have in my power can do so; and perhaps I may have a very heavy responsibility to account for in not having done it, where at least I had the authority, upon my own plantation; but difficulties to be overcome, arrangements to be made, accompanied with a number of circumstances, none of which I grant were invincible, have hitherto prevented my doing what I most decidedly feel to be my solemn duty.

"If my slaves were generally resident at home, I would not hesitate in erecting some place in which to assemble; but the nature of their employment is such as to occasion their being employed abroad nine months in the year. With the children at home, much, I am aware, might be done,---and something *shall*, and will, I trust, be accomplished.

"I have nothing else within my control that could be attended to except Harkers-hall, and there I have done every thing in my power to induce the slaves to attend the ministry at Grateful-Hill; but with what success I know not; most probably very little. You however, I think, complain unnecessarily that you have not a sufficient field for your labours: perhaps that very impression upon your mind is a sufficient proof that you are actively fulfilling the duties which

your calling has imposed upon you; and which, if I am correctly informed, you are doing to an extent far beyond what is consistent with a due regard to your health. Allow me, my dear sir, to add, that this is a period little calculated for too much prominent and active exertion. A spirit of hostility to sectarians, of every description, has gone forth, and is most actively encouraged, by those who are averse to religious improvement in any shape, or under any denomination whatever. Where a great evil has been accomplished, those who have been the sufferers are not very likely to draw nice distinctions; nor really can I myself see of what consequence it can be, to a man who is reduced to beggary and ruin, whether it has been brought about by the designing villany of a man like Smith, or the imbecility of another like Shrewsbury.

"Missionaries, as well as every other religious person, should recollect that the age of miracles has ceased; and that, although Almighty God has promised the aid of his divine grace to those who ask it, he has nowhere promised common sense. A person deeply imbued with the spirit of religion will naturally make it his governing principle; it will naturally become so of itself; but surely not to the exclusion of all those other duties which we have to perform in a community so widely diversified in its pursuits and objects as this present world is. We are to do nothing, most undoubtedly, which we believe contrary to the will of God: we are to do nothing contrary to his glory (which is perhaps the best explanation of doing every thing to his glory); and yet how different will this duty appear to the world when combined with taste and good sense! Were I to take the liberty of addressing a young missionary, I would strenuously advise him to read those books which are most likely to improve his judgment and inform his mind; to give him the appearance, at least, of conformity to the world in things that are non-essential; to have nothing singular in his appearance or manner; to avoid moroseness; to cherish cheerfulness;---in short, if he be a man of sense, to do precisely what that good sense will indicate, combined with religious impressions. If

he be not a man of sense, by no means to give way to that accursed itch of writing which appears to be so besetting a sin with many, and which was near procuring for brother Shrewsbury the crown of martyrdom. —But enough of this gossipping.

"We have been expecting you all this week. When are we to have the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Jenkins and Mrs. Crofts? Please to offer our best regards to them; and be assured I am, with best wishes for your success,

"My dear Sir,
"Your very faithful servant,
"JAMES S. LANE."

"The Rev. J. Jenkins."

This letter is fertile of instruction, as to the state of that society into which Mr. Jenkins's appointment threw him, and by whose permission, and in many cases by whose concurrence, alone, he could even gain access to the objects of his mission. Reference is made to a party who were "averse to religious improvement in any shape, and under any denomination whatever;" and, unhappily, this is a very numerous, and, in some cases, a very influential party, in the West Indies. Their feelings and interests are identified with the existence of slavery; and of this they regard the religion of the Bible as entirely destructive. The writer of this memoir had no sooner set foot on board a ship for a West Indian station than a very respectable fellow-passenger declared his decided opposition to the religious instruction of the slaves, "because," he said, "the New Testament taught that all men are equal in the sight of God, and the doctrine of equality must be subversive of the necessary subordination." In the island of Trinidad, a public meeting was lately held, and superintended by a public functionary, which came to the resolution, "*That any attempt to instil religion into the minds of the slaves is incompatible with the existence of slavery.*" This party is incessantly watchful for every opportunity of attributing insurrectionary designs to the missionaries; and two events had just afforded them the most gratifying cause of triumph,

to which Mr. Lane makes the most uncharitable reference:—one was the insurrection in Demerara, and the condemnation of Mr. Smith, one of "The London Missionary Society's" missionaries; and the other was the destruction of the Wesleyan chapel in Bridge Town, Barbadoes, and the very narrow escape of Mr. Shrewsbury, the missionary. As though in each case there had been the most indisputable proofs of guilt, their conduct is here made the foundation of censure, and their fate of expostulation and warning, though the mode of punishment in both cases was the most iniquitous imaginable,—Smith being subjected to a mere form of trial by a military tribunal, and Shrewsbury having narrowly saved his life, by flight, from the violence of a mob, who pulled down his chapel and dwelling house, destroyed his furniture, and gave his valuable papers and library, in shreds, to the winds of heaven. Shrewsbury is charged with "imbecility," and an "accursed itch for writing." Shrewsbury, however, is well known to the writer of this Memoir, and he *is* "a man of *sound sense*," and his abilities were even complimented, in the imperial parliament, by the eloquent and lamented Canning. That he was not quite so flexible, or silent, as Mr. Lane, and the West Indians generally, would have wished, is not denied. He is a man of incorruptible integrity, and the whole of even his alleged offence was, he wrote a letter to the Wesleyan Missionary Committee, which was afterwards published, containing an account of the *moral* condition of the objects of his pious regard and missionary efforts. Though, in fairness, it could only be construed as applying to the Negro population (for it was to them he was sent), it received the construction of ever-vigilant malice, was oracularly pronounced to be a libel on the whole community; and summary vengeance, after the custom of the West Indians, was awarded to the writer, and very speedily executed. If the facts could have been denied, the sentence would have been more tolerable; but this was impossible; and it could only offend those who claim the privilege of sinning with a high hand, and, as far as history, exposure, or punishment are con-

cerned, sinning with impunity. The Barbadians found it much more convenient to quarrel with their supposed censor than with the sins to which they affected to believe his censure applied; and it was more agreeable to their malignity to execute summary vengeance on him and his mission than to "cut off their sins by repentance." Shrewsbury had studied his Bible more than "Chesterfield's Letters,"—the Bible of many of the West Indians,—and probably the work to which Mr. Lane alludes, as "calculated to give" a missionary "the appearance, at least, of conformity to the world in things that are non-essential." This advice could not be given to Mr. Jenkins because he was morose, or unacquainted with the courtesies due to good society; for this he was not. His education, his employment prior to his entering on the work of the ministry, and his knowledge of the Bible, forbade that this should be the case. The Bible itself teaches true politeness, and requires a regard to even those arbitrary rules which different communities have adopted as the terms of social, and friendly, but innocent intercourse; for its inspiration and its injunctions are gentleness and love, and these "do not behave themselves unseemly." But it forbids a truckling regard to that prudence, as it is called, which would suspend "prominent and active exertion," at the beck of "a spirit of hostility to sectarians of every description," especially when such a "spirit was most actively encouraged by those who are averse to religious improvement in any shape, or under any denomination." To submit to such characters, and to such a spirit, would be to afford them a triumph unworthy of their principles, complimentary of their cause, and destructive of the interests of true religion; and to this Mr. Jenkins was not at all disposed by nature, and much less by grace. All the regard, however, which even prejudice can require, is paid by the Wesleyan Missionary Society, as well as their missionaries, to the peace of the West Indian islands; and even the permanence of slavery is much more likely to be affected by the *violent* conduct of its advocates than by the *peaceful* proceedings of the missionaries. Of this all must be convinced who read

the printed "Instructions" which, for many years, have been furnished to every missionary, and consider the cautious manner in which they even quote the Bible, for fear of the Negroes attaching to it a political construction. All those passages in which the "liberty" or "freedom" of the soul from sin and its consequences is spoken of are either avoided, in favour of others of a similar import but in different phraseology, or so expounded as to be incapable of being misunderstood, as well to prevent misconstruction by the ignorance of the Negroes as by malicious and watchful opponents. The Committee were quite alive to the difficulties of a missionary's situation at the time of Mr. Jenkins's departure; and therefore the Rev. Mr. Taylor, one of their secretaries, wrote him and his colleagues as follows, a few days before their departure:—

"77, *Hatton Garden, London, Jan.* 13*th*, 1824.

"Messrs. J. Jenkins & Co., Bristol.

"My dear brethren,

"Supposing that you will sail in a day or two, I lose no time in writing to you before you depart.

"Enclosed I send you some circulars respecting Demerara and Barbadoes, which you will distribute among the brethren in Jamaica, who will dispose of them to the best advantage in that island.

"Your stations, as named to Mr. Shipman, are, Kingston, Mr. Jenkins; Montego-Bay, Mr. Allen; St. Ann's, Mr. Whitehouse. These, however, may be subject to some alteration by the brethren on the spot, who know the local circumstances, and may have sufficient reason for some alteration.

"At this time especially, when great anxiety prevails in the West Indies, you must *carefully attend* to your printed instructions. You will be under the necessity of most carefully guarding your words, in and out of the pulpit, that you may not be misunderstood. The advice of your brethren there, with whom you will be stationed, you will of course duly attend to, and on every occasion seek, where yourselves may be at all in doubt. On ship-board be punctual and indus-

trious."—After some miscellaneous instructions respecting their conduct to each other he concludes,

"I am, my dear Brethren,

"Yours truly,

"JOSEPH TAYLOR."

If the opponents of the Wesleyan missionaries would but reflect on the utter impossibility that their charges should be correct, it may be hoped that, out of respect to their own judgments, they would abandon their opposition. They profess to object to what they invidiously call "*secret meetings*," for they know they cannot successfully object to what is heard by thousands in public. But if they were but to remember that the instructions in the meetings of the members of the Wesleyan societies are chiefly given by the leaders (for sometimes the missionary is not even present), and that these leaders are frequently respectable white and free coloured people, all of whom are slave-holders, they would see the absurdity of supposing that they are employed to teach rebellion. The following extract from the Rev. Richard Watson's "Defence of the Wesleyan Methodist Missions" is but a fair statement of the case between the missionaries and their calumniators; and Mr. Watson, it must be remembered, was one of the resident missionary secretaries at the time of its publication.

"In the case of the Methodist missionaries, those who have the direction of them know of *no instance* of any of them having preached seditious doctrines. In the course of more than thirty years no complaint of this kind, either from any of the missionaries respecting their brethren, or from any other quarter where it had the appearance of being more than one of those *general* aspersions so frequently made by heated partisans in every cause, has reached them; nor does their knowledge of the character and conduct of the missionaries of other societies afford any instance of such misconduct on their part, in which the Methodist missionaries could be involved from the indiscriminate application of the term Methodist to missionaries of every denomination.

"The instructions uniformly given to the missionaries before their appointment could only lead to this result. Men going forth to accomplish a specific object, to which they are directed to turn their whole attention, without mingling any foreign or worldly considerations with it (and this is the only condition of their being employed and continued in the work, and of the approbation and sanction of those to whose direction they were committed) were not likely in many cases to become politicians and civil reformers; nor is there any instance known by the managing committee where this character has been assumed by the missionaries under their superintendence. They have been constantly instructed to consider their object and appointment as purely religious; not to interfere at all in the civil relations of master and slave, except by enforcing the Christian precept on that point;* and as far as they could with a good conscience, and consistently with the great business of instructing and christianising the negro slaves, to conform to the regulations and even prejudices of the whites. Such instructions were supposed to have the authority of the apostle of the Gentiles. Christianity found a great portion of society, in the civilised world to which it was first communicated, in a state of absolute servitude; but it neither sanctioned the practice of slavery, nor directly abrogated it. It taught men duties suitable to the circumstances in which it found them. It taught all men mercy, justice, peace, sobriety, diligence, and brotherly love; and left those great principles gradually to work that amelioration in the civil state and relations of society, in which all would be equally interested. By this model the Methodist missionaries have been directed to conduct themselves in the West Indies; and if, indeed, the *indirect* and *ultimate* effect of the Christianity they preach should be the same as the Christianity of the first ages, with which they hope it accords—if there should be in it a principle averse to slavery, and in its issue destructive of it, a position

* 'Servants (δουλοι, slaves) obey in all things your masters according to the flesh,' &c. Col. iii. 22.

which the friends of missions do not affect to deny—yet it is to be recollected that the modern missionaries are not on this account, any more than the primitive preachers of Christianity, political characters; that their objects are still purely religious; that any objections to them on probable ultimate results lie with equal force against Christianity itself, and against all missionaries who teach it, whether of the establishment or not. Even the colonists of Jamaica cannot make this a reason for opposing missions, when they have put it on record in an official document that they themselves do not object to the abolition of domestic slavery, which now exists among them, being left to some such gradual operation of principles and events as finally abolished domestic slavery in the states of Europe. In that section of the report of the committee of the house of assembly in Jamaica entitled '*Profane and Scriptural History of Slavery*,' after remarking on the causes which produced the abrogation of slavery in the Roman empire and in modern Europe, the reporters conclude,

'What is the fair deduction from these cases? That time, and the regular course of human affairs, will accomplish in the British colonies what they brought about in the Roman empire and modern Europe, without direct legal enactments, and little assistance from any political institutions.'"*

In his "instructions," a Wesleyan missionary is "cautioned against engaging in any of the civil disputes or local politics of the colony to which" he is "appointed, either verbally or by correspondence with any person at home or in the colonies;" and the same disregard to their civil condition in his communications is occasionally the subject of private caution, as is evident from the following letter from the same eminent individual to Mr. Jenkins:—

"*London*, *Oct.* 10*th*, 1825.

"My dear brother,

"Sir George Rose informs me that new attorneys have been appointed for the Morant and

* Watson's "Defence," pp. 106—111.

Coley estates, in which he has an interest, and that he has written out instructions favourable to your encouragement.

"We beg, therefore, that you will pay a careful attention to those estates, and write us to inform the committee how often you visit them, what you do, and how you are received. What we want to know is that you pay those estates proper attention, and what good you are doing; and whether you meet with obstructions or encouragement. As to civil matters, we wish nothing respecting them.

"I trust, dear brother, you are happy in your work, and that it prospers with you. My regards to your colleague Mr. Kerr. I regret to hear that he has been ill and his family; but I hope that they may be long spared to be useful. Write often and fully. We have no particular news in England. The Lord be with you.

"I am, dear brother,
"Yours most truly,
"RICHARD WATSON."

This letter shows a scriptural anxiety in the committee to keep the minds of the missionaries directed to what in their instructions they call "the proper work of his mission," and with which they require that "the period of his temporary residence in the West Indies is to be filled up;" and I am persuaded that if the abolition of slavery depended on rebellion, or on "political institutions," supplied with information and encouraged in their efforts by Wesleyan missionaries, it would exist as long as the sun and moon endure. The writer of this Memoir attended so closely to his instructions that he never sent information to the most intimate of his friends that so much as an *instrument* of punishment *existed* in the West Indies. The effects of their labours prove that they are faithful men, whose characters ought to be considered as above suspicion. This is a truth which is so forcibly stated by the Rev. Mr. Trew, eleven years a resident clergyman in Jamaica, that I make no apology for the introduction of the following extract from his "*Nine Letters to the*

Duke of Wellington on Colonial Slavery." It embodies the result of his own valuable observation and experience on the subject, and shows the awful extent to which prejudice prevails, and to which vigilance and opposition are exercised by that party whom Mr. Lane describes as " averse to religious improvement in any shape or under any denomination whatever."

" The appointment of bishops to control and superintend the affairs of the West Indian church proves the anxiety of the British government that the slaves should have the freest access to the means devised for their religious instruction. This measure, so truly desirable and important, was adopted with the free concurrence of all parties. The bishops, on landing in the islands, were received with every demonstration of respect; and wherever they went, in the discharge of their official duties, the same degree of deference every where awaited them. In order to the exercise of their ecclesiastical functions, it was necessary that many of the existing laws relating to the government of the clergy should be repealed, a measure which was readily adopted by the local legislators with the least possible delay, and every obstacle that stood in the way of their having the fullest and the most commanding influence over the clergy was removed. Thus far it would seem as if the West Indian church was prepared for the performance of a great work, since it possessed all the machinery that was necessary for carrying into effect the benevolent designs of the British government. But mark the mistake. Not a single obstacle that stood in the way of the religious instruction of the slave was set aside. The master continued to maintain an authority as absolute over the soul as over the body of the slave. He continued to possess the power of repelling all religious teachers from his estate, no one daring, without his authority, not the mitre excepted, to set foot upon it, even on Sundays or negro-days, to preach, or teach, or otherwise to infringe upon his prerogative. And in this state things remain in Jamaica at this very hour. The consequence is, that few masters will consent to have their slaves instructed at

all; and that the instruction given in ninety-nine out of one hundred cases is merely *oral;* and that the simple boon of permitting them to learn to read is withheld by their superiors. And why withheld? The man who would perpetuate the evils of slavery, and farther entail them upon unborn generations, is perfectly consistent in such opposition. Knowledge is power: and, could the slaves be held in their original blindness, there would be nothing to hinder the master, whilst such ignorance prevailed, from maintaining the same sovereign and undisturbed authority which he has been wont to do. But, in these days of light, it were impossible to preclude it from breaking in here and there upon the Negro's mind, although the utmost precautions were adopted for keeping it from him. Knowledge the slave will have, whether his master will or not; and hence it more deeply concerns the planter to see that he is instructed in right principles. There is a powerful evidence that may be adduced in order to prove the superiority of knowledge (when tempered by religious instruction) in preserving the peace and the security of the colonies. It is a fact which cannot be disputed, and that may be proved to the satisfaction of government, that *in no single instance in the island of Jamaica has a solitary case been known of treason or rebellion being charged against any of the negro slaves who have been in church communion with the ministers of the Establishment, of the Moravian, of the Wesleyan, nor, as far as can be ascertained, of the Baptist persuasions.* Whilst it is notorious that, in those districts where rebellion has raised its anti-christian arm, there has been either a want of fidelity on the part of the resident clergy, or the unhappy slaves who have been deluded into conspiracies have been cut off from the means of religious instruction, as well as from a participation in those Christian privileges placed within reach of their more fortunate brethren. This assertion is not made unadvisedly; and the fact is put forth as a powerful argument why, on the grounds both of political expediency and of the personal well-being and security of the whole population of the West India Islands, the

Negro should have the most uncontrolled access to every authorised religious teacher.

"But in Jamaica the representatives of comparatively very few estates tolerate the labours of the Christian teacher, and still fewer would admit him to that confidential intercourse with the slave in his own dwelling which has been already noticed. Nay more, it has sometimes happened that proprietors—and *they females too*—less humane than their own resident agents, have expelled the minister without assigning any cause; thus preventing him from pursuing his Christian labours on the estate, although the instruction so imparted was without cost, given by a minister of the Establishment, merely oral, and usually during the hours of recreation allotted to the slave. Can it be wondered at, then, that any general attempt to teach the slave to read should be construed into an act little short of treason?—that, by many of the planters, the sight of a book in a Negro's hand should be viewed with much the same feelings of indignant suspicion as the Roman Catholic priest would eye the possession of a Bible by an Irish peasant?

"Let these obstacles, then, to the religious instruction of the slave be done away for ever. Concede, to every minister of the Establishment, the freest access at all times to the slaves on their own plantations; and to every missionary, and to every school-master and mistress, producing satisfactory testimonials to the lawfully constituted authorities, let the same freedom of admission be also extended. Should a presumption at any time arise against any of these individuals of their having exceeded the limits prescribed by their office, by inculcating in the minds of the slaves principles or precepts at variance with the peace of society, then let them be made amenable to justice, and let that justice be armed with a tenfold penalty against them. *Nor let it be forgotten that if such were the design of the missionaries to unsettle the Negro mind, and to rouse him to revenge his wrongs, the die would long ere this have been cast with the British colonies, and a flame would have been kindled, which not all the artifice of man could have*

extinguished, and the chain that binds the slave would have fallen off for ever. But maligned as the missionaries have been, and misinterpreted as their proceedings are, such is not their office, as the peaceful, and civilising, and practical effects already produced through their instrumentality, on the lives of so many thousands, abundantly testify. Yes, if there were not a British bayonet within the whole confines of slavery, strange as the assertion may seem to be, the Christian missionaries alone, with free access to the objects of their benevolence, would stem the torrent of discord at the fountain, and prove to their country a protection against every internal commotion.

" Remove, then, the various impediments to the instruction of the slave at present existing, and Britain shall yet rejoice in the prosperity of her colonies. Leave them as they now are, and I will venture to predict that twenty years shall not have expired till they shall be lost to her for ever."

The lamentable rebellion of the slaves in Jamaica, in December last, furnishes conclusive evidence that Mr. Trew understands the precarious tenure on which the proprietors of slaves in Jamaica hold their property both in their crops and their Negroes. Property to the amount of nearly £1,300,000 was consumed, and 2000 Negroes were destroyed, before the insurrection could be quelled: awful proofs these of the vain attempts of their masters to suppress the love of freedom by drying up the sources of knowledge. It is true that the opponents of negro instruction have even exceeded their former selves in their unsupported charges, and their unchristian violence, against the peaceful objects of their unhallowed vituperation. There is, however, what has been called " *the chapter of accidents*," which has already unfolded its pages to the utter confusion of the enemies of negro instruction by Wesleyan missionaries, and is presenting the most pleasing results. The following extract of a letter from a Wesleyan missionary at Montego-Bay shows the anxiety of these faithful men in reference to their members, their fears lest even by force they should be compelled to participate in rebellion, and their joy

when they are found faithful to the instructions which they have received. It is dated January 9th 1832, while the insurrection was in progress.

"I believe many of our people will be murdered by the rebels, and I am afraid that others to save themselves will join them; but these are only my fears. For instance we have a number of members upon Bogue estate, a little out of town; a man named Muir is a leader there, and he staid at his master's house as long as he could, and, when he found he could not save it, he got all the valuables away into a hiding-place, and the house was seen in a blaze from the town. Where, it was enquired, is Muir? Has he joined the rebels? My heart sunk within me, and in this state we remained for several days; when on Saturday, judge of my feelings, Muir issued from his hiding-place, ran to town, found his master, and gave him the intelligence. The property is now being brought to town in carts. But I cannot exult beyond this. Muir has been faithful, but where are the rest of our members belonging to the Bogue? We cannot tell; time will show. This is a season of great anxiety. Richard Lewis, one of our leaders at Ramble, sent word to his overseer on guard that he would endeavour to defend the property to the last, and perish in the flames rather than desert it.

"I have just heard that our Bogue members have *all been faithful* to their masters. I continue to hear pleasing accounts from other quarters, for which I am thankful."

The following are from other parts of the island.

Extract of a letter from a Wesleyan missionary at Port Antonio, dated 9th January, 1832.

"Since the commotions which now agitate the country began, I have been led to bless God that, as far as I can ascertain, none of our people in this circuit have at all been implicated in any thing which is wrong; but, on the contrary, I have heard that our people on the estates in the neighbourhood of Man-

chioneal did all they could to persuade the rest of the Negroes to go to work as usual. At Hope-Bay and its vicinity all are very quiet; and I have been congratulated on the orderly conduct of our members there. All our people about this place at this critical juncture set an example worthy of imitation; and, if all had religion, all would endeavour to be peace-makers and not peace-destroyers. It is my aim, as far as in me lies, "to live peaceably with all men;" and, like the rest of my brethren, I rejoice in knowing that I have nothing to fear from a rigid examination of my conduct, and the doctrines I am in the habit of preaching."

Extract of a letter from Lucea, dated January 10th, 1832.

"For ourselves I believe we have nothing to fear: there are numbers who would gladly mix us up with the affair, but the facts are against them. At present I have not heard of an individual connected with our society being concerned in it. Some may be misled and others forced to join the rebels."

From subsequent accounts it appears that two such characters have been flogged for being in some way connected with the rebels. Their punishment shows that they were not deeply implicated; and the information adds that their guilt was very questionable. Probably they fell into the hands of such men as have imprisoned Mr. Box, one of the missionaries, for five days in a loathsome dungeon, among the most wretched negro felons; who have written hard and long to induce the authorities to diversify the beautiful scenery of Trelawny woods, by hanging from the trees the bodies of the missionaries, and whose inhuman cry has been—"*Shoot them first, and try them afterwards!!*"

The Rev. Mr. Pennock, the chairman of the district, writes, "In consequence of the inflammatory articles which have appeared in the infamous Courant, our lives have been, and still are, in imminent danger; but the power of God, and a consciousness of our own in-

nocence, support our minds in the midst of danger. You will perceive, by some of the papers, that Messrs. Barry, Kerr, and myself, have had an interview with his Excellency the Governor. We went to challenge investigation, and to implore protection for our families: this we found it necessary to do, in consequence of the public excitement against us, occasioned by the Courant. We feel something more safe now, but still our lives are in jeopardy every hour. In Kingston we continue our services as usual: we preach peace and obedience; and all our people most fervently unite in praying for the restoration of peace to the country. We are fully of opinion that, as soon as the present commotion subsides, a vigorous attempt will be made by our enemies to transport us from the island; nor should I be surprised if they succeed. But we are in the hands of God, and must stand still and see his salvation. In consequence of the present agitated state of the island, I have postponed our district meeting, and have ordered every brother to remain at his post until further orders, and to exert himself to the uttermost to restore and preserve the peace of the country."

These extracts show, in a most forcible light, the state of the community in which Mr. Jenkins had to commence his labours. In the West Indies generally it has always been the misery of the missionaries to be in some degree at the mercy of a class of malignant newspaper editors, and their auxiliary, anonymous scribblers. This has been especially the case in Jamaica. Lately, however, "The Watchman" has been established there, which advocates their cause; and so does "The Kingston Chronicle." From Grateful-Hill, the first scene of Mr. Jenkins's labours, Mr. Edny writes as follows. His letter is dated January 13th, 1832:—

"You will be pleased to know that in this extensive circuit there is *not a single Negro who is not steadily at his owner's work.* Such is the influence of the grace of God on this degraded race! It is stated in the Kingston Chronicle *that no member of the Methodist society, in the parishes where the rebellion has been the most powerful, has been detected; and*

some of them have even perished in the flames to save their master's property from the general destruction."

The late insurrection is likely to prove more fertile of persecution to the religious Negroes than it can possibly be to their teachers, because they are more at the mercy of those whose interests have been affected, and whose minds are incensed. Of this the following extract from "*The Christian Advocate*" newspaper is a melancholy proof:—

"*The Slave Henry Williams.*—The public will no doubt recollect the slave, Henry Williams, who was so severely punished by Mr. Betty, at the instigation of the Rev. G. W. Bridges, the Rector of St. Anns, because he refused to attend the ministry of the rev. gentleman, preferring that of the Wesleyan missionary, to which Society he belonged. The full particulars of his case were inserted in the '*Christian Advocate*' last spring. From the '*Jamaica Watchman*' of the 25th of January last, we regret to learn that this unfortunate slave was, about a week before, taken from the estate which he had been superintending in the absence of the white people (who were on militia duty), and questioned as to what the missionaries at that place had preached to them, &c.; but his answers, we are told, were deemed unsatisfactory and impertinent, and he was sentenced to receive 340 lashes, the whole of which could not be inflicted, a doctor who was near by declaring he would die under it. 'We do not,' says the editor of the *Watchman*, 'profess to be acquainted with the particulars of this case of unparalleled barbarity; but, as soon as we are in possession of them, we shall not fail to expose them and the authors to public execration. The public authorities are called upon in behalf of this suffering man; and, if humanity still exist among us, his complaint, his agony, cry aloud to them for redress. This cruel transaction is a further blot on the character of the parish of St. Ann, and criminality will attach to them until they investigate, with strict impartiality, an affair so horrible, so inhuman! The sequel of this melancholy tale shall be shown, and, until justice make reparation to the guiltless

sufferer, our voice shall be raised, and it shall be heard throughout the British empire!'"

In reference to this often-persecuted Negro, it is obvious to all that one of two cases must be taken for granted: 1st, His fidelity was such that, when the ordinary superintendents of the property were obliged to leave it, to assist in quelling so awful an insurrection, he was *left* by them in charge of the estate; or, 2dly, Such was his attachment to his religious principles, that he refused to join the deluded rebels, and *voluntarily* superintended the estate in the absence of white people. And yet this is the man who, when these same white people resume their wonted authority, is made the subject of inquisitorial examination; and, because consistently with truth he *cannot* inculpate those to whose instructions he owes his fidelity, he is made the miserable victim of their impious rage! Mr. Barrett, a member of the Jamaica assembly, when speaking of the instrument of this poor wretch's torture, called it an "odious, horrid, and detestable instrument," and added, "I do say that thirty-nine lashes with this horrid instrument can be made more grievous than 500 lashes with a cat." Thirty-nine is but the ordinary number which may be inflicted by any white man without even the shadow of a trial. What, then, must have been the state of this faithful and intelligent slave (for it has been abundantly proved that he is both) had nature held out to the full extent of the sentence? His crime was, "his answers were deemed unsatisfactory and impertinent!" That they were "unsatisfactory" no one who knows his persecutors will doubt; for they intended him to condemn the missionaries: and that enraged slave-owners would deem any answer of a slave "impertinent" which was "unsatisfactory" every one who knows their *general* character will be disposed to admit; and in these cases they generally seek satisfaction in blood. What they call "impertinence" is a great crime! On the subject of those "vague, loose" charges, which are "contrary to approved principles of law," see Lord Goderich's Instructions to West India Governors, dated Nov. 5, 1831; Anti-Slavery Reporter, pp. 48, 49 of No. 92.

Mr. Box has been fully acquitted of cause for even the suspicion of a charge, and liberated from his loathsome confinement; and when the deputation, above alluded to, waited on his Excellency, he "assured them that he knew nothing to their prejudice, and therefore any investigation into their conduct was wholly uncalled for." His Excellency, however, is now sharing with the missionaries the abuse of the scribblers above described; because, forsooth, he has pronounced them innocent, and promised them protection, after these *gentlemen* had oracularly condemned them, and clamoured for their blood! O, how much need have missionaries who are placed in such circumstances of the wisdom of the serpent, and the harmlessness of the dove! The letter which has occasioned these remarks will show that they have not only to contend with the opposition of the avowed opponents of missions, but with the chilling, and consequently the more dangerous advice of influential friends, who are not always proof against the calumnies of their enemies.

The opponents of missions affect to apprehend much mischief to their interests from the accounts which are sometimes forwarded by missionaries in the West Indies to their friends at home. The following extract of a letter, however, will show that these accounts are sometimes sufficiently flattering. It is directed to the Rev. Mr. Saunders, the superintendent of the Ashburton circuit, while Mr. Jenkins travelled there:—

"*Grateful-Hill, Aug.* 21*st*, 1824.

"My very, very, dear Brother,

"I am convinced that long before this you have expected to hear from me the assurance of my—of *our*—affection, and that the Great Head of the church has made our way prosperous. If I have kept you in anxiety or doubt, I am heartily sorry; but I have been prevented writing you before by circumstances over which it is not the prerogative of human foresight to exercise authority, and against the occurrence of which there is no appeal. I will not murmur, and I hope you will forgive.

" Mrs. Jenkins and I, in our hours of solitude (of which we have had many), have frequently recounted your, and our dear Mrs. Saunders's, kindness to us. I would, if my feelings permitted, tell you many things for which I am indebted to you, and many things which lay me under obligations to you and Mrs. S., that I would never wish (if it were possible) to cancel: they shall be known at the resurrection of the just: till then our hearts shall be their repositories; but their remembrance shall never die.

" My little acquaintance with the country, its customs, &c., &c., prevent my writing much that you might wish to know, or which might be worth sending. Yet two or three things, which do not occur at home, I will detail. I expected, on my appointment to Jamaica, to find at my arrival an ignorant, depressed, and miserable set of people, whose knowledge was as little as their condition was destitute. It is not saying enough to assert I was disappointed: I was astonishingly disappointed. As it regards the slave population, its knowledge very far exceeds that of the lower classes of society at home;—the slaves are cunning to a proverb. But, though there is a great deal of cunning, prevarication, and deceit in their character, yet, if you engage their affections, they are most affectionate and constant. But, in consequence of their general characteristics, I have always been averse to admit any thing more than a proper pastoral familiarity. When in England, I certainly formed notions that I do not now entertain respecting the condition of the slaves. As it regards the *abstract* notion of *slavery*, my opinion remains the same; but, as it regards the *condition* of a *slave*, I am changed. Where is there a peasant in England that is provided by his master with a house—a field as large as he may like to cultivate with food, for his children, his wife, and self—who goes to work at five in the morning, and leaves by law at four P. M.—who has Saturday once a fortnight to carry provisions to town, to procure more than is provided—who has a regular allowance of clothing for himself and family, as well as a medical attendant who by law prescribes what he thinks needful—besides

other, many other, things that I might mention? Where, I may ask, are such to be found in the land of liberty? Were you to walk into my chapel (in the very midst of a slave population), you would be prevented, by astonishment, making any comparison with the peasantry in England; for you would not see in the whole congregation, from a child of three to an old woman of seventy, a female with a worse gown than you might like to see Mrs. S. in, or I Mrs. J. *This is fact.*

"My station is, I suppose, one the most like missionary in the island. I live upwards of twenty miles (in the midst of plantation and coffee mountains) from any town where we can procure any thing; and the country is so exceedingly mountainous that all we get from Kingston, the nearest market town, we have brought in small boxes, on the backs of asses and mules. Our provision is mostly salt, when we can get it: unless when a neighbour kills a pig (of which you know I am *mightily* fond), we then get a little fresh pork. Our bread we get from England, or the American continent, in the form of biscuits; but not many of them, as they are dear. However, blessed be the kind hand of Him who has said, 'Ye are of more value than many sparrows,' we are 'full and abound.'

"It would melt your heart to see my chapel and regular congregation. The chapel is built upon the summit of a hill, about 1500 feet above the level of the sea, surrounded by hills much higher still, from the sides of which, to the distance of from three to twenty miles, the people regularly walk to hear the word of life. O, when I look at them, my heart burns within me, and I could die to publish to them the gospel of the Lord Jesus. The demeanour of the people is certainly better than could be expected. Their labour to attend God's house—their decent clothing—their attention and solemnity during divine service—their great attachment to their ministers—and the simplicity of their relations of Divine operations—are decided and incontrovertible proofs that many hundreds with whom I am now acquainted, and of whom I have made enquiry, possess the saving influences of religion. My

labour is more than, as it regards health, I can with safety perform; and applications are so frequently made for my assistance that I cannot attend to Grateful-Hill and Unity. I have a society of more than 600; the congregations are large; to them I have to pay great attention, in addition to my schools, and meetings for catechetical instruction almost every day; funerals, baptizings, marryings, visiting the sick, &c. &c.; so that I am mostly out for hours, riding about in a sun which almost burns me to death. Many times the atmosphere has been so extreme that I have been incapable of breathing; it has been like inhaling fire at the mouth of an oven: don't think that I exceed truth. This may lead you to form some sort of judgment: in our passage from Morant-Bay to Kingston the glass was frequently 120 degrees, and for hours it stood at 110 degrees in the shade. Our feet were blistered through our boots,* and our faces so dreadfully so, that we dared only to apply wet cloths to them. It is not unfrequent for our shoulders to be blistered in only riding a short distance. From such a statement, you may well think that I have roasting to my heart's content; and yet I am generally better than when at *home;* for such I love to call the land of my birth, and the place where I can enjoy the friendship and intercourse of my very dear friends. But such a home it is more than probable we shall never see more, and such friends I must not expect to see again, till I see them from heaven, where I hope to dwell, while they maintain the fight for endless joy. O! my dear brother, 'tis the hope of heaven keeps me up, and the expectation of meeting my dear friends there! We live in the midst of death: many die in a moment, and most after a few hours' sickness. You must therefore stand prepared to hear of our removal.

"I shall expect a letter from you as soon as possible, that is by the first packet. A letter from my beloved friends is like springs of water in this thirsty land.—I

* "Boots" on board a coasting vessel in the West Indies! This is truly a European idea. Experience, I dare say, would soon teach them that slippers would be more compatible with comfort.

would mention the names of the dear people at Ashburton, and the circuit; of Sticklepath, and the circuit; but must forbear. When you write, make my kind, very kind, love to them, and assure them I never can forget any of them, or the promises I made them. Many scraps of time I have gathered to send you this letter; don't let your heart charge me with neglect; but bear with me—*us*—love us, and pray for us, and accept the assurance that

"I am yours sincerely,
"JOHN JENKINS."

The writer of this memoir considers himself a biographer, whose duty it is faithfully to detail the statements and opinions of the subject of his story, and not as an apologist, whose task it is to defend; and therefore he feels himself at perfect liberty to differ from him as occasion may require. The foregoing letter was written after but a short residence in Jamaica, and avowedly on "but little acquaintance with the country, its customs, &c. &c.;" and there are several reasons why the writer feels himself compelled to demur to many of the statements which it contains. First, he believes it to be the result of observation on some estates where Mr. Jenkins saw every thing under a very lenient administration; for slavery, like arbitrary dominion of every other description, puts it into the power of a benevolent master to be the author of much contentment to his slaves. His journal contains evidence that he early took up with these favourable ideas of slavery. He arrived at Morant-Bay on the 26th of March, and on the 29th he made the following entry in his journal:—

"I am agreeably surprised with the condition of the people here, both as it regards their temporal comforts and their knowledge. They very, very far exceed my expectations, and convince me that the views entertained of the slave population at the present are quite distant from the truth; for, as to the comforts of life, they are far, very far, before the peasantry of our own land; and it seems that the sound of the *word* slave

L. of C.

has frightened the world into innumerable misconceptions about the state of the individuals themselves. They have food, money, clothes, &c. &c., very superior to the lower classes in England. It is true they are ignorant and vicious, and some of them are beaten; but let them do their duty and embrace instruction, and they will become happy, as very few of them are now beaten from mere wantonness, which the former managers were charged with."

Secondly, after a while Mr. Jenkins obtained evidence which must considerably have abated his confidence in proposing the interrogatories contained in the above letter, and in penning the opinions contained in his journal, if he had written them after the 15th of May, 1826. On that day he writes as follows in his journal:—

"I am just returned from ——— estate, where my mind has been pleased and greatly pained. The progress the children and others make in their reading is really great and encouraging, and the anxiety they evince to improve is a sure evidence of success. I think they also greatly improve in their habits.

"I found a great number of both children and adults in the hospital, and my mind was much affected with their complaints against the cruel severity of the overseer, who works and flogs almost to death. I hardly know how to act. To hear complaints of this kind distresses me, but the possibility of making their condition more hard prevents me from making application to the civil power. This mode of treatment cannot stand. Will not God avenge for these things?"

Thirdly, though Mr. Jenkins's ideas of the comfort of the slaves must have been much moderated by observation, yet the writer has an opportunity of knowing that, even after his return from abroad, his representations of the state of the slaves were such as to make much too favourable impressions on the minds of those by whom his company and conversation were not too highly esteemed. He knows a case in which these representations had nearly

turned the vote of a respectable member of our society, at a late election, in favour of a candidate who was known to be an advocate of the present system of slavery. On enquiring into the nature of these representations, he found them to consist in statements of the condition of those slaves who are but very rare exceptions to the common circumstances of the Negro, and which furnish no truer a history of his ordinary circumstances than an account of the every-day fare of an English gentleman's valet would furnish of the common provision of the peasant's table. They consisted, in short, of a retail of the common-place, thread-bare vauntings of the advocates of slavery. Similar accounts have been given by other missionaries, and these representations have not been confined in their operations to vulgar minds; for it appears from the late correspondence between M. T. Sadler, Esq., M. P., and the Rev. Richard Watson, that such statements from a returned missionary had rendered him but too indifferent to the results of the late discussions on the subject of West Indian slavery in the imperial parliament. Such missionaries fall into the very common error of reasoning on *exceptions* instead of *rules;* a fallacy to which they are the more exposed from their intercourse with the interested whites of the West Indies, and the condition of the *domestic* slaves coming more frequently under their notice than that of the *field Negroes*, who constitute the bulk of the slave population. The fact indeed is, the missionary has but very little intercourse with the ordinary field Negroes. He converses chiefly with those whose characters and circumstances are improved by religion, and that chiefly in the way of pastoral intercourse. He systematically avoids encouraging complaints, and, when they are occasionally and accidentally obtruded on his notice, he checks them, and urges, "Let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, lacking nothing." He sees the religious Negroes, chiefly, when in holiday trim they attend the chapel, and when their appearance is calculated to make the most pleasing impressions on such a heart as that of Mr. Jenkins. His *general* observations must be made

when he rides the roads, and sees the slaves working on the estates. He is looked upon by the whites in general with suspicion, as the enemy of slavery, and the spy of "the African Institution." By those who respect him and encourage him for his labours he is regarded, by principle and profession, as the enemy of cruelty, or even of corporeal punishment; and, of course, "*the parson*," as he is called, must not witness those mysteries of iniquity which would shock his feelings, or, if so disposed, put it into his power to report any such mysteries to the prejudice of the system. If in his travels he hear the valleys ring with the horrid reverberations of the cart-whip, he dares not interfere, or even stop to witness the infliction, for fear of confirming the idea that he is a spy; and he is principally acquainted with the infliction, or the effects of this colonial instrument of ordinary torture, by accident or by report.

Though the writer was longer in the West Indies than Mr. Jenkins, he never saw Jamaica; but he believes he may admit, and he does it with much gratification, that the slaves in that island are much more liberally fed, and otherwise better provided for, than in the other West India Islands. He has no disposition to deny that, even in these islands, in many cases, an Englishman will see less of bodily want, or of penal infliction, than his education had led him to expect; while in others he will see more than he was prepared for by either the relations of history or the hereditary antipathies of prejudice. But still he must deny that any thing so nearly paradisaical exists in the West Indies as Mr. Jenkins's letter implies; and he is not only compelled to deny this, but to prove the existence of a very opposite state of things, from facts and testimonies which are invulnerable to successful controversy.

The letter here referred to institutes a comparison, or rather a contrast, between the free peasant of England and the slave of the West Indies; and the confident interrogatory tone which is adopted is such as is intended to show, in defiance of all contradiction, that

the contrast is greatly to the prejudice of the condition of the peasant.

First, This contrast has a reference to the *food* of the two parties whose condition is contrasted. The *quantity* and the *quality* of this, and the means by which it is obtained, very naturally come under our examination. As it regards its *quality*, then, be it remarked that the food of the Negroes is not pretended, even by the advocates of slavery, to be more than *vegetable food;* for the "herrings" and "salt-fish," so commonly found in the bill-of-fare of the field Negro, are not regarded as any thing more than a substitute for salt, for the purpose of seasoning the vegetable mess called "pot" by the colonists as well as by the Negroes. In common parlance, indeed, the terms fish and salt are regarded as convertible. The quantity will also show that it cannot be given with any regard to nourishment. It amounts to two pounds of salt-fish, of the worst description, from the Newfoundland market, each week; or a shad or herring each day for each adult Negro. "Seven herrings or shads, or other salt provisions equal thereto, in each week," is all that is required for each adult slave, by the "Order in Council of November 2d, 1831," which has excited sc much opposition on the part of the slave proprietors, on account of its imposing on them such intolerable burdens as induce them to declare that it is impossible to conduct their system, and to oppose it by the most violent measures. This opposition is certainly not owing to this offensive instrument having decreased the comforts of the Negro. The writer of this memoir knows enough of the English peasantry to confess that there is much suffering among them; but he also knows that the generality of them have a supply, however scanty, of bread, and pudding, and meat, and milk, and beer, which would add greatly to the comfort of the Negro. He also knows that the climax of an Englishman's misery is to be compelled to subsist on *vegetable food*, though the potato of the Englishman is a much superior vegetable to the yam of the Negro; and these are the two *great* vegetable productions

which, in such a contrast as this, must be made the *rule* of argumentation. That a few of the Negroes, especially tradesmen, and drivers on the estates, may increase their comforts *by working on the Sabbath-day*, the writer does not deny, especially if they be religious Negroes; for religion makes them both sober and industrious, and renders all their means available for the purpose of support.

As it regards the *quantity* of food, the following remarks, it is believed, cannot be contradicted by any who are acquainted with the West Indies:—

"In the Leeward Islands, comprising Antigua, St. Christopher's, Nevis, Montserrat, and Tortola, with a slave population of about 62,000, the slaves receive from their masters an allowance of food fixed by law, but so inadequate to the comfortable sustentation of life that it does not amount to much more than a third of the stipulated allowance in the island of Jamaica to run-away slaves, or other delinquents, confined in the workhouses and prisons. This will appear from the following comparison of the two scales of allowance:—

The weekly legal allowance of the adult labouring slaves in the Leeward Islands.

9 pints of unground corn; or
8 pints of wheat or other flour; or
20 pounds of yams; or
30 pounds of plantains.

Weekly legal allowance of persons confined in the prisons, &c., in Jamaica.

16 pints of unground corn; or
21 pints of wheat or other flour; or
56 pounds of yams; or
56 full-grown plantains, equal to about 75 or 80 pounds.

The allowance enforced, in both the home-fed and the foreign-fed colonies,* in the Order in Council above

* The foreign-fed colonies are those which import most of their provisions; the home-fed are those which grow them at home. The Leeward Islands are foreign-fed colonies.

alluded to, is, "in each week, not less than 21 pints of the flour or meal of Guinea, or Indian corn; or 21 pints of wheat flour; or 56 full-grown plantains; or 56 pounds of cocoas or yams." This, it will be seen, is a very great improvement on the allowances in the Leeward Islands.

As to the means of obtaining this support, the following information, it is believed, is correct:—

"In Barbadoes, Demerara, and Berbice, the slaves are fed from provisions grown by the labour of the whole gang, and dealt out to them by the master, but without the legal limit by which the Leeward-Island slave is stinted to the smallest quantity by which his life can be sustained. But, if there be no direct legal sanction in these three colonies for the same cruelly penurious system in feeding the slaves which disgraces the legislature of the Leeward-Islands, yet it is obvious that to the discretion, or rather to the caprice or avarice, of the owner alone it is left to decide as to the quantity of food which shall be allowed to the slave for his sustentation or comfort; and neither in these three colonies, nor in the Leeward-Islands, is a single hour allotted to the slave by law which he can employ for eking out his scanty allowance, on any day except Sunday.

"In the other West-Indian colonies, as Jamaica, Grenada, St. Vincent, Trinidad, Tobago, Dominica, St. Lucia, &c., the slaves have usually provision-grounds allotted to them, and a few days in the year, besides Sundays, assigned to them for labouring in these grounds for their sustenance: the number of days varying in different colonies: in Tobago it amounts to thirty-five; in Jamaica the number is twenty-six; in Trinidad it amounts only to from fourteen to seventeen, and to about the same in the other colonies. On these days, in addition to the Sundays, the Negroes raise vegetables for their own use, and the surplus, if any, they bring on Sundays to market, at a distance frequently of many miles, sometimes ten, twenty, or even thirty; the sale of which enables them to purchase a few trifling articles, either of food or apparel. In addition, they are generally allowed a few salt herrings, or other fish, weekly; and they receive also

annually from their masters a small quantity of clothing, the least and cheapest that can possibly cover them. A few of the more industrious keep a few poultry, and perhaps a pig, which also become articles of traffic. And thus individual slaves succeed, by dint of parsimony, in acquiring a little property; by which, after a length of time, they are enabled to purchase their freedom. This, however, is a very rare occurrence indeed in the case of field slaves.—Their huts are built by themselves, often of very rude materials, but sometimes with materials furnished by their owners."*

The writer of this memoir has seen thousands of plantation slaves, in the different islands, in our various houses of worship, and he never saw them so gaily dressed as is specified above, nor so much exceeding the English peasantry. They generally appear, the men in a coarse cloth jacket, with linen or jean trowsers, or a dress of one of the latter materials. The women wear a white petticoat, and a white wrapper, as it is called, which is similar in form to the garment worn in a morning by the menial servants in England. They wear an apron, and a checked handkerchief on the neck, and another wrapped round the head, in form of a turban. They sometimes wear shoes, but no stockings. They appear remarkably clean; and the cleanliness, liveliness of colour, and great uniformity, gives a congregation of Negroes, especially to a stranger, an appearance of comfort perhaps superior to that of a congregation of English peasantry, though there is certainly no superiority in their apparel. *This* clothing, it must be remembered, is procured by themselves, and that chiefly by working on the sabbath, as will immediately be shown on most indisputable authority. The "yearly allowance of clothing," from the owner, by law, as given in the manifesto lately published by forty-one West Indian proprietors, is as follows:—"Working males: 1 hat, 1 cloth jacket, 1 check shirt, 1 pair Osnaburg trowsers, 2 Salampore caps, 1 razor or knife, 1 blanket every two years.

* See Godwin's "Lectures on British Colonial Slavery," pp. 17, 18. These are popular Lectures, and the writer would advise the publication of a *cheap edition* for general circulation.

Working females:—1 hat, 1 gown or wrapper [this is of coarse blue cloth like the men's jackets], 1 check shift, 1 Osnaburg petticoat, 1 pair of scissors, a blanket every two years." The unconverted female slaves, especially domestic slaves, and "house-keepers," as they are called, who frequently attend our chapels, give even an appearance of splendour to a congregation by the gaiety of their attire. But the latter are the concubines of the white men, and glitter at the expense of their virtue; and this is frequently the case with the others also. The fact is, that all the apparel, beyond the very coarsest suit which can be purchased, as above enumerated, must be procured by the Negroes either by sabbath-breaking or prostitution. The person who looks at the appearance, without being acquainted with the history of slave congregations, may see reason to rejoice in their comforts—but trace these to their source, and they are the cause of "mourning, lamentation, and woe!" In the islands where the writer laboured, the slaves were not expected to attend the chapels above one sabbath in a fortnight, the sabbath on which they were allowed to attend the market, and this was liable to numberless interruptions.

These statements show the dependence of the slaves on the absolute will of their masters for all they enjoy. They are dependent for both the quantity of land and for the time to cultivate it, and they are expected to work in their own provision-grounds, or go to market with their few surplus provisions, on the sabbath, as on the other days of the week they work in the grounds of their master. On this subject we may refer to the testimonies of both the friends and the opponents of slavery. Mr. Stewart, a defender of the system, the author of a work entitled "The Past and Present State of Jamaica," and one who was long a resident in the island, observes, "Few of the slaves have it in their power to attend church; for Sunday is not a day of rest or relaxation to the plantation slave; he must work on that day or starve." In this respect the slave of the West Indies forms as perfect a contrast to the English peasant as can exist. The peasant works for himself on the six days of the week appropriated to

labour, and rests on the sabbath; and the West Indian slave, during these six days (with the exception of twenty-six days a year, for this is the general rule), works for the benefit of his master, and, on the sabbath, he must either cultivate his grounds, and go to market to dispose of his provisions, or starve. The case is not too strongly put in the following extract from the Rev. Mr. Trew's "*Nine Letters to the Duke of Wellington:*"—

"By the constitution of England the sabbath is acknowledged as a day of rest, and the law has attached to the violation of it (however their exactions may have fallen into disuse) pains and penalties. It were monstrous indeed, if, in a nation professedly Christian, the divine law, commanding the observance of the sabbath as a holy day, should be set aside. It has, however, been recognised as a part of the law of the land, and all classes, from the lowest to the highest, participate in the advantages of it. As a day of rest from worldly toil and labour, it is peculiarly a blessing to the poor man, independently of those higher privileges which it confers upon him, in common with others, in the public ordinances of religion. But, if the sabbath prove thus a blessing to the poor cottager of Britain, how much more so must it not prove to the Negro slave, who, worn out with six days' toil and care, in the unrequited service of another, tastes for a little season of the sweets and the privileges of freedom? But has the Negro a sabbath on which to rest? This is a question often asked, and much controverted. It shall be answered briefly:—The Negro has *the semblance of a sabbath.* By the Jamaica slave law, there are penalties attached to the working of sugar-mills on that day. The act specifies, 'That during the crop, not only shall the slaves, as heretofore, be exempted from the labour of the estate or plantation on Sundays, but that no mills shall be put about or worked between the hours of seven o'clock on Saturday night and five o'clock on Monday morning, under the penalty of £20, to be recovered against the overseer or other person having the charge of such place.' Such is

the law on the subject; but what is the fact? Every one knows that sugar-mills are worked on the Sunday, and commonly at an early hour of the evening; that magistrates, as well as others, join in the violation of the law; and cases have been known to exist wherein the very slaves in hospitals have been turned out on the evening of the sabbath, to supply the place of the Negroes absent at church, or at their grounds, and so worked until the others have returned to relieve them. Such is the Negro Sabbath.

"By another clause of the slave law, the slave is allowed one day in every fortnight to cultivate his provision grounds, exclusive of Sundays, *except during crop time*, which often lasts six months of the year, and when, of course, the grounds must be laboured on Sunday, or the slave perish for want of food. Such is the Negro Sabbath.

"Another clause tells us, 'That no person whomsoever shall employ the slaves of others, for any reward or hire to be paid to them, *on Sunday*, *without the consent in writing of the overseer first obtained*, under a penalty of £5.' Thus may the slave be hired by others on Sunday, provided his master consents. Such is the Negro Sabbath.

"By an estimate of the number of Sabbaths throughout the year on which the converted slaves are found to frequent public worship, and taken from the actual observation of the missionaries, it appears that they cannot attend oftener than about once in three or four weeks, or about thirteen times every year—the other Sabbaths being spent in providing food for their families; not to mention their occasional fatigue from the spell of the preceding night disqualifying them from attending. Such is the Negro Sabbath.

"There are also a numerous class of persons, such as domestics, cattle-boys, shepherds, watchmen, &c., who seldom, and, in many cases, who never, have an opportunity of attending religious worship, or religious instruction of any kind—not to particularise the number of slaves who, on sugar estates, are almost invariably employed to a late hour on the Sabbath mornings in 'potting sugar,' and, consequently, de-

barred from the public exercises of religion. Such is the Negro Sabbath.

"Following in the train of these evils, next comes the Sunday market, to which the young and the old, for miles around, resort to buy and sell, and barter their several commodities, consuming the entire day in going to and in returning from market, that they may dispose of their surplus provisions. Such is the Negro Sabbath.

"The law requiring the master to allow his slave at least twenty-six days in the year for the cultivation of his grounds, exclusive of the Sabbath—often, to suit his own purposes, the master takes that Sabbath from him, on which alone he could have had the opportunity of receiving *religious instruction*, repaying him with a week-day, without any such *privilege*. Such also is the Negro's Sabbath.

"Thus the Negro has the semblance of a Sabbath; but it is such a Sabbath as leaves him no alternative but either to labour on his grounds on that day or starve; such a Sabbath as his master may deprive him of, under the pretext of repaying him with another day (which it is believed he commonly does pay him)—such a Sabbath as, even when spent to the best advantage, leaves him but a partial share of the blessings which it was designed to convey, and without any remedy whereby to secure to himself and to his family its fullest enjoyment.

"Now the Slave Code of Jamaica professedly designs to give the Negro a Sabbath—a full, complete, and an entire Sabbath, for rest, and for religious instruction. The preamble in the seventh clause of that act runs thus:—'Whereas it is expedient *to render the Sabbath as much as possible a day of rest, and for religious worship.*' The Jamaica legislature have expressed in these words all that is required—that the Sabbath should, *as much as possible*, be made a day of rest, and for religious instruction. But how, under such circumstances, does the possibility exist, whilst Sunday-marketing, Sunday-labouring, and the toil incident to their being often overworked, preclude the slaves from attending public worship? In order to

make the Sabbath what it should be, three important changes are necessary to be effected:—The Negro to be allowed every Saturday throughout the year for the cultivation of his grounds—Sunday markets to be entirely abolished—and night-work on sugar-estates, that most deadly evil, to be altogether prohibited. A few individuals, more benevolent than others, have already effected the latter change, and found no reason to repent their having done so."

Secondly, The contrast here considered has respect to the *labour* performed by the West Indian slave as compared with the English peasant. I wish, for the sake of humanity, whether reigning or suffering, the following remarks could be shown to have their origin in either malice or mistake. They are extracted from "The Anti-Slavery Reporter," No. 82, which contains a review of the boasted manifesto of innocence, so lately signed by forty-one West Indian proprietors, and very extensively circulated in England.

"Taking the new law of Jamaica as a sample of the whole, both because it is a fair sample, and because its slave population is nearly equal to that of all the other colonies, what, on the showing of these forty-one gentlemen, is the state of the case? The slaves, then, in Jamaica, as well as in most of the colonies, are compellable by law to labour *in the field* from five in the morning till seven at night, being fourteen hours a day, with intervals of two hours and a half, which still leave, even supposing them to be effective intervals, eleven hours and a half of field labour in each day, under the blaze of a tropical sun, which the planters may exact, and the slave must yield, on pain of the lash. Eleven hours and a half of compulsory labour *in the field*, during each day, the whole year round! Was any thing like this exaction ever known, even in temperate climates? But then this is only the labour they may be actually compelled to perform *in the field*. The additional night labour of crop-time, to which there is no limit, is expressly excluded from the eleven hours and a half which may be consumed in

field work. The night work of crop-time is over and above this, and may be estimated at five hours more, namely, from seven in the evening till midnight for half the gang, and from midnight to five in the morning for the other half, alternately. And this period of crop lasts for from four to six months in the year, according to circumstances. During these four, five, or six months, therefore, the slaves may be legally required to be actually employed in plantation labour for sixteen hours and a half out of the twenty-four." On this subject the Rev. Mr. Trew makes the following remarks :—

" Of all the evils to which the Negro is liable throughout the whole system of slavery, there is not a greater than this—night work on sugar estates. In proof of this let the reader only look at the facts to be found in a late return to Parliament of the average increase and decrease of slaves for the five preceding years to 1828, on the principal properties in Jamaica, distinguishing coffee and other plantations from the sugar estates. We find, from these returns, one sugar estate with 663 slaves, on which there has been an average annual decrease of *ten*. On another, with 242 slaves, a decrease of *fifteen ;* and on a third, called Blue Mountain, a still more fearful waste of human life is discovered, in an *average decrease of seventeen Negroes annually out of* 314 ;—or *eighty-five slaves, being equal to one-fifth of the whole population, cut off in the space of five years !* The estates of the heirs of John Thorp, situated in the parish of Trelawny, show a diminution of numbers within the same period amounting to 200, out of a population of 2809. But on the coffee plantations, where night-work is unknown, mark the contrast: on a plantation having 214 slaves, *the average increase* for five years is three per cent. per annum; and, taking an extensive parish, the staple commodity of which is coffee, the average increase throughout is not less than three per cent. per annum. Can there be a more convincing proof of the shocking waste to which human life is subject on sugar estates (and owing mainly to the system of night-work)

than this? And yet to such a system must the man of grey hairs, or the mother of a numerous offspring, after toiling throughout the day under the scorching beams of a tropical sun, submit; and again be exposed to the bleak north wind, to the chilling mists of heaven, or to the pelting rain; and, when overtaken with sleep, to lie down faint and weary, and at the risk of a heavy punishment, under the great canopy of heaven, without another comforter save Him who pities the oppressed."

"Out of crop, in most cases, a regular part of the duty of the field-slaves, after they have left the field (that is, after seven o'clock at night), is to employ themselves in collecting fodder* for the horses and cattle on the plantation, and in bringing it to an appointed place, to be inspected and duly deposited, before they are finally dismissed for the night." The following is the manner in which Dr. Collins, an old West Indian planter, speaks of it:—'The picking of grass, in situations where it is most abundant, is a labour more felt and regretted by the Negroes than others much more severe.' Again he says, 'the neglect of grass-picking is another frequent cause of punishment. On some estates it draws more stripes upon the Negroes than all the other offences put together, as the lash seldom lies idle while the grass-roll is calling over.' 'As it is to be performed when the Negroes are retired from the field, and no longer under the eye of the overseer or driver, it is apt to be neglected. Besides, it encroaches much on the time allotted to their own use, and, even after they have with much trouble picked their bundles, they are frequently stolen from them by other Negroes; and their excuses, however just, are seldom admitted to extenuate their fault.' The whip, he adds, 'is too intemperately employed on this as on other occasions. The misfortune is, the whip is always at hand, and therefore supplies the readiest means of punishing; for the

* Hay is not made in the West Indian Islands. Straggling grass is therefore collected, or what is called Guinea-grass cut, in bundles every night for the cattle.

overseer, having *such a summary mode of balancing offences, never thinks of any other.*'"

Thirdly, The letter which has occasioned these remarks alludes to *punishment*. It is not contended that the English peasant is "beaten," much less as an incentive to labour, but that, by good conduct, the Negroes may generally avoid it. We will hear a few witnesses on this subject, who had seen more of West Indian affairs than brother Jenkins, and whose testimonies will show that his letter to his friend is chiefly remarkable as it presents an amiable specimen of that "charity" which "thinketh no evil." We know, however, that facts obliged him to moderate his sentiments on this subject. We have seen the opinion of Dr. Collins, a medical man of long experience in St. Vincent, a slave-proprietor, and an advocate of the system; and the following remarks are from the "Observations relating to the West Indian Islands," published by Dr. Williamson. The writer claims for them all the regard which is due to them as coming from one who was an advocate of slavery, and who "spent nearly fourteen years in a large scene of practice affording ample opportunities for observation among *all colours* of the inhabitants of Jamaica." I wish the facts were as questionable as the correctness of the language in which they are related.

"It is deeply to be lamented that such is the disposition of Negroes, and so great their proneness to crimes, that it is impossible to dispense with that power to punish which is consigned to the judgment and discretion of overseers. The estimation which every British subject feels for his inherent privileges should cherish corresponding sentiments of sympathy for our fellow-creatures in a state of greater degeneracy. It would be more consistent with every principle of character we should be ambitious to retain as Britons, to learn that universal sympathy and kindness were observed by us towards that unlucky (unlucky!) race of people; *but it is due to truth*, and to those expectations which constitute in a great degree the

objects of this work, to declare, that *amendment is in some instances loudly called for;*—that, by proprietors and attorneys, it is necessary to say too much is placed in the overseers' hands. I know that in general their own dispositions to prevent improper punishment are sincere; but, as it is wise in the army to conduct punishments as they are done, it is still more necessary not to arm an overseer with powers which it would be unwise to place in the hands of an officer commanding a regiment in his majesty's army.

" The mind of the Negro is not ennobled by those sensations which a state of freedom conveys; his movements to perform a laborious task proceed from coercion and the dread of punishment. We are not to expect his laborious pursuits to be carried on from a regard to his master, but from a fear of punishment. Remuneration is even inadequate to procure his exertions.

" When punishment is inflicted by flogging, the limits should be extended at no time beyond the number of thirty-nine lashes; which the overseer, or other superintendent, is only empowered to inflict by the letter of the law. It cannot, however, be denied that *this limitation is often outdone;* and, by repeatedly punishing offenders, the parts become insensible to that laceration which tears the skin. When that barbarous consequence is arrived at, its infliction becomes a matter of indifference to the unfortunate Negro; and new sources of torture must be found out by which the commission of crime may be checked. It can scarcely be necessary to add that such a torpor, in the parts to which punishment has been applied, can never be justified on any pretext; and I blush to reflect that white men should be the directors of such disgraceful deeds.

" Opinions have been given that it would be well altogether to do away the possession of a large heavy whip* from the driver's hands; and whether we consider the frightful sound which reaches our ears every minute in passing through estates by the crack of the

* For a description of this terrible instrument, and the effect with which it can be applied, so as " to cut through the tough hide of a mule at a single stroke," see Godwin, pp. 15—17.

lash, or the power with which the drivers are provided to exercise punishment, it would be equally desirable that such a weapon of arbitrary and unjust authority were taken away from them. It is at present customary to crack the whip, to turn out the gang at stated hours to the field [in which case it answers the purpose of a bell, or of a horn, which in the West Indies is generally made of a large sea-shell.] When the Negro seems to be tardy at his work, the driver sounds the lash near to him, or lets him feel it, as he thinks proper on the occasion. The necessary signals for turning out, and the application of it in the field, might be supplied by means less objectionable; while an impression unfavourable made in the country upon the passenger, who is probably a stranger, is horrible indeed.

" However much it is the wish of proprietors and attorneys of estates to condemn every step which has a tendency to bear down that description of Negro incapable of the usual labour of healthy Negroes, it is too true that due consideration is not sometimes given to this branch of good management; and on that account the interests of proprietors* are sacrificed to a barbarous policy. On estates, this fault is not so commonly observed as in jobbing gangs; but in both the crime is equally culpable and inimical to their true line of policy.

" Every consideration, therefore, of humanity and policy points out that the frequent infliction of the heavy whip, to cut up and lacerate severely, is inconsistent with those characteristics which should belong to any man entrusted with the management of Negroes—that extreme punishment, if awarded, should be only admitted in cases of aggravated crime; and it would be well, even under these circumstances, not to inflict it on the single opinion of an individual. Certain it is, as has already been stated in the narrative, that those overseers who resort to the lash least have uniformly the best governed gangs. It is at least an

* The poor Negro is supposed to have but little, if any, interest in his own existence, and therefore " the interests of the proprietor" are very feelingly pleaded!!

incontrovertible fact that a wisely-directed authority will seldom require it. The use of it, therefore, to a great extent may be given up.

"By abandoning the severity of punishments, as it is proved they may be, unless in cases of very aggravated transgression, the condition of Negroes will be immensely improved, whether we view them as being enabled to labour more effectually, or if we take them in their general appearance. A Negro subjected to frequent and severe punishment has an appearance and manner by which he is easily known. If in a warm day we pass by a gang when they are uncovered behind, it is a reproach to every white man to observe in them the recently-lacerated sores, or the deep furrows, which, though healed up, leave the marks of cruel punishment. If the management of Negroes can be conducted without such unperishing testimonials of uncalled-for cruelty, let not future crimes thus disgrace us; and let our future humanity towards them compensate for the past."*

This work was published in 1817, and yet how far are these suggestions from being regarded. By the moderated code, so much the subject of boast by the forty-one gentlemen above alluded to, in their manifesto, a black man† may inflict *ten* lashes with this horrid instrument. The following is a quotation from their boasted document curiously placed under the title, "*And, in order to restrain arbitrary punishments:*"—"No slave shall receive more than ten lashes, except in presence of owner or overseer; nor in such presence more than thirty-nine in one day, nor until recovered from former punishment, under penalty of £20." This is *boasted* of as a part of a *recent* enactment, and it applies to the island of Jamaica!

But the most abominable part of this power of arbitrary punishment still remains to be told: it is the power which it gives to every brute of a black driver, or white overseer (and there are brutes of both colours),

* Dr. Williamson's "Observations," pp. 219—226 of Vol. II.

† The driver. There are no *white* "*Negro drivers,*" as some English people suppose.

to expose and flog the females. On this subject facts and delicacy have been so much at variance that the public are but very imperfectly informed on the subject: and justice, and mercy, and even decency, have been sacrificed at the shrine of mammon. A few writers, however, have lately determined that the truth shall be known; and let those whose deeds give occasion to such relations as they have given, and not the historians of their indecent barbarities, hide their heads in shame. The work of the present writer is in these cases merely that of a transcriber; for in all these cases he prefers giving the testimony of others to his own. Were a West Indian, however, to ask him if he believed the following accounts, he would reply by another question,—"Sir, do you doubt them?" and he believes that his knowledge of the manner in which affairs are frequently conducted in that country would supersede a reply; for such a man must know that indecent barbarities are such common-place matters, in that country, that when the question is, Have such cases really occurred, or have clergymen forged these relations? the reply is not a difficult one. The following extracts are from the Rev. Mr. Trew's letters, above referred to:—

"Of all the abuses which have ever existed in any country, and particularly in the management of slaves, there never has been one calling more loudly for redress than this of punishment. It has been attempted to palliate or to defend the prevalence of this practice, by the existence of corporal punishment in the British army; and arguments have been adduced in support of the continuance of such a system by the analogy subsisting between them. But the cases of the soldier and of the slave are widely different. The one voluntarily enters the service of his country, and receives a supposed equivalent as the condition upon which he sacrifices his liberty to the will of others. The other is torn from his home, compelled to labour against his will without hire, and to submit to laws to which he is bound by the heaviest penalties to give an unconditional assent. There is also this difference to be observed in

the circumstances of the parties,—whatever be the punishment of the soldier, that punishment cannot be inflicted upon him at the arbitrary dictum of an individual; he is fairly and impartially tried, and that by men without passion or prejudice, and whose honour as soldiers, and whose humanity as men, are both concerned in their verdict. But not so the slave. The law gives his master—or any man, however base, to whom his master may delegate that power—an authority the most arbitrary, and almost absolute, over him. He may, as often as his anger, or caprice, or revenge dictates, and without any previous trial, or even (if such a man could be found) without assigning any reason, inflict upon his person with a common cart-whip, thirty-nine lashes—not unfrequently to be "brushed out with ebonies," or, in other words, to be lacerated by thorns, whilst his wounds, yet bleeding from the infliction of the former punishment, are open to receive them. It is no libel upon the planters to state these facts; for, however humane and merciful as individuals they may be, here is a power which no man living should possess over his fellow-creature, but which at this very hour is entrusted to the West Indian planter. And especially when it is considered that both the quantum and the mode of punishment devolves upon overseers, a class of men possessing no interest in the slaves beyond a mere stipendiary allowance, receivable at the caprice of his employer. In the heat of passion, or on the impulse of the moment, he may, without taking time to weigh the circumstances or the merits of the case, command the slave to be laid down with his face to the earth, and in the most summary and cruel manner flog him, as he would not do, though restive, his own pampered steed. Surely it cannot be reconcilable with the due administration of justice—surely it cannot tend to maintain the peace or the stability of the colonies, neither can it operate as a moral stimulus to the slave to demean himself submissively in his present condition—that such monstrous power should be confided to men who, if they abuse it not, yet have, unquestionably, many strong temptations to do so. Let the Negro be taught to respect

the laws; let him, whilst slavery has a being, and even when it shall have ceased to exist, be made amenable to what is right and proper; but, having taught him first what his rights are, then secure to him, against violence and against outrage, the full and the impartial enjoyment of those rights, and thus raise him above the level of the brute, which by British enactment is secured by laws and penalties from the wanton barbarity of its oppressors. How paradoxical, that in one happy portion of the king of England's dominions, a man may not cruelly abuse his ass, and yet in another portion of the very same possession (oh lamentable fact!) man may with impunity, and as spleen or passion governs him, so despotically lord it over his fellow-man, that his life has not unfrequently been the sacrifice to this demon of vengeance. Justice, reason, and humanity, all cry aloud for the redress of this abuse.

* * * * *

"It has been said, and I believe justly too, that few soldiers, after the disgrace of once receiving corporal punishment, have ever after been able to hold up their heads amongst their companions in arms; that they have, after such an exposure, become either heart-broken, or indifferent to their future condition. And so it is with the slave. Punishment brutalizes, and sinks the already barbarous still lower in the scale of wretchedness. It fails to operate as an incentive to industry, and consequently it fails in producing the effects which are expected from it. Should it, however, prove a means of doing so, the effects are transient, and leading more frequently to the repetition of the same system of punishment than to any happier result. It hardens the heart—deadens all the finer feelings of the creature—and, if it excite not the slave to any acts of open or secret revenge, its natural tendency is such as to extinguish that confidence, and kindly intercourse and feeling, which under other circumstances will be found to exist, and to promote in the Negro's breast a hatred of his oppressor, and a watchfulness that he may in every pursuit gain the advantage over him. Hence it happens that, amongst the more refractory Negroes, punishment from the

lash is ever preferred to solitary confinement; for, having no character to lose, they prefer that species of punishment the endurance of which is soonest at an end.

"But, if these observations should have any weight when the subject of punishment is treated of in a general way, how much more loudly will it not be found to demand the interference of the legislators when the case of females is particularly adverted to? It were sad enough to think that such a system of punishment could be tolerated in the case of men, but doubly so when it is considered that women likewise are subject to it, under circumstances of the most shameful indecency. The young and the aged, mothers of families, and even those whose hoary locks proclaim length of years, are openly, and in the presence of the other sex, doomed to the endurance of this disgraceful abuse. Yes; were it not that I had rather see the evil corrected by the strong hand of power, on the ground of its barbarous and unchristian tendency, than from the exposure of some of its many enormities, I could point out some of the most astounding facts bearing upon this point, and that would harrow up the soul of any individual not yet past feeling. But I shall be content at present, without entering into a minute detail, with merely hinting at the fact, that the unhappy female, even at that season when nature puts in her claim to more than common sympathy, is often doomed to suffer from the unrelenting lash; and, in some cases, with an aggravation of wrong, such as, were I to repeat, no reader of these letters would credit. But it remains to raise the poor sable slave from the depth of her degradation; for I am persuaded you will allow that every stroke inflicted upon her sinks her lower in the scale of being. She may be a mother; and what will her children say, as she returns to them bleeding in sorrow? And her husband too!—if the black man have a heart—oh! how will it beat, and rise, and swell with indignation, against the cowardly dishonour done to the partner of his bed! The wonder is that nature's feelings can be bound and enslaved as the body is, when every

spring in man's affections is impelled to burst the barrier and to avenge the wrong. What a conflict must there be between revenge and fear, as the husband, in silent sorrow (for he dare not give utterance to what is passing within), contemplates the scene;* and what a lesson do the children learn, but to desecrate the wretch that made a mother weep. I know not a more bitter drop in the whole cup of slavery than this.

"But it is vauntingly said by some that when they punish the female slave the whip is not used, and that rods only, or ebonies, are substituted for it. And what of this? Is there not the same scandalous exposure of the person of the female?—and is there not only this difference between them that, if the wounds are not so deep, they are yet more abundant? But it is not the fact that even rods are generally adopted in the punishment of females. There may be, and there are, a few isolated cases, where some persons, from humanity, but many more from a view to their own interests, and that they may be thought humane, have adopted this plan. But in general the female slave knows no difference from the opposite sex, either as to the manner or the quantum of punishment he receives. I have heard of some, however, who, by way of encouraging marriages amongst their slaves, have added this privilege, amongst others, to such persons, that a female, when once married, should afterwards be exempt from punishment. On one estate, where the practice is said to prevail, the following illustration of the pertinacity with which the right was defended took place:—A married woman, a slave, having been remiss in some department of her labour, the driver, also a Negro, was proceeding as usual to administer summary correction, when the female resisted. The driver called others to his assistance, no doubt intending to give her a double portion, when the woman, boiling with anger, could do little more than point to one of her fingers. There was her marriage-ring; and, resting her finger upon it, she dared the driver to

* See Ashton's Narrative, p. 45.

proceed. 'Hei! me da married woman—first take off dis, and den flog me.' The driver was compelled to abandon his whip, and seek for some other mode of redress.

"Little has been said in this letter as to the quantum of punishment, as that subject has been so often dwelt upon. It is enough for my present purpose briefly to direct attention to the number of stripes—to the person inflicting them—and to the instrument by which they are inflicted. The law prescribes thirty-nine stripes as the maximum of punishment. This, when contrasted with military usage, will by some be considered not excessive: but mark the instrument—a whip, the lash of which is from nine to twelve feet in length, wielded by a powerful arm, well skilled in the management of it; so much so that by the sound of the whip the Negro is commonly roused to pursue his daily toil, the woods resounding with the echo. This instrument, also, is not unfrequently in the hand of a person in whose breast revenge or jealousy may exist, which serves to nerve the arm that holds it. It has been attempted to be shown by some that the drivers are in general men who are advanced in years—rather to be distinguished by their venerable locks than by their austere countenances; but this is not the fact. The driver is commonly an able-bodied Negro; and, from his office and habits, too frequently possessing less of the milk of human kindness than other men: dressed in a little brief authority, he feels the full weight of an office which enjoins upon him the execution of all his master's commands, whether those commands may be agreeable to his own natural feelings or not. The orders which he receives are conclusive and peremptory: whatever stands in the way of their accomplishment it is for him to remove by the strong arm of power, or be himself removed from his office, followed by disgrace and punishment. There will be cases, no doubt, where the character of the driver will be otherwise than is here represented. Instances have been known of their expressing an abhorrence of punishment, and anxiously enquiring how they could, with a sense of duty to their masters, be spared the painful

predicament of enforcing it: but such, it is presumed, are of rare occurrence; and it commonly happens, but especially amongst those whose minds have not yet been civilized by the peaceful effects of Christianity, that the driver will be found ready for all work, and more commonly converting his office into an engine for the exercise of the most arbitrary power, and using it for the purpose of gratifying the worst passions of his nature, rather than that he may administer in the smallest degree towards befriending his brother in adversity: he lords it over his fellow-men, and rules with a rod of iron the weak and the helpless, whose wretchedness of body and of estate can furnish no pander to the gratification of his appetites. But slavery were a lot hard enough to bear without superadding to its misery the absolute rule of so many masters."

The following heart-rending accounts of the manner in which morality is occasionally hazarded, by the power of arbitrarily punishing both male and female slaves, show the horrid state to which it debases the mind: they also are taken from Mr. Trew's letters:—

"Pending the examination of witnesses, in a committee of the Jamaica House of Assembly a few years ago, on the subject of Negro evidence, a question was put on oath by the chairman, Mr. Reynolds (one of the most indefatigable supporters of the Negro's claims), to a reverend gentleman then under examination, to this effect:—'Have you ever known an instance in which the ends of public justice have been defeated through the inadmissibility of Negro evidence?' The answer was—'I have.' The individual was then called upon to state the particulars of it; which he did, nearly as follows:—'In the parish where I reside the following case was lately brought before the Council of Protection, and came under my own immediate observation. A white man, the owner of a small plantation, sought to seduce from the path of virtue a young woman of colour, *the natural child of his own father*, but *a slave*. The girl, taught by her mother (who had been instructed by the missionaries in the fundamental truths of religion) the sin-

fulness of an act which would be rendered doubly heinous by the relative situation of the parties, refused to listen to his solicitations. The monster (for the name of a man can hardly be assigned to him) placed the girl in the stocks, and renewed his entreaties. This, however, produced no other effect on the mind of the unhappy female than to induce her more strenuously than ever to resist his importunities. At last, as a *dernier ressort*, flogging was had recourse to, and the poor prisoner was most unmercifully punished. But every artifice that villany could contrive was in vain. Virtue triumphed over vice, and the poor girl was finally released from her confinement. On regaining her liberty, the first use she made of it was to apply to a magistrate; who, shocked at the cruelty of the treatment she had received, and to his own credit, summoned a Council of Protection forthwith to hear her story. It was simple, and well authenticated; but it *was the story of a slave*. Gladly would the Council of Protection have punished the monster; for the members of it were fully persuaded of the truth of the girl's statements; but the law forbade them: and thus, not only was justice impeded, but guilt of the most appalling and aggravated character suffered to escape.' What terms are sufficiently strong to mark the detestation of every rational man to a case like this?—to which it were impossible to find a parallel, but in the annals of slavery. And yet this part of the evidence taken before the Committee of the Jamaica Assembly does not appear on the face of their printed minutes; and, on enquiring why it was not reported, I am informed that a discussion arose in the committee as to the propriety of expunging this part of the evidence; and that it was expunged from the minutes accordingly—a member at the same time observing, 'Are we not cutting a rod to break our own heads?' Thus, through the inadmissibility of slave evidence, may the most abandoned and profligate acts be perpetrated with impunity, against the person of the slave, by any free man; and though it were even carried to the very utmost limits of human barbarity, and though death itself were to be the issue of the event, still the cul-

prit is accountable to no earthly tribunal, though the act were verified by the oath of one hundred slaves.

"But a further proof may be adduced of the necessity for the immediate admission of the testimony of slaves; it is to be found in the report of a late trial, in the island of Jamaica, of sundry slaves for the murder of their master. The case is reported at length in the *Jamaica Public Advertiser* of September last. The editor, when noticing the subject, pertinently remarks, 'This day's paper contains a report of a trial for murder. Rarely has a case of such extreme atrocity come before the public of Jamaica. The deceased was a free person of colour. He was a married man. The cold-blooded, revolting murder, was perpetrated in the presence of a crowd of slaves; and, as is charged by the *moral* evidence of the slaves, *who were executed*, some free people were accomplices; and, horrid to relate, one *(his own wife)* was a witness of the deed, and incited to the crime:—but we will go no farther.' It appears, from the report of this trial, that the master of these slaves was a man overwhelmed in debt; and that the sheriff's officer or marshal had in his possession sundry writs for the seizure of his chattels. His wife and family, from what reason it does not appear, formed a design against his life; and, in order to effect their horrid purpose, they set to work upon the minds of the slaves, saying that, if their master should survive beyond a certain day, they would be seized by the sheriff's officer, and themselves and their families sold, and perhaps separated for ever. The plot succeeded; and the unfortunate slaves, maddened by the anticipation of a final bereavement of all that earth held dear to them, perpetrated the cruel deed. Justice, however, speedily overtook them: they were tried, condemned, and executed. At the place of suffering, the unhappy men, when placed on the scaffold, declared that, during the time of the murder, *the mistress and her sons were present*, walking up and down in the piazza; and that when their master awoke from his sleep, crying, 'help! help!' the same persons were engaged in encouraging the Negroes (having previously given them rum to drink), telling

them to seize their master; and that they seized and murdered him accordingly. But the concluding testimony of these dying men remains yet to be noticed; and truly it is most appalling. Just as they were about being launched into the eternal world, they spoke as follows to the surrounding multitude:—'Tell massa, thanky—tell him thanky. Tell misses, and old missis, thanky—for do them bring us to this. Do them bring us here. Them cheat we. Them say we must kill massa, else them would punish us, and marshal would take and sell every one of we. But we pray every body to pray God to forgive them.'"

The following are extracts from a periodical publication, edited, I understand, by *clergymen*, in the island of Jamaica:—

"Corporal Punishment of Slaves.

"We maintain that the right itself is iniquitous, and the use made of it tyrannical and oppressive; and, in support of this assertion, we will describe, as far as decency will allow us, the practice which generally prevails in the exercise of it. We do so in hopes that the painful and disgusting truth may have its effect in arousing just abhorrence in the breasts of some, who, never having had the subject exhibited to them in its native hideousness, are not aware of its aggravated turpitude, and may thus lead, ultimately, to the total removal of this terrible power of punishment from the hands of individuals, and, immediately, to the softening of some of the harsher features it presents.

"In families resident in the country, the unfortunate domestic slave, when offending, is committed for chastisement into the hands of an upper servant, who ties him to the nearest tree, and handles the weapon of torture,*—or he is 'sent to the works,' with a command to the overseer to punish. In towns, the household servant, when correction is deemed needful,

* The common instrument of domestic punishment is "*the cow-skin.*" This is a slip of green cow-hide twisted, and allowed to dry in this posture. It forms a rugged, pliant, tapering instrument, about a yard long, and is very severe.

receives it from a fellow-servant in an out-office ; or is hurried to the workhouse, and there stretched on the ground, and the person shamelessly exposed. Thirty-nine stripes, it may be, are inflicted on him by a powerful 'boatswain,' armed with a knotted scourge, whose every stroke causes the blood to start from the unhappy victim.—The law stipulates for no age or sex. Nay, the pregnant female is not by law exempted. —One would have thought that our legislators, moved by the common feelings of our nature, would have interposed the protecting arm of the law to shield the female, when thus situated, from the brutal force of man. But no—even she can be *laid down*, *exposed*, and *flogged*, in the presence of the assembled population of the estate! It is true that public feeling, in this case more merciful than the law, has, in a great measure, shielded the pregnant woman known to be such ; but still instances of such barbarity, we believe, too often happen ; ruining the unfortunate woman's health, and destroying the unborn child.

"The whip, then, we assert to be the chief stimulus to labour, and almost the only instrument for maintaining rule among the slaves in this island. By it the peasant is hastened to his daily toil. It urges him to exertion, should he flag during the hours of labour. It is the dreadful means of keeping him in implicit submission," ["and the petty tyrant of the day cannot condescend to reason with a slave, or treat him as a rational being,"] "too frequently at the expense of truth and consistency ; and, lastly, should the peevishness of human nature prompt [the slave] to impatience or insolence, pregnancy itself not always proves a protection, but even then it sometimes descends upon the hapless victim to weaken and destroy. In these observations we contend that we have been describing the general and the prevailing practice of the island ; and, in proof of this assertion, we can adduce the remarks that we often, nay, we may say, almost constantly hear, when in the society of the planters. Such as, 'Why did Mr. —— leave ——? He was managing the estate well.' 'So he was ; but then he half killed the people.'—'And Mr. —— has left ——,

and gone to ——. Well, he is so capital a planter that he is never out of a birth [berth]—although he is such a savage to the Negroes.' 'But why does not his attorney check his doings?' 'Oh! he does not interfere with him.' 'Mr. —— is an excellent planting attorney, but a great disciplinarian. They say, when he was an overseer, he kicked a Negro into a well, and would not allow him to be taken out.—He is none of your shilly-shally fellows.' 'A Negro had better not make his fun with ——, or he will soon have him tied to a ladder, and put a couple of drivers upon him.'*

"The evil of corporal punishment is also shown, in a very painful way, to every friend to the spread of Christianity. We allude to the effect it produces in respect to marriage. It consists with our knowledge that the slaves have preferred concubinage to marriage, on the ground that *their wives* might be indecently exposed and flogged. And here it is to be observed, in explanation and support of this statement, that slaves, however licentious they may be, regard the marriage tie with a reverence and respect approaching to superstitious. With whatever indifference they may regard the degradation of a *concubine*, we know that they look with horror on the degradation of a *wife*. Again, what kind of feeling can be expected to exist in the mind of a child who witnesses the shameless punishment of a parent? Filial respect must be weakened, if not altogether destroyed. And must not the feelings of the parent who is constrained to witness the miserable sufferings of a child, if not hardened into criminal indifference, be exquisitely painful? While we are on this part of our subject, we cannot avoid recounting, as a proof that these things are not chimeras of a distempered imagination, but sad realities of truth and experience, the particu-

* To 'tie to a ladder,' means to tie the victim's hands and feet to the ladder, and thus stretch the body at length, with the face downwards. 'Put a couple of drivers upon him, or her,' is a colloquial method of ordering a driver to be placed on each side of the slave, to strike alternately. Such expressions as are here given are the common chit-chat of planters, and this is, in every country, the surest index of the state of the heart.

lars of an instance of corporal punishment recently inflicted, in one of our workhouses, by order of the magistrates.* It has been communicated to us by a high witness, on whose veracity we can stake our own credit; and truly it reflects indelible disgrace on the community. Be it understood, however, that we introduce this statement, not in illustration of the main subject of this article, viz. the dangerous power of inflicting corporal punishment, entrusted by law to private individuals, but in proof that the shameless and unnatural exposure of the parents' nakedness to the child, and *vice versâ*, are no uncommon occurrences in our island. A memorandum was taken by our informant, soon after witnessing the scene which he describes, of which the following is nearly a verbatim copy. We omit names; but our informant authorized us to supply them if required. ———, a female, apparently about twenty-two years of age, was then laid down with her face downwards; her wrists were secured by cords run through nooses; her ancles were brought together, and placed in another noose; the cord composing the last one passed through a block, connected with a post. The cord was tightened, and the young woman was thus stretched at her utmost length. A female then advanced, and raised her clothes towards her head, leaving her person indecently exposed. The boatswain of the workhouse, a tall athletic man, flourished his whip four or five times round his head, and proceeded with the punishment. The instrument of punishment was a cat, formed of knotted cords. The blood sprang from the wounds it inflicted. The poor creature shrieked in agony, and exclaimed, 'I don't deserve this!' She fainted, and became hysterical, and continued so until the punishment was completed. Four other delinquents were successively treated in the same way. One was a woman, about thirty-six years of age—another a girl

* These workhouse inflictions do not always, or in general, imply magisterial conviction. Slave-owners, in towns, frequently send their domestic slaves there to be punished, because, having no estates, they have not a driver at command to inflict the punishment.

of fifteen—another a boy of the same age ; and, lastly, an OLD WOMAN OF ABOUT SIXTY, who really appeared scarcely to have strength to express her agonies in cries.' The boy of fifteen, as our informant subsequently ascertained, was the son of the woman of thirty-six ! She was indecently exposed and flogged in the presence of her son ! and then had the additional pain to see him also exposed, and made to writhe under the lash !—too bad ! It is to be observed, to complete the hideous, but faithful picture, of the system of slave government presented to us by the narrative of this transaction, that these unfortunates received this punishment for an offence which their owner, it was strongly suspected, had compelled them to commit, and that too under the lash—a circumstance accounting for the cry, 'I don't deserve this !'*

"Painful and melancholy as is the above detail, we know it to be too faithful a picture of what is transacted from week to week, by order of the magistrates, within those abodes of human misery, the workhouses of our island."†

This is the way in which the slaves of our West India colonies are "beaten ;" and, had Mr. Jenkins seen as much evidence of it as he afterwards possessed, he would not have made so light of it in his letter to his friend ; nor would he have considered the state of the slave of the West Indies so enviable as compared with that of the English peasant. The author knows

* The circumstances, as related by a Mr. T., in a previous No. of "The Christian Record," are :—these Negroes had been sent, under at least the dread of punishment, to pick grass for their mistress's stock, though she had none on her estate ; and, being found picking it on the estate of some other person, they were delivered over to the magistrates, their misnamed "protectors," to enquire into the affair ; but, without any enquiry, they were sent to be thus chastised for their offence. Enquiry, indeed, was useless ; for if it were true, as appears to have been the case, that they were sent by their mistress, it was a fact of which nothing but slave-evidence could be produced, and this by law was not admissible against her, though it was against her Negroes. Here originates the great difficulty of arriving at legal proof of most of the abominations of slavery.

† Jamaica "Christian Record" for October, 1830, pp. 76—82.

a parish in which a transaction happened that affords the happiest contrast with the unprotected state of the West India female slave. It was as follows:—A father was transported for smuggling, and his family became chargeable on the parish. His daughters were taken to the *dernier ressort* of English innocent degradation, the poor-house. They offended the parish authorities, and, as a punishment, were ordered to *cut off their curls!* They refused; and the gentlemen inflicted the punishment *in propriâ personâ*. This circumstance, however, became known, and some of the friends of these girls entered an action against their reputed oppressors; and, after an expensive lawsuit, they were cast in damages, which it is believed have cured them of their propensity for cropping; and the reproaches of the community have been added to the sentence of the court, and they are likely long to endure the designation of "*the barbers!*" The case, then, is simply this. An English pauper cannot be deprived of her curls at the arbitrary interference of the parish authorities; but the female slave of the West Indies may be exposed and flogged, without either judge or jury, to the extent of the dictates of any dominant barbarian. And this power thus to punish is as tenaciously held as if the existence of the owner depended upon it. The subject of female flogging was recently debated in the House of Assembly in Jamaica, and "the proposition for doing away with it was negatived. Yes: that point which Mr. Canning urged more than any other, that the flogging of women should be abandoned, was, in 1831, there rejected twice: first, by a majority of 35 to 2, and next by a majority of somewhat the same number." An attempt was also made to obtain a law to forbid the exposure of the person as above alluded to, and this also was lost! The truth is, the cart-whip could not be applied to the same extent as now it is to any other part of the person, and of course not without this exposure; for the vital parts would be in such awful contact with the infliction that death would almost invariably be the immediate consequence were

the severest punishments applied to the upper parts of the body.

No one can be more disgusted with these shocking details than the author of this memoir; but he has frequently been interrogated on the subject, and he feels it to be quite time for him to break silence with those oppressors of Negroes, and persecutors of missionaries, that the public may know somewhat more of the merits of the controversy. No one can either know the obstacles with which missionaries have to contend, or the triumphs of truth and righteousness in the case of the thousands of their converts, unless he be made acquainted with the state of West Indian society; and this, he thinks, by the letters on which he has felt it to be his duty to remark, was brought very legitimately under his review. The characteristic goodness of Mr. Jenkins's disposition laid him much at the mercy of the interested whites; and his sphere of observation, like that of many other missionaries, was too limited to afford him a fair opportunity of correcting their misrepresentations. Excepting these, it is chiefly the slaves who are acquainted with the atrocities of the system, and they seldom complain; for they know that they would speak at the risk of being generally disbelieved, and the peril of being severely punished. They suffer unobserved by any one who has either the power or the disposition to punish, or even to expose, their oppressors, except by Him who has declared—"*Vengeance is mine; I will repay.*"

On the subject of emancipation the writer thought of being silent through despair; but, since the above was put to press, he has perused the "*Four Essays on Colonial Slavery*, by *John Jeremie, Esq., late First President of the Royal Court of St. Lucia*," to which he cannot but wish a universal circulation; for he has met with nothing which so nearly meets the views of all parties, and so fully reconciles conflicting interests. The horrid facts detailed give but a fair exhibition of the state of West Indian society; and the doctrines are those of an able, benevolent man. They are the more valuable for having been arrived at

in the ordinary intercourse of judicial duty, in opposition to previous prejudices favourable to the slave system; and for their being published in correction of views officially communicated by Mr. Jeremie to the British government, after several years' residence in St. Lucia; during which time he remained, though unconsciously, completely ignorant of the gross abominations and systematic murder of West Indian slavery. "In May, 1829," says this dignified character, "I, in a report of the government, stated it as my opinion that freemen in Europe sometimes submitted cheerfully 'to toils and privations unknown to the West Indian slave.'" "But in six months afterwards" he met with a case, in the course of his official duties, in which a manager referred to other estates in justification of his own conduct, and indeed in proof that "his management was lenient, as he never had worked his gang more than forty-two hours together!" This fact shows how possible it is for persons who are not immediately concerned in the management of slaves to live in the West Indies for years, and, like Mr. Jenkins, plead the lenity of the system. Writings of this kind from Mr. Jeremie have even been laid before the British parliament; and he has published the "Essays" here alluded to, to counteract their influence, and to put the British public in possession of the real state of the case. In the compass of 123 pages, he has thrown light on almost every possible difficulty, and has proposed a plan, first of amelioration, and ultimately of abolition, which probably would *more speedily* effect the complete triumph of emancipation, than those plans of immediate freedom which rouse the indignation of the West Indian planters to resist all concession, and shock the political prejudices and legislative consciences, of a majority of even a British parliament. This imperial body, though it legislates for a Christian country, is now, whatever a reformed parliament may prove to be, in a great degree composed of men who are more vulnerable to the expediency of the mere politician, backed by the wealth and influence of West Indian proprietors, than to the exalted motives and influences of our holy religion; and in much of our

intercourse with men, our wisdom consists in taking them as they are, and not in attempting to make them what they are never very likely to become. Nothing of principle, therefore, would be conceded by making the best bargain we can with such a body of men, and thereby obtaining speedily what, on other conditions, they would peremptorily and permanently refuse. Mr. Jeremie despairs of efficient colonial legislation; he wishes the case to be seriously taken up by the British parliament; he even gives the outlines of a bill, which he engages to fill up in twenty-four hours; and his plan is such that it ought not to be hastily condemned, especially as it is founded, in a good degree, on actual experiment in the island of St. Lucia. Petitions, however, for immediate abolition ought not to be neglected. They embody the sentiments of a large and very respectable portion of the British public; they remind *professed* Christian legislators of Christian principle and duty; and add much to the impression produced, by showing that the public are increasingly alive to the importance of the subject. Much is said on the danger of emancipation; and immediate emancipation is supposed to hazard the safety of the colonies. But is it intended that they are now secure? The public ought to know that the *danger* consists in the *continuance* of the system. Slavery in the West Indies is as dangerous as it is monstrous, and the speediest method is the best method of getting rid of it for all concerned. And let it not be forgotten that the *religious* public are those on whom, in a question of this nature, most reliance is to be placed. The ideas of the advocates of the slave system are correct; they have most to fear from the "saints." They use the word ironically, however; we sincerely; and, while the "saints" abroad *must necessarily be silent*, let those at home avail themselves of what has been considered as the only privilege of Englishmen;—let them *complain*. A persevering expression of public opinion has seldom been uttered in vain; and, much as "the saints" are contemned by the inquisitorial persecutors of religious slaves and missionaries, and the mob destroyers of their chapels, it is probably in our power

to convince them that there is a point beyond which the endurance of "saints" cannot be presumed upon with impunity. The whole history of the suppression of the slave-trade, and of recent amelioration by Orders in Council in the crown colonies, abundantly proves that we are benefiting the planters themselves by every improvement in the condition of the slave. Mr. Jeremie gives an instructive exhibition of the iniquitous means adopted in St. Lucia to hide this fact from the government, and to propagate a contrary impression; and he abundantly proves that the fact itself is indisputable, from the very mouths of those who were most solicitous to create a false idea, by cries of insurrection among the slaves, and destruction to the interests of the planters; which, on proper investigation, were proved to be the very reverse of fact. The habits and prejudices of the planters are more implicated than their interests; and, if they would not provoke the slaves to insurrection by colonial discussions in opposition to the measures of the imperial government and legislature, the destructive violence which the slave system offers to the interests of all connected with it would speedily be superseded by the mild and peaceable introduction of such a state of things as would be alike congenial to the prosperity and comfort of all the parties concerned. The colonists, however, must be thus blessed, not by the concurrence of their own ideas, and the co-operation of their own authorities, but in spite of them; and the power of British opinion and of British legislation, under the providence of a gracious God, are the only sources to which the friends of order can look for the correction of the state of West Indian society.

The following extracts from "*The Christian Advocate*" newspaper (one of which is a part of a speech by Mr. Beaumont, a member of the Jamaica Assembly) are instructive on the subject of slavery, and of slave insurrections generally, and exculpatory of the conduct of those missionaries on whom it has been attempted to fix the guilt of the horrid occurrence alluded to. The speech of Mr. Beaumont was delivered on occasion of a motion on the 2d of April last,

made in the Jamaica House of Assembly, that a sum of money be voted for the support of the Rev. Mr. Wordie, of the Presbyterian Kirk in Kingston, for the past year; another sum to enable him to proceed to the United Kingdom, in order to enlist in the pro-slavery cause the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland; and a third sum for the support of the other Presbyterian preachers of that island.

"Mr. Beaumont was determined to oppose so much of the motion as contemplated an additional vote of money to the Presbyterians. He did not object to the grant to Mr. Wordie, but wished him to take warning how he acted in future. He contended, if there was any meaning in words, that Presbyterianism was sectarianism, and that in a sense in which the word could not be applied to Methodism; this the hon. member argued at some length. It was, he said, a curious feature in the history of Methodism that its first apostles were persecuted *because they were not sectarians*, and therefore not entitled to the benefits of those Toleration Acts which the Presbyterians, as Dissenters, claimed as the charter of their religious liberty. Having dwelt on this point for some time, the hon. member proceeded to remark on the futility of all attempts to uphold the system of slavery. "Not all the energies," said he, "nor eloquence, nor talents, nor sophistry, of ten thousand preachers of any sect, from this or any other country, will avail to persuade the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland that slavery is a blessing to humanity. Ay, too well do we in Jamaica know what a curse the system is. Legislators of Jamaica, look around you: behold the condition of your own country; contemplate the acts of other lands; behold the rapid march of free institutions over the civilised world, and say if, by wasting the means of an impoverished and almost ruined island, by establishing a new hierarchy, you can perpetuate slavery here! Not all the Presbyterian kirks, not all the Episcopalian churches, not all the sectarian meeting-houses, which the rulers of the human species can build, will stop the progress of liberal institutions. The decree of nature has gone forth to all the world,

and man must obey it. Slavery has heard the award of destruction issued against her, and her partisans' efforts will not save her. But they themselves perhaps may perish under her ruins. With a curious inconsistency, easily accounted for when we remember that the warmest advocates for liberal institutions, as respects their own caste, are the proprietors of slaves, you are now proceeding to vote a sum of money, a part of which is to encourage education. Can you educate man in English literature without teaching him to love freedom? Are not the lower orders of your free population (now admitted to the same political rights as yourselves) closely connected by the strongest ties of nature with your slaves? Can you prevent the spirit which you infuse in that class from breathing its liberty-loving influence into that other class with which it is allied by the tenderest relations and sympathies? I do not tell you what is to be brought about by any effort of mine. I merely ask you to see the 'coming events casting their shadows before,' and which it requires no power of political prophecy to predict. As the human mind advances in civilisation, its newly-developed energies demand freer principles of government. The degraded being then throws off his fetters, and demands his place in the family of mankind. Can any preacher of any sect stop this tide of human feeling? Let him first arrest the ebb of the ocean. As well might he essay to give the globe on which we breathe another impetus, as hope he can cause the human intellect to retrace its course, and then stagnate in slavery and bigotry." As it respected the charge against the Methodists and Baptists, of being instrumental in exciting the late lamentable insurrection, he should content himself (Mr. Beaumont said) with referring to facts. No man had seen more of that horrid scene of destruction and misery to all classes than himself; but he could declare that not one Wesleyan Methodist, of any cast or complexion, was concerned in that insurrection. "But," continued he, "let not the people, I mean the slave-possessors of Jamaica, be deceived; let them not

imagine that, by expelling (if such a measure were even practicable), let them not imagine that, by expelling every preacher of every denomination from this island, they can insure tranquillity to themselves. The evidence before your committees, your own experience, convinces you that your slaves are daily increasing in knowledge, improving in civilisation. Think you that the spring of the human mind, polished by civilisation and tempered by education, will not exert its elasticity? You have it in evidence that many of your slaves read the newspapers. Then they must peruse all the arguments used by yourselves to justify your resistance to the mandates of the sovereign. Do I blame you for maintaining your rights? No; with you I am ready to perish in maintaining them. But I desire justice to all the people. I ask you to be consistent with yourselves. Think you that the slaves will not apply the arguments you employ in your defence against the aggressions of the parent state to their own condition? To perpetuate slavery, you must not alone banish sectarian ministers: you must stop the progress of civilisation; you must not barely fetter, you must destroy the press; you must cease to express your opinions in this house, at your public meetings, or even at your private tables; you must be yourselves the worst of slaves, in order to perpetuate the slavery of others, of men speaking the same language as yourselves. Your rule of politics must conform to the changes in the public opinion here and in Britain: it must conform, it must shape itself to the changes which have taken place in the mass of the people for whom you are legislating. Thus it is that you will render your properties secure—preserve your homes from the firebrand of the incendiary—your lives from the knife of the assassin—your wives, sisters, and daughters, from the pollution of the ravisher. By a wise, a liberal, a just policy, give to each man in the country, be his complexion or condition what it may, an interest in preserving your institutions, in protecting your property: then, and then only, will you be safe. What men have more gal-

lantly and faithfully fought your battle in the late insurrection than the free mulattoes and blacks? None. Are they not the same men as their brethren in slavery? Why, then, not increase your friends, and diminish your national enemies, by thinning the ranks of slavery, adopting measures to facilitate the progress of emancipation, such as the law of compensation-manumission I introduced into this house? Do not imagine that I seek to deprive you of any part of your property. It is my object to render it secure. For the last eight years what has been your conduct? Your property has lessened its value till you declare, and truly declare, that its proceeds will not afford you the means of paying the interest of the encumbrances upon it. Robbery, incendiarism, and rape, have defiled our beautiful country; and the assassin's sword has been but superseded by that of the executioner. It is to avert these frightful ills, which render property and life itself a curse, that I call on you to consider of some more effectual means of public safety than the attempt, the futile attempt, to establish a new hierarchy of Presbyterian priests, without congregations, in this island."

But, as might naturally be expected, "an accusation had been made against Mr. Beaumont of being favourable to the late rebellion. The gentleman defended himself against the accusation, and asserted that, had he joined the blacks, they would have had entire possession of the country. He insisted that the only remedy against the horrid ills under which the colony laboured was the adoption of measures to promote emancipation. A similar accusation was made against Mr. Price Watkins, a barrister, and also a Member of the Assembly. The sectarian preachers had all, for safety, been removed to Kingston. Leonard Walker, the ruler and leader of the Baptists, had been acquitted at the Cornwall assizes, having been indicted for exciting the slaves to rebellion. Mr. Burchell, another Baptist preacher, was to embark for New York. Francis Gardner, likewise a Baptist minister, was tried for sedition; but the Attorney-General soon declined to go on with the prosecution, and entered

likewise a *nolo prosequi* against William Knibbs, also charged with sedition. After the acquittal, or rather after the grand jury ignoring the indictment against Mr. Burchell, party spirit ran so high at Montego Bay that the friends and foes of this individual assembled in arms before the gaol, the one side determined to protect, and the other to ill-use him. To prevent the effusion of blood, the Chief Justice and Attorney-General removed Mr. Burchell on board his Majesty's ship Ariadne, and from thence to America, at an expense of £156. 10*s*., which the Assembly voted, by a majority of one, to be repaid.

"The Baptist missionary, Burchell, had been set at liberty, in consequence of the bill against him having been ignored by the grand inquest. It seems that Mr. Burchell was apprehended, and lodged in confinement, on the affidavit of a man named Stennet, who had himself been among the rebels. Subsequently, however, the unfortunate man stated to several persons that what he had deposed to against the missionaries was *totally false*, and that he had been *bribed* and induced by promises to make that declaration. The hand of providence bore heavy on the conscience of the misguided man, and, with peculiar firmness of mind, he avowed *twice* to the grand jury his total ignorance of any circumstance which could criminate them. He was instigated, he said, to do so, by four *gentlemen*, whom he named, one of whom assured him that he would be well looked upon by the gentlemen of the place, that the country would give him £10 per annum, and that one of them would make ten pounds *fifty pounds!* It seems evident, from this conduct of the planters, that whatever may have been the immediate cause of the late insurrection, they are anxious to make that event a handle to accomplish what has long been the dearest purpose of their hearts."

But though this violence ought not to be endured, and the advocates of emancipation plead even in Jamaica, considering the characters who have to deal with the question, and the many and powerful interests which it involves, the author sees no prospect of

its being *speedily* adjusted, except by such means as every enemy to bloodshed must most sincerely deplore, and every good subject ought to endeavour to avert. The agitation of the question in the Imperial and Colonial Legislatures—the increased violence of the whites—and the almost universal disposition of the slaves to rebel—are acting and re-acting upon each other, and open a prospect in the West Indies which all whose interests are implicated in West India property, under its present system of management, will have permanent reason to deplore, and from which missionaries and their friends have numerous interruptions to apprehend. The present system will become increasingly precarious in the event of a war, which might afford some rival power an apology to excite and assist in rebellion, and render it impossible for England to continue her present system of naval and military protection to the cause of West Indian Slavery. But, until the question can be adjusted, let an attempt be made to prevent future insurrection, by withdrawing the power of arbitrary punishment; and let some other system be adopted which is worthy of men, though it may still continue to be unworthy of Christians. The writer has good authority for recommending a substitution of the *missionary* for the *cart-whip*. One of the most respectable men he ever knew (once a violent persecutor, but who, on seeing our "Instructions," previously alluded to, employed us to catechise his Negro children) said to him, "Mr. Jackson, the people in England will not allow us to beat our Negroes now as we used to beat them; we must have some motive to obedience; and we must now employ *you* to tell *them that it is their duty* to *God* to *obey us*." In that island, some of his associates in his Majesty's council have told the writer (and probably they had told others) that they had long tried the experiment, and it had succeeded perfectly. On two of the estates here alluded to, the manager assured him that the instructions of the missionary had nearly superseded the cart-whip, though, previously to their being employed, he had to use it to a heart-rending extent. Man is a

moral agent; and the thrice-transported convict of Macquarie Harbour,* and the slave of the West Indies, have proved vulnerable to spiritual and moral means and influences, when all the ingenuity of man had been exhausted, in vain, in the employment of corporal inflictions.

* For an interesting account of the establishment of this Mission, by advice of the Governor, as well as its success, see Wesleyan Methodist Mag., 1832, p. 219.

CHAPTER V.

Slaves the direct objects of the Wesleyan missions in the West Indies.—Letters from Mr. Jenkins to the Rev. Messrs. W. and A. Barber.—Remarks on the Resolutions of the Wesleyan Missionaries in Jamaica on the subject of Slavery.—Dangers of Insurrection averted by the Rev. R. Young.—Letter from the Rev. J. Shipman.—Mr. Jenkins appointed to Morant-Bay.—Letter to his father.—Exhausting labours.—Rev. Mr. Kerr, arrival and station of.—Mr. Jenkins's attempts to establish a mission at Port Antonio.—Letter of a magistrate refusing license.—Imminent danger of Mr. Jenkins from the fall of his horse.—Sickliness of the Country, and death of Seamen.—Letter to the Rev. A. Barber.—Morals of the West Indians.—Letter from the Rev. Mr. Morley.—Opposition to Missionary Meetings.—Letter from a Clergyman.—Miscellaneous interesting communications.

From what has been said in the preceding chapter, the thorough-paced West Indian may possibly have his doubts as to the policy of permitting those who are opposed to slavery, even in the abstract, any share in teaching the slaves of our colonies. The following letters from Mr. Jenkins to the Rev. A. Barber and his brother, however, will show that, while the missionaries speak freely on the treatment they receive, they meditate no revenge; but give themselves unto prayer, subordinate every other consideration to the salvation of souls, and even lament the exertions made at home by the friends of the Negroes, because they are abused by the enemies of missions, and originate

private and legislative opposition. The writer remembers when he was in similar circumstances; and when he asked his superintendent, "How, sir, am I, as a Christian missionary, to reconcile it to my conscience to teach the slave his duty, and to preach against his vices, while I dare not be equally faithful towards his owner?" The answer was as follows, and was considered satisfactory:—"I consider that the *slaves* are the objects of our mission; and of course we must have access to them. But, were we to preach against the peculiar vices of slavery, you know we should be *denied* access to them, perhaps immediately banished from the colony, and the benevolent designs of our employers would be completely frustrated. If the whites profit by our ministry while preaching against the vices which are common to all, as you know they do, we are grateful; but they are not the objects of our mission." Many may doubt the propriety of such a line of reasoning, and of the conduct to which, ever since the establishment of our missions, this reasoning has led; but those who consider how completely the masters and slaves of our West Indian colonies are separated from each other in their views and interests, will see that these are the only terms on which we could possibly expect to gain access to those over whom is exercised the most unlimited authority. The letters, with the exception of a few unimportant remarks, to which these observations are considered as a necessary preface, are as follows:—

"*Jamaica, Grateful-Hill, Oct.* 11*th*, 1824.

"My very, very, dear William,

"If it has seemed to you that I have been negligent in not writing you before, I hope the statements in this letter will apologize for me, and satisfy you that I dare not forget you, or in the smallest degree be unkind. I love you, I love you dearly, and sincerely hope you will not suspect my sincerity for a single moment.

"The character of the people of this country differs very much from what is observable in England, as nearly all the inhabitants are Negroes or their

descendants. They seem to possess a great deal of cunning and deceit, which the slave makes it his business to cultivate.

"The mission in this colony promises much; and we may expect that the Lord of the harvest will continue to prosper the labours of his servants, if they are allowed to remain at their posts; but this is, at present, rather doubtful, or, if it may be allowed, yet we fear our exertions will be considerably contracted. It is hardly possible at home to form proper views of the state of things here. The missionary, if allowed to pass the court of quarter sessions, dares not go beyond the limit of the district under the cognizance of such court, without being liable to fine and imprisonment; and the magistrates are generally watchful to detect any that do so. The missionary's conduct is observed with extreme suspicion, and his character without mercy attacked in the public papers, that teem every week with the most bitter invective against him. I think much of it is the effect of ignorance, but much more because their lives and preaching reprove the ungodliness which prevails. We are forced to be exceedingly cautious of the statements we advance, both in the pulpit and in private; as also to live much in the spirit of prayer, and to be constant in our work. The temptations, and provocations, and calumnies, that we meet with every day, imperatively require piety, and the ignorance and wickedness of the people faithfulness and zeal. One thing, however, allow me to remark, that the prospect of good in these colonies is very considerable; and the numbers saved by God's servants in the east will bear no comparison with those in the west. It is true the obstacles to the salvation of the Hindoo and of the slave are quite opposite; but the excellency of the working is of God, and the power and the wisdom of His plans must be exerted to save a slave as well as a Brahmin.

"The distressing affair at Demerara, and the opinion held here of the, at least, unfortunate Smith, operate very unfavourably to missionaries and their exertions: and the state of the emancipation question, and the known religious professions of the principal

agents in the matter, induce the people to imagine that the missionaries are the agents of a political faction, and are secretly, but designedly, striving to overturn their system.

"I am quite anxious to know how Providence has led you. Be assured I have prayed many, many times with fervency that the Lord may lead you himself, and make you willing to yield to his guiding.—I hope you cleave close to Him, and strive for much simplicity of soul before Him.—Blessed be God, I do feel my heart devoted to Him more than ever, and rejoice exceedingly that I am his servant.—I am about to open a new station about eighteen miles distant, and to supply it as often as I can; as the people, and some of them very respectable, have repeatedly sent to request me.

"Write me soon; don't let a packet slip. I long to hear from you: and am, most sincerely and affectionately, yours,

"JOHN JENKINS."

"*Jamaica, Grateful-Hill, Oct. 15th*, 1824.

"My dearest Quill,

"It seems a very long time since we had the pleasure of seeing each other last, and since we bade each other farewell, without ever expecting to see each other's face again. I should certainly have written you before, giving some account of our voyage to this country, and the prospects of usefulness, as well as some general outline of the character of the people; but my beloved Sarah was desirous of writing your Jane, and I stuffed a few words into her letter, but cannot at present tell what they were designed to mean, or whether they mean any thing. Be that as it may, I would, with a great deal of pleasure and fidelity, give that information now, were I capable.

"Jamaica is certainly, in most points of view, a very important colony: and, as a mission station, not to be ranked among the meanest. The face of the country is uneven in most parts, rising in some to most stupendous heights. "The Blue Mountains" exceed any I have ever seen in England and Wales, and most of

their summits, piercing the clouds, enjoy the benefit of calm and sunshine, whilst the tempest rages about midway. The soil is exceedingly productive, bringing immense crops yearly, without any addition more than its own weeds will afford. From twenty to thirty years the same ground will be used as a coffee-plantation, and yield every year well with scarcely any trouble.*

"We have fruits in abundance; and, in the country parts, as much as you may like for nothing: you may help yourself perfectly unmolested. The oranges are very superior, as are the pines, which in many places are planted as fences. Our vegetables are good, but not equal to the English. Yams are a good substitute for potatoes. Plantains and cocoa are eaten as bread; but they are as much like bread as cucumbers are like strawberries.† However, I eat them, and am satisfied, when I can get nothing else. I have eaten potatoes grown in this country, but they were far from being good. The bread-fruit tree is cultivated here with success. But the Creoles prefer plantains and cocoa; and so I think would any body, for it is, I think, altogether unlike bread.

"The climate is intensely hot, especially in the towns. Europeans must be very careful, or they will soon die; as exposure to the sun induces a great many diseases. I think myself capable of bearing a tolerable degree of heat; but sometimes I have been nearly suffocated with it; and have, with difficulty, retained my senses, and sat my horse. Grateful-Hill (which I will write you something about by-and-bye) is one of the coolest in the country, and frequently the glass, in the shade, in our room, with the doors and windows open to catch every breeze, has stood at 90°, and often

* This remark will not apply to the sugar estates, as it regards either manure or labour.

† The plantain is a long round fruit, when skinned, about the size and shape of a sausage. In an unripe state, it is roasted in the ashes, or boiled, and eaten to breakfast or dinner: in which state its taste is insipid. When ripe, its taste is somewhat like that of a soft pear. It is eaten raw as a fruit, or sliced and fried as a vegetable. Excepting the orange and the pine, the writer thinks the West Indian fruits much inferior to those of England.

above, and scarcely ever lower than 84°. In the sun, it has stood at 140°; so that, when riding in it, and I have to do so often, it is like breathing at the very mouth of an oven.

"This has been a very dry year, and we have had several earthquakes, and two of them were dreadful. Our house was so terribly shaken that I imagined its fall was inevitable. The rainy season is now set in, which is always a very sickly time. Several of the white inhabitants have lately died, among whom was ——. He has been a very vicious fellow, and how he died I know not.—I have had several attacks of fever within the time I have been here. The last was severe, and laid me up for nearly three weeks. It was produced by over-exertion. It has taught me, I hope, that I must be satisfied to do no more than I can. My dearest Sarah has had tolerable health upon the whole, but she has had fever also.

"It is now time to give you some account of my station, prospects, success, &c. &c.

"My station is quite inland, and distant from any town about twenty or thirty miles. It is also in the midst of an extensive chain of mountains, some of which are exceedingly high.

"Our chapel and house are one building of wood, and are alone, on the very summit of a hill, about 1400 feet above the level of the sea. The height however is not, from the place, discernible, because of the extent of the range of hills, about two or three miles wide, and very undulating. The country is very woody, and many of the trees are immense. The cedar and the cotton are the largest.—The chapel will seat about 300 persons, and is about half large enough: the dwelling-house has three small rooms on the same floor.

"Besides Grateful-Hill, we have a chapel about five miles distant, and much higher than this place, the roads to which, in some places, are tremendous, as indeed are most of the mountain roads. We wind round the sides of immense precipices, not completely perpendicular, but sufficiently steep to convince us we might but expect one tumble. The horse belonging

to the station is a good one, and accustomed to the roads, which, in many places, are so steep that I am forced to lay on his back to prevent falling, and in others not more for miles than from eight to twelve inches broad. One slip would be fatal. I have travelled them often now, and begin to lose all my fear; but most of all because I have read, 'The very hairs of your head are all numbered.'

"If labour is to be estimated by the number of sermons, I have but little; for I preach no oftener than four times a week, and never more than twice on the Lord's-day. But preaching is far from half the work. Most good is expected to result from private instruction, especially catechetical. I have a Sunday-school that meets twice on the Lord's-day, and a school of about fifty children and adults, principally slaves, that attend twice in the week, besides many I teach to write, &c., who are free people of colour.*

"We have about 600 members in society, besides many on trial, to the religious wants of whom I have alone to attend.—Many Lord's-days I have been so incessantly engaged, from eight in the morning till about five or six in the evening, as not to have a moment for a morsel of bread, and until my body has been tired almost to death. In the midst of these things, however, the Lord has helped me, and I never was more solicitous to be a missionary to the heathen than now.

"Before you receive this, we expect something important to the mission in this country will have taken place. The House of Assembly commences its sittings in a few weeks, apparently determined, if possible, to effect our removal from the colony. The case of the unfortunate Smith, whatever have been its facts, has excited a public suspicion and enmity against us. Our characters, objects, &c. &c., are the themes of discussion in every paper in the island; and the politi-

* Keeping day-schools is not *ordinary* work for our West Indian missionaries, and may explain why, in his letter to Mr. Lane, Mr. Jenkins complains of too limited a sphere of labour, while in his letters to his other correspondents he appears so fully employed.

cal papers in our magazines, and other periodicals, and the part our friends act at home in colonial questions, are perpetually brandished about our ears, threatening the total annihilation of our mission. The expectation of the bishop, and with him, as report says, of eight or nine of the regular clergy, it is invidiously stated will supersede our labours, and, as a writer in the last week's public Journal states, cause the mission monster to hide its head for ever.—You may have heard of a document on this subject to the ex-president, as an appeal to Conference on these matters.—We live, indeed, in perilous times, and require much patience, and piety, and watchfulness, to keep our ground. But my mind is unmoved. Blessed be God! I do not fear what man can do unto me. If the Lord is with us, we have enough!

"A Methodist preacher in this country suffers very little privation: so little that, without voluntary humility, I could wish myself at some other station. I certainly never calculated upon going to the West Indies, and hope, if the Lord spare me, yet to be allowed to go to "the untaught Indian's brood." O how I long to point such to Jesus! It is true that thousands in this country are such, but how are we to have access to them? Our hands are tied, because we are represented as exciting to rebellion. We are hindered, and hindered by humane, but in many respects mistaken, statements and exertions at home. They may effect something for the condition of the slaves in this world, and, in the contest, thousands upon thousands of souls fall, and die for ever and ever! I do most sincerely wish the people of this land, and every other, perfect happiness, but I fear the proceedings referred to will not effect it here. I love souls, my dear Quill; I love souls more than ever; and I dread any thing that will keep one soul in darkness that might come to the knowledge of Jesus, to effect the emancipation of a world. Pardon me if I have taken up too much paper with this subject.

"We are about to lose two of the principal missionaries on this station, Messrs. Shipman and Horne. The former, who has been here about eleven years,

intends returning home, and the latter is going to the Bahamas.—We shall feel their loss. By the stations, I find we may expect four from home. I pray they may be men of God, and devoted to the great work; but, as things are, I know not what to think of their coming immediately.—Poor Allen soon went after his arrival. The Lord make us ready!

"But tell me, Quill, how is it I find thee in London? I wish thee good luck in the large place, and hope you will be useful.

"Please to present our very kind love to Mr. Griffith, Mr. Moore, Mr. Taylor, and all my friends.—I hope that soon after you receive this you will write me to the Parade Chapel, Kingston, by post, unless you learn that the committee are sending to the island; then it will come as soon through them. I want school rewards sadly, for the boys and girls; and every thing from home is valuable: can you, or your Jane, get any for us? Will you make my love to Mr. Simpson, and beg him for us?"

This letter was concluded by a few lines from Mrs. Jenkins, which contain the following testimony to the felicity she enjoyed in conjugal society with her husband:—"My dearest husband and I live happily together. I find in him all I can desire. Pray the Lord to spare us to each other, and enable us to live to him. I feel I love the Saviour, and wish to love him more. I like Jamaica well. A sight of our beloved parents and friends would be most gratifying to us in this land of strangers. We love them all more than ever, and earnestly pray that we may meet them all in heaven.

"Yours most affectionately,
"SARAH JENKINS."

The perilous circumstances in which the Wesleyan mission was placed, by the occurrences alluded to in the above extracts, induced the missionaries to adopt a most imprudent step, by the publication of a string of resolutions, declarative of their innocence of the charges preferred, and of their opinions of slavery. These were too analogous to those previously avowed by

Mr. Jenkins, in his letter to Mr. Saunders, to escape the approbation of the colonists, or the censure of the friends of missions at home. They soon perceived their error, and earnestly repented of it; and it is but justice to show that it was early the subject of penitent correspondence between them, and regret in their communications with their friends. The following are extracts from communications to Mr. Jenkins by Messrs. Shipman and Young: the former the Chairman of the district, the latter the author of a sermon preached in Jamaica, "On the return of Onesimus to Philemon," and which was as much the cause of congratulation to the slave-holders as the Resolutions of the missionaries. Respecting these, Mr. Shipman writes as follows:—

"My dear Brother,

"I have received your note and letter; the latter I will either get signed by Mr. Ratcliffe, or, if I cannot do otherwise, sign it myself.

"There is nothing very particular in the house this week save a motion of Mr. Rennolds, to admit, in certain cases, slave evidence. A friend of mine is elected for St. Dorothy's,—the Hon. James Stewart.

"Our circular and Mr. Young's Sermon have attracted considerable attention. The circular has appeared already in the Journal, Chronicle, Courant, and the Spanish-Town paper: the editor of the latter speaks very highly of us, and thinks that the colonists have in us a strong *party*. This is the worst: we don't wish to be of any party, or to have any thing to do with politics; and our publishing was to remove an impression that we were of the *opposite party*. The people at home, as one of the writers thinks, won't like what we have done. This writer finds fault with Mr. Young's Sermon, p. 20, about the devil. Mr. Y. replied; and he has replied again, and says, Mr. Y. is better acquainted with the old gentleman than he is.

"*Nov.* 11. 1824. Yours, JOHN SHIPMAN."

From the following note it will be seen what were Mr. Young's ideas on the resolutions, and that Mr.

Jenkins so much disapproved of the sentiments contained in his sermon that he refused to circulate it in his circuit:—

"*Stoney-Hill, Nov.* 12, 1824.

"My dear Brother,

"I have published for you here on Sunday.—I shall not be able to be at Grateful-Hill till Sunday morning, having some business to settle at our Leaders' meeting on Saturday evening.

"I am sorry to learn that the sentiments contained in my sermon do not please you: however I am not offended, nor is it my wish for you to sell any of the copies, as you do not fully coincide with the sentiments therein expressed; for I should not like to circulate a sermon of yours, or of any other person, which did not please me. Now, you understand me: I am not angry because you do not think with me, nor shall I feel in the least slighted by your returning the copies sent for sale; for it is what I should have done had I been in your circumstances.

"The circular is a breach of our rules, which enjoin us not to interfere with politics, and from such an interference we have not abstained.

"Yours, &c. &c.,

"ROBERT YOUNG."

"Rev. J. Jenkins."

The history of this sermon is instructive, as to both the critical circumstances and the political fidelity of Mr. Young; and, as Mr. Jenkins was Mr. Young's contemporary, it may be further illustrative of those of Mr. J. In a letter just published in the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine, Mr. Y. remarks,—

"During my residence in Jamaica, I published a sermon on the return of Onesimus to Philemon, in which I took a view of Christian principles as affecting the character of slaves. This discourse was reprinted in London early in 1825, and has since, without my concurrence, gone through several editions. I ingenuously confess to you that I have for years deeply regretted the publication of this sermon; not on account of its doctrine, but because the colonial party

have perverted its meaning, and in a thousand ways distorted its language to serve their own purposes."—After some remarks, and an extract, to show his design to be to "prove that the slave by embracing Christianity does not cancel his obligation to his master," Mr. Y. observes, "It is true that some comforts possessed by the slaves are enumerated with a view of inducing them, as much as possible, to bear their servile condition with patient endurance, until it should be ameliorated by some legislative act; and, although I have reason now to believe that those remarks could not with propriety be applied to the whole slave population of the West Indies, I feel confident that they were perfectly applicable to the slaves who formed my congregation; and as I had seen and believed so did I speak.

"But some will ask, why did I preach upon the subject? Not to please the West India slave-holder, as certain public journals have very uncharitably alleged; but to perform what I thought my duty, urged upon me by the peculiar circumstances in which I was placed. When Mr. Buxton's motion in Parliament, to emancipate the slaves, became known in the West Indies, it produced great excitement throughout the whole country. I was then stationed at Stoney-Hill, in the midst of a dense slave population, whose minds were but partially enlightened, that being the first year of the mission. Many of the slaves came to the Mission House, and enquired, "If the King and Mr. Wilberforce had made them free;" as they said it was generally reported so among the Negroes. I replied in the negative. They then desired to know if they could, consistently with Christian principles, *forcibly liberate themselves*. What was I to say? In one part of the island, a revolt had already taken place; and, had I given those slaves under my pastoral care the slightest encouragement, the consequences might have been dreadful. Had I done this—nay, if I had not exerted myself to check the spirit of insubordination, how could I have faced the Missionary Committee, whose instructions rendered it obligatory on me to enjoin on the slaves 'obedience to their masters?' I therefore thought it seasonable, and in perfect accordance with

the spirit and the very letter of my instructions, to address my slave congregation upon the subject. I did so: the slaves were tranquillized; and the publication of the sermon being called for by some of our Leaders, I complied with their request, after the manuscript had received the approbation of those of my senior brethren in whose judgment I had most confidence.

"Such, sir, are the facts connected with the publication of a sermon which has, through misrepresentation, brought upon me some reproach. Copies of the Jamaica papers, to which I have referred, have been sent to England, and circulated in this part of the country; and, erroneous impressions relative to my sentiments on colonial slavery having been received, I have thought it a duty I owe to myself, the Missionary Committee, and the cause of God, thus to vindicate my character, and to request the insertion of this letter in your widely-circulated Magazine; and to assure you, and the Christian public, that, when I published my sermon, I was an enemy to negro slavery, and continue to be so; and, so long as I have the heart of a Christian or a man, I can never be the friend of a system so brutal in its character, and so demoralizing in its tendency.

"ROBERT YOUNG.

"*Stockton-on-Tees, March 22nd*, 1832."

Mr. Jenkins's opinion of this event is contained in the following extract from a letter to the Rev. Joseph Saunders:—

"You have, I hope, seen our late excellent and blessed chairman, Mr. Shipman; and I am sure he would give the history of what (in consequence of an ignorance of the motive that suggested it) has brought this district into particular notice and abhorrence. I will not attempt to justify our fears—nor the measure adopted—nor the language of the Resolutions: but, my dear brother Saunders, we are *only* men, and *of a certainty we are men*, not brutes—not devils—not the opposers of happiness—of the happiness of our poor people,

for whom we are willing to live, and to labour, and to die. We love the slaves of this, and every other land, and there is not, I am confident, a missionary in this country, but hates slavery as much as it is possible for you to do, and is as fully desirous of bettering their civil condition: but who will believe me?—who among the millions of England? the thousands of Methodists? You will, I am confident you will: you know me;—you cannot allow yourself to think for a moment I am so perfectly metamorphosed from the Christian Missionary to the enemy of man. I will dismiss the subject."

This is the language of excited feeling; but the following extract of a letter from Mr. Shipman to Mr. Jenkins will show that the strong defensive expressions were called forth by the reproaches of the public at home, which had been wafted across the Atlantic from a variety of sources calculated to make a Christian Missionary feel at every inlet of pain to his pious and sensitive soul. It will also show that, had principle been entirely absent from the minds of the Missionary Committee, and had their rules and instructions not been in the least violated by these resolutions, the voice of the public, and the voice of the Conference, were calling aloud for their condemnation.

"*Aberdeen*, 1*st Sept.* 1825.

"My dear Brother,

"I have to ask ten thousand pardons for my delay in writing; but I will only offer one apology. I wanted to see Bristol and get my troubles over, before I troubled you with an epistle. In fact I felt my mind so disturbed with a variety of things, that I could scarcely set my heart to any kind of correspondence, and I am still far from being settled, although I have got to my circuit.

"I find your friends, as well as mine, have been alarmed for our safety; for they had got most horrible reports respecting us. Some said that we were all ordered home; others thought that we should not come, but were going to place ourselves under the colonists;

and others thought that we should be expelled, &c. As to me, I appeared as though I had got the plague. When persons seemed to approach me with some degree of courtesy, they no sooner understood that I was Shipman, than they seemed involuntarily to shrink back from me, so that sometimes I was amused, at other times vexed, and sadly tempted. I went to Conference with a heavy heart, but had prepared for defence.

"However, some of my best friends advised me to make no defence, as it would lead to discussion, which, with the present excited feeling, might seriously injure me, and would do no good. I had no conception of the ferment until I got to Bristol in time to attend the Committee meeting on Tuesday, and heard myself and the matter reprobated in the most severe manner. I sat and looked at them (hardly any one knew me, but some said I was present), and there were some nearly touching me, saying, 'Which is Shipman? where is he?' I said nothing. An intimation was given that the case would have to be considered when they came to character. I had received no copy of charges; and I thought this queer, and sent a message to Mr. ——, to this effect. When character came on, he said they had nothing against me as an individual, but said some very soothing things, and Mr. —— acted with great kindness, and said they could not tell what effect a long residence among such a people might have on them, and thought that we ought not to be personally visited; but that the principle should be censured in the minutes by a resolution of the Conference. This was carried in opposition to the wish of Mr. ——, which was that we should be tried for IMMORALITY. I regret very much that I did not return home in those circumstances, which would have given me power to benefit the mission; but, being marked as a black sheep, I had no chance.

"We have had colds, and know not how we shall stand the winter, especially in these northern regions. We are so so, in health; but we know nothing of Jamaica; for no person has written us a line but Mr. Binning, and his was a very short letter;—out of sight out of mind. However, I feel much for Jamaica: it will always

lay near my heart. My wife unites in kindest regards to you and Mrs. J., Mr. and Mrs. T., and all friends.

"I am, my dear Brother,
"Yours affectionately,
"JOHN SHIPMAN."

This history shows the price at which the full toleration of the West India planters for Wesleyan missions might easily be purchased. Would Christian principle permit those who support these missions to allow their missionaries to advocate the cause of West Indian slavery, though, as we have seen, they are necessarily ignorant of most of its atrocities, they would be welcomed as of "their party," and perhaps, like the Rev. Mr. Bridges of St. Ann's, they might be rewarded by the legislature for their trouble. But because the instructions of the Wesleyan Missionary forbid him, *pro* or *con*, to interfere in the politics of the colonies, his silence receives the construction of interested malice, and he is generally the object of persecution. Neutrality, however, is his proper course, and the success of his exertions, and the reward of his sufferings, he may confidently leave to that God who has said "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven."

In January, 1825, Mr. Jenkins was appointed to the Morant-Bay circuit, respecting which he writes as follows in his Journal:—

"*Morant-Bay*, *Jan.* 20*th*, 1825.—A year of many mercies and severe exercises has passed away, and I am still in the land of the living and of hope. The retrospect induces much contrition and gratitude. What an unprofitable servant have I been! how much less holy, laborious, and useful, than I might have been! and how much of the true spirit of a Christian missionary do I yet lack! How often have I acted to please myself! what want of the spirit of meekness and holy fervour! Yet, how good has the Lord been in preserving me through the season just over, though

it has been very sickly, especially among the white population! and he has also preserved my dear Sarah. Lord, teach me what I should do, and give me a heart to obey thee in all things. I am determined to renew my engagements with the Lord and his people, to be more holy and zealous if he prolong my life.

"The district meeting commenced and ended in the spirit of Christian love. The brethren and their families are all well, blessed be the Lord! O how refreshing the company, and conversation, and devotional meetings, enjoyed at such times; and how endeared the person of each member of our little mission family! We all seem to belong, and do belong, to the same household, striving for mutual happiness and usefulness. Death has not (only in the premature instance of our dear brother Allen) invaded our dwellings; and, though not free from sickness during the year, yet we are all alive to bless the Lord together.

"Persecution, though attempting much, has effected nothing; the Head of the church has dispersed her powers with the breath of his mouth; and, though our hearts feared exceedingly, yet he was to us a defence and a Saviour.

"I am stationed at Morant-Bay, an interesting and important post, upon which I enter with great fear; for what am I, and what my wisdom or strength, to manage the affairs of churches so large and long-established? O that I may always act as in the sight of God, and have his wisdom to direct me!

The following extract of a letter from Mr. Jenkins to his father is somewhat more explicit on the subjects mentioned in the foregoing extract from his Journal:—

"*Jamaica, Stoney-Hill,* on my way to my circuit, which at present is *Morant-Bay, Jan. 24th,* 1825.

"My dear Father,

"In consequence of rain, I am detained a little at this station, on my way from Grateful-Hill, which I left yesterday afternoon for Morant-Bay, to which I have been appointed by the last district meeting, left vacant by the removal of Mr. Horne, who is just about leaving the island for Nassau, in the Bahamas, deeply re-

gretted, I believe, by all the brethren. Of the station I will write particulars when I become more acquainted with them.

"The district meeting commenced on the 5th of January, at which the whole of the brethren were present (ten). O what a handful did we appear, when the many, very many, pressing wants of the people required at least ten times our number! Thank God! we were all well, and felt as the heart of one man, determined to keep nothing in view but the glory of the great Head of the church, and the salvation of precious souls; and I am truly grateful that this feeling continued during the whole of the meeting; and the brethren have dispersed, I believe, fully resolved to spend their strength and life for God. The fields, in every part of the island, are white to the harvest: application after application is made for the word of life; but what are we among so many! The committee, I hope, are about to send us assistance, or some of the brethren, to all appearance, must fall; as many of us have the work of two; so that we shall be forced to travel night and day. The God of Jacob is our help and our shield.—We have just left a most affectionate and pious people, who followed us, yesterday, with tears and prayers, which I hope will be remembered in the day of the Lord Jesus.

"The circuit to which I am going has upwards of 4000 members; and, as I have but Mr. Tremayne with me, we shall find it hard work. I thank God for the confidence my brethren have in me; so that they have appointed me superintendent, and promised to give me two of the missionaries expected from home. The situation is to me awfully important; and, that I may act as becometh the gospel, I entreat an interest in your constant prayers. The circuit contains four large chapels, at the distance of twelve or fourteen miles from each other; and, besides these, I have to visit three or four large sugar estates, to catechise the Negroes: but, if the Lord give me health, I care nothing for work; for, in this employment, 'I forget all time, and toil, and care.' Our minds were much affected with the sad tidings respecting my dear, dear

mother. I pray a gracious Providence to restore her speedily, and to make this affliction work eternal good. We should like to see you, but dare not regret having left father and mother for the sake of the Redeemer and the souls of men. Poor uncle and aunt! well, I hope they are safe in the kingdom of God.

"We are tolerably well, and have been so during the whole of the unhealthy season, which is now nearly past.

"Please make our kindest, kindest love, to our family at Cheddar, and inform them of our intention of writing them from Morant-Bay. I am, my dear Father,

"Your affectionate son,

"JOHN JENKINS."

The following extracts from Mr. Jenkins's Journal will show that his anticipations of exhausting labours were fully realized:—

"*February.*—The labour of the circuit is very great, and more than can be attended to by one person: the journeys are long, and occasion a great deal of exposure to the sun. The time of giving tickets to the Society is very laborious. I am engaged incessantly from eight o'clock in the morning till after evening service, about half-past eight. The Lord is a defence and help. I find the circuit rather disordered, and must find a remedy; and I thank God our discipline will be my director, as I feel assured that its foundation is the word of God, from whence it draws its power and usefulness.

"Of the estates I visit, I may say more by and by. I am much pleased with the prospects at Yallows, and believe we shall soon have a good society there. The place is by far too small to contain the people, and I am intending to enlarge it; and, as we expect assistance from home, and help on this side, we shall be able to attend to it a little more regularly.

"*March 30th.*—In company with Mr. Tremayne, I have waited upon his honour the Custos of the parish, to inform him of our intention to apply for license to preach in St. Thomas's in the East, and St. David's parishes. He gave us encouragement.

"*April 5th.*—To-day Mr. T. and I made application to the Quarter Sessions, and, after taking the usual oaths, obtained license. For this I am very thankful, and the Societies are gratified, and I hope will praise the Lord.

"I have lately had a great deal of travelling, and feel the effects of the excessive heat. Twice I have fainted on the road within the last few days, and owe much to my servant Joe, who always travels with me, for his attention and care. I am now much debilitated, and have severe pains in my chest and head. But I am content, and only pray for grace to be faithful; and, blessed be God, the prospect of work never affrights or intimidates me.

"I have just received the pleasing intelligence of the arrival of two missionaries, and their families, in safety; one of whom I expect to assist me. May their lives be precious, and may their labours be abundantly successful in the conversion of souls!

"18*th.*—Have been to Kingston to meet the district, to fix the stations of the brethren lately arrived, and have succeeded in having Mr. Kerr appointed to this circuit; and I hope he will meet with no opposition from the magistrates, to whom we are about to apply for liberty to preach until the Quarter Sessions. The journey has been tiresome, but, thank the Lord, we are all safe, except my Sarah, who feels the effects of the climate, and is extremely debilitated."

As soon as Mr. Jenkins had obtained additional help, however, he contemplated additional labours, as is evident from the following entries in his Journal:—

"*March 25th.*—I have obtained liberty for Mr. Kerr to preach, and am about to leave home for about a fortnight, and intend visiting Bath, Manchioneal, and Port Antonio. The Lord give me a prosperous journey!

"I left this place (Morant-Bay) in company with brother Kerr, for Bath, March 28th, intending to call upon a magistrate in that quarter who is in some degree friendly to our missions. But the good opinions of worldly men seldom do us good; at least they will not go an inch out of their way to serve us, and are

generally governed in their conduct towards us by the love they bear each other; for "the world will love its own." Of them, I thank God, I feel more independent than ever, and am determined never to court them by attempting to feed their vanity. Left Bath on the 29th for Manchioneal. The road was not so bad as I expected, although in many places narrow, rugged, and steep, and much too long for one stage. Many parts of the way are truly romantic, especially those that lie close to the edge of the foaming Atlantic, whose proud waves are stayed by the rugged and unyielding rocks that shield this coast. Manchioneal has but a few houses, built without regularity. The chapel will hold about 500 persons, and is by far too small.

"30*th*.—Visited some families, and in the evening met the leaders, who give a tolerable account of their classes.

"*May* 1*st*.—Left Manchioneal at five o'clock, A.M., for Port Antonio. My mind rather depressed and assailed by the tempter, and my body fatigued and feverish from the labours of the Sabbath, and the want of sleep. I seem to shrink from going, unrecommended and unknown, to magistrates who have evinced a dislike to our mission. The morning was rather rainy, and the road in many places was narrow and frightful; many miles being cut in the side of a rocky hill, at the base of which, about fifty feet from the road, beat the Atlantic most furiously: but the God of Providence helped us. Arrived at Port Antonio about eleven o'clock A. M., and, having breakfasted, wrote some notes to the magistrates, informing them of the object of my visit, and requesting liberty to call upon them. Some serious persons got intelligence of my being in the port, and called to see me, and appeared exceedingly anxious to have preaching. One of the magistrates expressed the same, and advised me how to proceed. Although I have not accomplished the object of my visit as I wished, yet I intend trying again, and, if possible, obtain the consent of the Quarter Sessions to open a place for preaching."

The following is a note, which was probably from the chief magistrate, in reply to Mr. Jenkins's applica-

tion; and, as it is dated the 2nd of May, the day on which he left at day-break, I presume it must have been sent after him, to prevent further annoyance, by what the writer evidently wishes him to regard as fruitless applications:—

"*Port-Antonio, 2nd May*, 1825.

"Sir,

"I am this moment favoured with your note, mentioning that it is your wish to obtain permission to perform the functions of your office as a clergyman of the Wesleyan persuasion of Methodists. Several attempts has (have) already been made by clergymen of that persuasion to obtain permission to preach in this parish, which having been uniformly opposed by a majority of the magistrates, added to an unpleasant feeling which has taken place from recent occurrences, I fear it will be at present in vain for you to make your intended application. We have at present three clergymen of the Established Church in the parish, and only one place of public worship.

"I am, with due respect, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"JOHN DEANS."

"The Rev. J. Jenkins."

Thus it is that the wishes of pious souls, and the repeated applications of those who desire to afford them the bread of life, and "seek and save those who are lost," by bringing them to the Lord Jesus, may be disappointed by men who hold an authority that is contrary to the toleration act, which ought to travel with the British flag.

"May 2nd," says Mr. Jenkins, "At day-break, I left Port Antonio for Manchioneal, and was forcibly struck with the affecting conduct of the Redeemer when he looked at Jerusalem and wept.

"Had considerable rain on the road, and no place of shelter. Very few parts have the convenience of taverns in this country, so that the stranger has no place for either rest or refreshment. On one of the most dangerous parts of the road my horse fell, and,

in attempting to rise, broke some of the harness; so that the gig, drawn by one shaft, was nearly precipitated about fifty feet into the sea, which roared below. The horse went off at full speed; the road was about eight feet wide, and nothing but death was before us. The boy, in jumping out, and attempting to lay hold of the bridle, fell, and at that instant the horse stopped on the very brink of the precipice. I got out with difficulty, and succeeded in getting the horse out. It was about half-past nine o'clock, and I was wet and faint, as the servants had taken secretly what I had intended to have taken with me.* However, we found an old halter, and, having tied the harness, we proceeded, and about twelve o'clock reached Manchioneal, where we rested about two hours; and about six o'clock P. M. got safe to brother Tremayne's at Bath. But, finding by note that Mrs. Jenkins's indisposition had increased, I borrowed a horse, and arrived at home at ten o'clock, where I found my Sarah better than I feared. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name!

"*May 3rd.*—I have visited Morant estate. The children make a little improvement in knowledge, but, I fear, very little in their habits. The irreligious Negroes swear and quarrel dreadfully, and the children are suffered by such parents to do as they please. I am endeavouring to prevent this by remonstrance and advice, and hope I shall be able to prevail.

"*12th.*—Last night I returned from Kingston, to which place I was called by business. My journey was attended with some difficulty, as I had to ride twelve miles in very heavy rain, that swelled the rivers to a great height, and I apprehended danger from the rapidity of the stream, and the weakness of the horse, which was tired with his long journey. The Lord preserved us, although we were nearly carried away. I feel quite

* The author remembers a rather curious case of this kind. He had been ill; had removed to the house of a friend in the country for the change of air, and taken a bottle of bitters with him made in wine, as the doctor had prescribed; but, during the first night, the two boys who waited in the house drank the whole bottle of tonic mixture without either fear or shame!

feverish from the effect of the journey and the wetting.

"*June*.—I have been to Coley since the date of my last entry, and find the people attentive, and some of them impressed. I expounded, to about one hundred and fifty, part of our Lord's sermon on the mount, and dwelt particularly on the wickedness of anger and licentiousness—two sins to which they are dreadfully addicted. In these addresses I am of necessity obliged to be exceedingly plain and pointed. They assent to the truth of what I say, and promise amendment, and some of them I hope are sincere. However, I must labour on, and pray the Lord of the harvest to bless the seed, often sown in tears, but always in great weakness.

"Last Lord's-Day we were not able to have service from the violence of the weather. It was a day of thunder, darkness, and wind; but I felt satisfied, and endeavoured in patience to give my soul to diligent prayer. The rivers are quite impassable, and some persons in attempting to pass them have been drowned. The ships in the harbour seem much exposed;—a sloop has parted her cable and is on shore.

"6*th*.—No service last week, in consequence of the continuance of the rain, but yesterday many of our people forced the rivers, carrying the women on their backs; so that the chapel was well filled, and about 300 surrounded the table of the Lord, and Jesus was present. I gave tickets afterwards to two or three hundreds: after evening service I felt great oppression in my chest.

"9*th*.—Yesterday I returned from a fatiguing journey. In consequence of the late and continued heavy rains, I feared that brother and sister Kerr had suffered much in their temporary dwelling at Yallows, and I had also been prevented visiting Coley for a fortnight. I therefore determined to venture the fordings to visit Coley and Morant. I succeeded in crossing the first river (Morant) tolerably well, although I was much wetted, and also the second; but, in returning, I was advised to try a part of the river, not so deep as at the other places; but, probably through a mistake of

my boy, I got into some deep holes in the middle of the river, where the current was running very rapidly, and I was nearly washed off my saddle. I reached the opposite side, however, in safety, and not a little thankful to the Lord that he had spared my life. I had no possibility of changing my clothes until I got to Yallows, wet, weary, and faint, having rode about fifty miles over roads perfectly indescribable.

"I have seen good at Coley. Some of the Negroes, impressed with what I said to them about marriage, have determined to attend to the ordinance. One man came to me, and desired I would talk to him about it, and told me he had been "too bad long enough," and wished me to tell him what he should do. This was in the midst of the people, just as I was concluding the service, and I then resumed the subject, and spoke to many of them personally. They seemed to listen with the greatest earnestness, and many of them were considerably affected. I hope for good in this place; for I think God is beginning a good work among the people. I will pray and struggle on, and, blessed be God! his word must prevail.

"Mr. and Mrs. Kerr are better than I expected; and will, I hope, be kept in health. The society at Yallows is still doing well. I returned to this place with fever. Such exercises are more than my poor body can well bear; but I dare not fear, for the Lord is my keeper, and in the path of duty I leave all to him.

"Last night I met some of the classes, and felt it good to talk with the people, especially such as are fully alive to God; and we have a few such among us: blessed be God!

"*June* 13*th*.—In consequence of the continued heavy rains I had but a small attendance at chapel yesterday. Indeed the rivers are so high and rapid that they are quite dangerous, and only tall, strong, resolute men dare attempt to cross them. But it was good to meet, although with but a few, in God's holy temple.

"The crews of the ships in the harbour suffer exceedingly from these seasons. The sailors are dying

very fast; some almost every day. One who was brought on shore I had an opportunity of visiting, and found him near death. I talked with him, and he prayed earnestly with me when I besought the Lord to forgive him his sins, and to fit him for heaven. The following day he was evidently worse; but he told me he had been constantly engaged in prayer, and the Lord had heard him. I enquired how he knew. 'O,' said he, falteringly, and at the same time lifting up his enfeebled arms, 'he said, I will have mercy upon thee; I will save thee; fear not. And I do not fear, I am not afraid; for he has saved me.' The manner in which this was uttered affected me, and all in the room, to tears, and we kneeled around his bed, and gave thanks to God.

"The next day he was still alive, but unable either to see or to speak, and was evidently in conflict with the last enemy, but he was sensible. I asked him if he knew who it was that was speaking to him: he moved his head, and I understood him. I asked him if he were still happy in God: he lifted up his hands as high as he could, and clasped them: they fell upon his chest and in a few minutes he died. I entertain good hope that he is with the Lord. I am not acquainted with his relatives, as the ship left the next morning.

"My dear Sarah, who has been so unwell as to require medical aid for some time, is now better: blessed be the Lord!

"*June* 21*st*.—'The seasons' apparently are now over. Yesterday the attendance was better than the preceding Lord's-day; but only those who live on the Bay side of the river could be expected. I commenced the morning service with a severe pain in my chest, and with considerable difficulty went through the whole of the service; and, although my spirits were much depressed, yet I felt liberty, and much spiritual comfort, while preaching from, 'I am crucified with Christ,' &c. I met some persons for tickets, and then visited some sick sailors, one of whom seems near another world. I felt affected while praying with them; and I hope the Lord, in great mercy, will look upon these poor strangers in a strange land. Preached

in the evening with much comfort to a good congregation, but the pain in my chest is increased.

"To-day I feel much debility after a restless, feverish, night. In this country how very soon the spirits sink, and how very little to raise them in the state of the climate, the inhabitants, or even the church of God! Only in the Lord is help; and, blessed be his name, his joy is my strength!

"*June 28th.*—I have for several days feared that I should have to state the death of Mr. Kerr, who has been exceedingly ill with fever; but I now hope the Lord will spare him. I heard of his indisposition on Tuesday last, and almost immediately set off to see him. The rivers were very high, and the roads completely washed away, to the depth of from twelve to twenty feet. I had frequently to alight, and once to lead my horse up the bed of one of the rivers. I reached Yallows, wet, fatigued, and anxious, and found Mr. Kerr in a burning fever, and very much reduced, and Mrs. Kerr very unwell. On the road, my mind was under a kind of impression to apply to a gentleman in the neighbourhood to allow Mr. and Mrs. Kerr to be removed to his house; and, when I saw them, I resolved to do so. Though I was quite unacquainted with him, he most kindly assured me that his house was at our service, and that he should be happy to do any thing conducive to their recovery. I felt thankful to a gracious Providence for this kind interposition, and intended, if possible, to remove Mr. Kerr in the morning. The doctor approved of what I had done, and we procured a hammock, in which we effected his removal, after which he seemed much revived, and the fever left him; but, soon after I left him on Thursday evening, the fever returned with very great violence. About twelve o'clock I was called to the house, and sent for the doctor, who thought there was imminent danger. However, in the morning, when I left, he was considerably better. I brought their little girl to the Bay with me. After the wetting, anxiety, and riding about that I have had, I had reason to expect fever myself; and I was indeed very weak; but the Lord was my helper and guide; and through

perils in the water, and on the road, and through weariness, and the burning sun, and torrents of rain, still he saves me. I ought indeed to be holy, and to spend my days in his service. Last Lord's-day I had a good congregation, and preached with liberty from the epistle to the church at Ephesus: but the rain was so severe, and beat with so much violence against the shingles of the chapel, that I was forced to desist till it abated."

Under the same date Mr. J. wrote a letter to his sister, an extract from which will be interesting to those who regard his preservation amidst dangers and fatigues not commonly equalled even in the lives of missionaries, as an occasion for gratitude to God :—

"The other day," says he, "I had to ford a dreadfully rapid river, five or six times, that was very broad and deep; and I procured a very tall, strong Negro to assist me, as he knew the best part to cross. When in the middle of the stream, I found it bearing down my horse, and the water was nearly over the saddle. I said, "William, do you think we shall be able to reach; we are certainly going down?" William replied, "You no fear massa; keep good heart massa: Jesus no let *you* drown; *Him* take care of *you* foh sake o'*we*." I was encouraged by the poor man's remark, and got safely through. In some of the rivers the holes are very deep, say from six to twenty feet. My horse got into one, the depth of which I cannot tell; but I was well drenched, though the God of providence preserved me. In many instances I have been forced to get off and lead the horse, on account of the trees and immense stones brought down, but have not taken cold, although in my wet clothes for many hours. You will, with me, give thanks to the Lord, for his constant care of me in this country of sickness, and danger, and death.

"My boy, the other day, after eying me, as we were riding, for a long time, when I asked him the reason, said, "Massa face really look good; it no look bit sick. Many minister have what massa do, dem dead, hei! Massa really look well." You must take the testimony of this boy about my health, for it really is

so. I was never better; yet, for all this, we know not what shall be on the morrow; for our life is as a shadow, which soon passeth away."

These remarks will be but too fully confirmed by the following letter to the Rev. A. Barber:—

"*Morant-Bay, Sept. 15th*, 1825.

"My very dear Quill,

"Although I was rather surprised I did not hear from you as soon as I expected after the time my letter must have reached you, yet yours came very opportunely.

"In the beginning of last month I was called to Kingston to meet the chairman on business connected with the mission, and, after a hard day's work of travelling in the sun, and catechising on an estate, I started for Kingston, about five o'clock P. M., and I got there early next morning after resting a little at a tavern: the distance is thirty-one miles, but of the roads you can form no conception. The first day in town, we finished our work, and the following morning I went to Stoney-Hill (10 miles) to see Mrs. Croft (formerly Miss Harris, who came here with us), as she was ill. I felt myself quite unwell, with head-ache, sickness, and depression of spirits, the general harbingers of fever, but I paid no attention to them. I left in the afternoon much worse, and with great difficulty got to Kingston; having twice lost the reins of the horse in a kind of stupor not to be described. When I got to the chapel-house the fever came on violently, and I required assistance to be taken to bed, at which time I grew insensible, and was contracted from head to foot, by the cramp, I suppose. The doctor was instantly called in, but, not thinking of seeing whether I had fever, applied some remedies that removed the cramp, gave me some composing medicines, and left me. However, the fever increased most rapidly, and I got quite delirious. About twelve o'clock Mr. Tremayne sent and called the doctor again, who arose and came, and found me in a raging fever. He would have bled me, but it was too late, and he began with calomel, at a most violent rate; but no signs of change

appeared, only for the worse. About seven o'clock next morning a physician was called in, who gave no hope of me, and Mr. Tremayne set off to the Bay to inform my dear Sarah of it; and about twelve o'clock that day all imagined I must go in a very few hours, as the usual signs of the last stages of the fever began to show themselves—an inability to bear the least gleam of light or sound—green spots on the face and body—excessive vomitings—and depression of mind. Every body was anxious except myself; for even the thought that my Sarah would not see me alive did not depress me. However, about two or three o'clock the green spots began to grow pale, and the doctor hoped something, although I think he did not know what the alteration indicated, as he stated he never saw such a recovery. Next morning, quite early, my dear Sarah arrived, having travelled nearly the whole night, and found me able to look at her, and to tell her I was better. I continued to recover very fast, so that in a few days I lost the fever, and in the course of the following week I was able to be taken a small distance in a gig. Just at the time the box containing the books, your kind and welcome letter, and the presents, arrived; so that, if I then had been able to dance for joy and gratitude, I should have done so. I cannot tell you what I felt, and what I still feel, for the very handsome kindness of Mr. Simpson and his young people. Return them my sincere thanks, the thanks of my Sarah, and the thanks of hundreds of Negro children, who are made glad by their benevolence. I have related to you some few particulars of a Jamaica fever; and, if you please, you may imagine my poor languid eyes, emaciated countenance, and enfeebled limbs, receiving, while lying on the sofa, a more than electrical shock of pleasure at the sight of your handwriting. It braced up my strength, and made my eyes strain for sight. Indeed, I do think that at the time, to my constitution, it was better than any medicine that could have been administered. You were before me, and your dear Jane: I looked at you and wept, and found you gone. I thought for a moment you were not gone far, say a few streets' length, but ——

"Mr. Tremayne took fever the day he left me, that terminated in a disease of the liver, which has occasioned his return to England: he left this place for London on the 10th instant. Mr. Kerr, my other colleague, has been ill for the last three months, so that I am left alone; and I am only strong enough to do a little, with four chapels, and a society of 4000, in the midst of tickets. But, thank God, I am neither discouraged nor disappointed. I calculated upon these things before I engaged in the work, and I hope always to hold fast and not to fear. I wish I had you near me, my Quill; I want your advice and example to assist and quicken me. I must stop a little: it is five o'clock, and I have to preach at half-past six.

"9¼ P. M.—I am just returned from chapel, where I had a very good season, while preaching from the last two verses of the twelfth chapter of Hebrews.

"I expect before this you are in a new circuit. The Lord give you and your Jane every blessing.

"The 'resolutions' have made a great noise. I wish from my heart they had never been published; but they never were designed to serve the purpose to which they have been applied. I would write you a history of them if I had time.

"This place is of no small figure in the missionary field; as, most years, the majority of increase is in this island; and, if the whole of the missionary stations equal our increase last year (973), there will indeed be a blessed and a large accession to our numbers.

"*Sept. 16th.*—I intended to have finished this last night, but was unable, and will try to do it now. In a letter I received from my sister, some months since, she stated that William was gone to Gibraltar, but did not tell me for what, and left me to try my own conjectures, and I could not tell whether I was to be glad or sorry at the occurrence. However, in one of the notices, I saw the object of his going, and my soul praised the Lord. When you write him, let me and my Sarah have a place in your sheet, and request him, if he can possibly spare time, to write me a line or two.

"The mission in general is in a blessed state of

prosperity, and, could we have help, I think very great things would be effected. Many openings present themselves, but our hands are so fully occupied that it is next to an impossibility to attend to them. In our Societies are very many holy, blessed people, whose experience and life testify that they are born of God. But we have not a few who prove far otherwise. The common sin in the land is fornication ; and we have frequently to put away persons from us for it : by far the majority of those who are excluded are excluded for this sin : thanks to our countrymen for it ! There are indeed, comparatively, very few married people in the country : the object of the whites is money, and they like not the expense of a wife ; as they can get a black, or a sambo, or a brown, or a quadroon, or a mustee, or a mustefeua girl, when they like to take one, and they cost but little to keep them, as they esteem it an honour to live 'housekeeper,' as they call it, to a white gentleman : for a chimney-sweeper would be a gentleman if he came here, and without doubt would soon have his mistress. But I suppose you are not sufficiently acquainted with West-Indianisms to know the meaning of sambo, &c. &c. ; but they are the different approximations to white. The child of a mustefena and white is what is called white by law. It is common for proprietors of estates themselves to have a black woman as 'housekeeper.'

"I am just setting off on a journey of between sixty and seventy miles, over roads on which, in England, you would think it cruel to drive pigs.

"Farewell, dear Quill,

"I am thy old sincere Friend,

"JOHN."

Bad as are the effects of slavery, as noticed in the former parts of this memoir, its moral concomitants are still more lamentable, and doubly degrading. These chiefly consist in the unrestrained access which it affords the dominant white to all the means of sensual gratification, and the Sabbaths being so occupied as almost to exclude him from public worship. This state

of things is spoken of by Mr. Jenkins in the preceding letter, and Dr. Williamson confirms it in the following extract from his work:—

"The manner in which Sunday is spent will appear extraordinary, and very contradictory to the duties inculcated on that day. A great market is kept up by the Negroes, which is, in truth, also a market for the whites. The merchants attend at their stores and counting houses, the service of the day going on in the churches; but they are very indifferently attended.

"A stranger is much surprised to observe the domestic attachments which many of the most respectable of the white inhabitants form with females of colour. A numerous offspring is frequently the consequence; and it is remarked that these ladies become the greatest tyrants that can be imagined,—so much so, that the most despotic in matrimony with our own colour have seldom reached such uxorian oppression."*

A gentleman seldom marries in that country until he has formed such a relationship, and is the father of such a family; for the white ladies will not marry until there is the prospect of keeping up a respectable establishment; and proprietors will seldom employ a menial who is a married man. The new-comer therefore resigns himself to what he is taught to believe is his fate,---to keep a concubine until he has obtained the means of returning home rich, to marry a rich wife; or becoming a great man in the West Indies, and either continuing to live with his concubine, or abandon her and marry one of his own colour. This latter case is very frequent; and the coloured woman regards it as what she had reason to expect, and the white lady considers her and her children as no objection at all to an acceptance of the hand of her opulent suitor. The writer has known them provided for, and living on the same premises, in a state of very good neighbourhood with the white lady and her family. Sometimes, however, they are shamelessly abandoned, and, if the mother were a slave, the children left in slavery.

Dr. Williamson's description of the Sabbath is ap-

* "Observations," pp. 42, 43, of vol. I.

plicable only to the towns. The country gentlemen spend their Sabbaths, in general, in visiting and dining with each other,—a custom to which the distance of churches, irreligious habits, and the want of domestic society and comfort, alike contribute. No society can appear more unsocial to an Englishman than West Indian society; for, except the gentleman be a married man, females and children, owing to their colour and condition, are systematically excluded from the mansion. Missionaries, when preaching in the country chapels, are frequently obliged to lodge in these mansions, and dine in these parties, or starve amidst exhausting labour; and of course to have their heads filled with the ideas of mere planters, whose *hospitality* is proverbial, but who would not brook the "*insult*" of *their reproofs*. The writer's colleague once went into a hall of this description to dine, by invitation, on the Sabbath day, and found the party playing at billiards! and he once seriously embroiled himself with his host by speaking against card-playing. The reproof was resented as an "*insult*."

The conducting of missions in such a state of society is a work of great difficulty, and the missionary much needs such cautions and encouragements as, about this time, Mr. Jenkins received in the following letter from the Rev. Mr. Morley, principal Secretary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society:—

"77, *Hatton-Garden, London, Sept. 9th*, 1825.

"My dear Brother,

"When I recollect the pleasing interviews I had with you in Bristol, and the hopes and fears I alternately had on your account—hopes arising from your zeal in the cause of God, and fears occasioned by considering your body unequal to the ardency of your mind—I am truly thankful to hear that you are strong to labour in the field of usefulness, and I say within myself, Is he as deeply humble, and as zealous, and as unreservedly and disinterestedly devoted to God as he was when I first knew him? I trust you are, and that the longer you live the nearer you will live to God, and the more you exercise your talents the more

you will find them to increase and multiply. You have the honour of labouring in a fruitful part of the great vineyard: fruits you have already seen, and I trust they will only prove *first fruits* before the abundant harvest. Yours is a situation of delicacy and difficulty; but God, I trust, will enable you so to conduct yourself that your profession may never be dishonoured, nor your usefulness in any degree lessened.

"I would fill my letter with what we call news: but the Magazines, and especially the Notices, give you all that I could write, and much more; and the General Circular, which is just sent, will give you a view of the general work, as well as of some particular symptoms of the state of the body. Thank God, the symptoms are favourable at present; and I trust, ere long, it will be established and extended both at home and abroad. I am thankful to hear that Missionary Societies and Sunday Schools are rising up in Jamaica. The missionaries will, I hope, conduct them all with zeal and with prudence, and they will prove the means of furthering the good work in the island.

"Wishing and praying that you may have health, and every blessing, and great success in your labour,

"I am, my dear brother,

"Your truly affectionate friend,

"G. MORLEY."

The introduction of missionary meetings, however, into the island of Jamaica, met with much opposition from the persons in authority, and to this opposition Mr. Crofts refers in the following letter to Mr. Jenkins:—

"My dear Brother,

"An answer to your kind and pressing letter I could not send last Friday, being at O' Harbour; and now I know not but I shall be safely lodged in prison by Tuesday. I have found on my table a large packet of affidavits respecting our missionary meeting—preaching against confirmation—having service in church hours, &c. &c., with other documents, including a letter of a very threatening character from his honour the Custos. I know not nor do I fear how this may end. I have

been and am very unwell, but if *we* possibly can come you will see us at the time appointed; but not for more than about three days. I have received no letter from our chairman, nor, alas! from England. Poor Miss Cottom died very suddenly yesterday, to whose funeral we are going: this, in connexion with copying affidavits, prevents my saying more, only that we love you, and pray for you daily, and will, if not absolutely prevented, come to see you.—*Both* of you accept *our* kindest love.

"*Spanish-Town, Nov. 4th*, 1825.

"J. CROFTS."

"Rev. John Jenkins."

But, notwithstanding this opposition, they persevered, and had the approbation of the wise and good; as is evident from the following letter from one of the resident clergymen, in reply to a request from Mr. Jenkins that he would attend one of his missionary meetings:—

"*Nov. 7th*, 1825.

"My dear Sir,

"Your favour of the 5th inst. was handed to me yesterday. I hope you will do me the credit to believe that your missionaries have in me a warm friend, and that the success of your mission in this quarter of the world is an event in which I feel the most lively interest. Under these circumstances I should feel it not merely a privilege, but a duty, to stand forward on the approaching occasion, and raise my feeble voice in behalf of your pious undertaking; but, circumstanced as I am at present, and with very many difficulties surrounding me, into a detail of which it is unnecessary for me here to enter, I feel persuaded that, by so doing, I might not only render my services less favourable to your future interests, but moreover materially injure the cause of our common Christianity.

"I should rejoice to meet your brethren on the interesting occasion, and would esteem it a great favour, if, in their return from M., they would spend a day with me in the mountains.—I can indeed say to you all, May the pleasure of the Lord prosper in your

hands, and may you be the instruments, in the hands of God, of turning many souls from darkness to light, and from the dominion of Satan unto God.

"With my best wishes, believe me,

"Dear Sir,

"Yours faithfully."

"The Rev. Mr. Jenkins, Morant-Bay."

"The following extracts from letters to and from Mr. Jenkins are interesting, as they show the spirit by which the obstacles peculiar to the West Indian missionary are overcome, and the zeal of the brethren to serve each other, and the cause of God:—

"*Albion Estate, 8th Nov.* 1825.

"My dear fellow-sufferer,

"O this Yallows river!—this dreadful Anti-missionary river! My dear M. and self were by its banks this morning at about seven o'clock, and met Edmund almost drenched, having just crossed. I made a mark, and in company with Mr. Kinnion visited it again at eleven o'clock, and found it more than a foot higher, with every prospect of its rising. Had there been any prospect we should have remained until three o'clock: as it is (O hard to say!) we must look back again.

"Messrs. Young and Duncan hired horse and drove to the Eleven-Mile-Tavern, where we arrived before four o'clock yesterday. The report of Yallows river frightened them back even at dark. I could not be satisfied with a less degree of assurance than I now feel, and, putting myself into your place, I fancy all your anxieties are at the highest pitch.

"I have answered the Custos. If you can meet with 'The Advertiser' of last Saturday you will be disgusted and amused with the dress he has put upon me and our missionary meeting.

"Let me know how you get on, and what you wish by the next post. If in my power, I will yet come, should you have deferred your meetings.

"Mr. Kinnion has behaved with remarkable kindness: I am glad to learn that you are excellent friends.

"My dear M. condoles with her old shipmates.—

Never were they so severed! The thought of an eternal separation appears more horrible than ever. O let us live near to God! In a short time we must all pass the cold stream. God Almighty grant us grace so to live that we may meet around his throne. That the great Head of the church may bless you, your dear Sarah, and all that you set your hands to, is the prayer of

"Yours most affectionately,

"J. and S. M. CROFTS."

"Rev. John Jenkins."

"*Morant-Bay, Jamaica, Nov.* 11*th*, 1825.

"My very dear Friend and Brother,

"I received your very kind letter of the 2nd of December, 1824, some two or three months since, which ought, I acknowledge, to have been answered immediately. But I assure you my engagements have been so numerous, and of such a nature, as hardly to allow me time for thinking or eating. The work on this side of the island is exceedingly laborious, and this year especially it is hazardous. The last district meeting appointed me to superintend the missions in these parts; so that I have the care of a society of 4000 members, and a circuit with four large chapels, with no local help except class leaders, and stretching along the coast, from the south-west, round the east point, to the north side of the island, a distance of seventy miles. You may very properly ask, what are seventy miles? In *your* (yes, and, allow me to say, in *my*) happy country you have roads which are not to be compared with what *we* understand by that term here;—they are, as we say, 'bad too much.'

"You may not have heard that I am not long recovered from a most severe sickness. I was directed to meet the chairman in Kingston, on some particular business about obtaining license in the country. The roads were very bad, 'the rivers were down' (a phrase which I will explain by and by), and I had to pass through one of them and lead my horse. I got to Kingston the following day, and took the worst kind of the dreadful yellow fever. My Sarah was at Morant-

Bay, but I felt no anxiety. During the night the doctor was called in twice; early in the morning the most eminent physician in Kingston was sent for; but such was the violence and rapidity of the fever, that, before twelve o'clock, all hope of my recovery was abandoned, as many putrid spots began to appear.* However, the doctors persevered, plying me with calomel, until the spots first turned pale, and gave ground for hope. My Sarah was sent for, and my colleague, Mr. Tremayne, who was the bearer of the tidings, was so ill when he reached the Bay that he could only say, 'Mr. Jenkins is ill in Kingston,' and fainted. She found me just able to look and to smile at her. I recovered, to the astonishment of the doctors and every body. Bless the Lord, I have something yet to do before my glass is run out! O for faith! for zeal! for holy burning love to do it! My Sarah has also been very ill indeed: for two or three months my leaving the country with her seemed imperative. But we left the Mission-house, which is represented as being very unhealthy, and removed to our present residence, which is large, open to the sea, and sheltered from the north winds, to which the other house was quite exposed, and to which its unhealthiness is attributed.

"Blessed be God, his work prospers, and we have at present 'the sound of abundance of rain.' There is a most unusual moving amongst us: the holy wind, which 'bloweth where it listeth,' seems to be felt by us all. The enemy is mighty, and seems to be girding on his armour; his aspect is direful as death; he is occupying his 'fortress of lies' in battle array; but he must fall. God and his Christ shall have the victory, and 'reign for ever and ever!' Some of the most wealthy and secretly powerful are setting themselves against us: so much the better.

"Missionary meetings were not held till this year in Jamaica: we have commenced, and calculate on much

* Europeans have but little idea of the need of the most speedy and effectual help in these cases, as almost every thing depends on the success of the means employed during the first twelve, or at most the first twenty-four hours, after the attack.

good. Last year our increase of members was 979, and I hope this year will be about the same number.

"I have twice visited Port-Antonio, a place about sixty miles from this place, with a population of, I suppose, 2000, and a slave population within four miles of, I suppose, 6000. The door is now open; but, what can we do? We have no help; our number is reduced to nine, and there is more than sufficient work for four times as many. I have written the committee on the subject, but cannot tell what they will determine.

"'The seasons' this year (i. e. 'the former and the latter rain,' the one in May, the other in October) have been unusually violent. In May they set in with thunder, lightning, wind, and *hail*. The latter has not been seen here before, and the Negroes were dreadfully frightened, not knowing what it was, and supposing that it portended something dreadful: and, in support of the opinion that extreme cold produces the same sensation as extreme heat, I may remark that a Negress of some intelligence, in taking up a piece of the unknown in her hand, declared that it was '*hot too much*,' and that '*it burned her!*' The rains were prodigious, and the '*rivers came down*' with such rapidity and violence that to cross them was to risk life. Here we have few bridges: in this part none. The country along the coast is very mountainous: we are very near the base of the Blue Mountain peak, the highest part of Jamaica. The valleys are narrow kinds of gulleys, and the rivers, which at other times are small streams (not half so large as the Dart), rise horribly, and, supplied by the rains in the mountains, ravage all the plains, and spread ruin and death. Morant river (close to this place, from which it takes its name) is comparatively but a small stream, but its bed at present is nearly a mile wide; and so of the rest. You may now be able to understand the phrase, 'the river is come down;' the usual one for 'the river is impassable.' May seasons have been equalled by those of October. During the whole of this time my life has been in my hand, as my work often lay over these rivers. The

great Head of the church has kept me, and has been 'my shade on my right hand.'

"*Nov. 23rd.*—I commenced this letter just as the packet arrived, that I might have it finished before it sailed; and although I have to travel many miles to-day, and rivers to cross (and they are still very deep and rapid), and shall be exposed for five or six hours to an almost vertical sun, yet I must have a word or two with my old tried friend. Would to God I could see him, and could have a little tattle with him! But never mind: the stream of life is flowing by very rapidly, and there is a *state* and a *city* where friends shall never feel the pain of separation. To that world let us look; for, there, you from happy England, and we from the land of slavery and darkness, shall meet together in the kingdom of our God.

"In this parish (St. Thomas's in the East) we are blessed with pious clergymen, who go with us hand in hand in all good works. They catechise the Negroes—hold class-meetings—preach the truth—living themselves to God. I wish I could say so of one more in the country beside them!

"Our colonial legislature has just commenced its sittings, and of this session much is expected in furtherance of the views of the British government. The subject they are now discussing is a bill to allow of slave-evidence in the trial of a white; for you must know that slave-evidence has never been admissible in the trial of a white person. Our rector, and one of the senior magistrates (Thomas Thompson, Esq., a most decided friend of ours), have been cited to give their opinion of the knowledge of the slaves of this parish of the nature of an oath. How the matter will end I cannot say; but I sincerely pray that the measure may be adopted, as it will lead to the instruction of the slave population.

"Sunday markets, one of the curses of the land, are held in all the principal parts of the country, in consequence of the slaves having but one day in a fortnight to attend their grounds and raise their provisions. This time is probably sufficient for their cultivation, but then there is no time for them to attend market, to

sell or to buy, but Sunday. I hear the Assembly intends taking into consideration the abolition of Sunday markets, and of course must give the slaves another day, i. e. one day in every week besides Sunday. O what a blessing would this be to the country! O what facilities to the instruction of the people would it afford!*

"The Bishop, I fear, will do very little: indeed he can do but little at present, as he has not the authority of an English bishop. This is at present, by law, exercised by the legislature of the colony. However, he is trying to have these laws repealed, and similar ones to those in force in England enacted; but I think he will have a difficult work, as every measure proposed by the British legislature is opposed, barely because it is so proposed.

"*Nov. 25th*, late in the evening. If I could sit and chat with you for a day or two I might probably satisfy my heart, and tell you matters in some sort of connected form; but this is absolutely impossible at present, as I assure you I am forced to be a *servant of all work* in the most literal sense.

"Will you do me this favour? I know you will. Procure for me any works you esteem of value—*only they must be bound.* The *insects of this country destroy all unbound* books. The conveyance is comparatively easy. Get the books packed, and send them to the Mission-House, directed to me. You will, I am confident, do a poor missionary the kindness I have requested.

"My dear Sarah has heard so much of your kindness, and that of my dear kind friend Mrs. Saunders, that she has many times wished to see you, and to tell you how much she feels obliged to you for your kindness to the lad whilst he was with you."—After requesting several favours, Mr. Jenkins concludes, "I am almost ashamed to send this letter, because I impose so much upon your kindness. But I think, who in England will think and act for me as you will do! Your reward is with the Lord.—Fare thee well. It is now very late,

* These hopes and wishes, however, have not been realized.

and I have to be upon the road by three in the morning. The God of Jacob bless you.—Amen and amen.

"Pray for us, and be assured I am, and always will be,

"Your and my dear Mrs. Saunders's

"Most affectionate

"JOHN."

"Rev. Joseph Saunders."

"*Bellemont, St. Ann's, Nov. 22nd*, 1825.

"Dear Brother,

"I am sorry you have been disappointed in your meeting. Your heart, I know, has been much set upon it, and God will 'fulfil the desires of them that fear him.' Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to *visit* and *aid* you in my feeble way; but, the district meeting being so near, I cannot see it my line of duty; but you may rest assured my spirit will be with you, 'joying and beholding your faith' and zeal for the Lord Jesus. I have twelve collectors engaged.—I have no news from Conference but the stations; if I had, I would let you have a part. O, my brother, what a blessed work we are engaged in! May the Lord make us faithful! We are increasing here.—Do let me advise you to write to Mr. Drew when you have spare time, and, though much engaged, *this* you *may* have to write a *spiritual* letter. He is perhaps the most disinterested friend the West India mission ever had. He preaches the Sunday I am at St. Ann's Bay, in this chapel. I have much to write, but lament that my letters are necessarily so short, and so deficient of spiritual matter.

"Pray for, and believe me ever affectionately yours,

"WILLIAM RATCLIFFE."

"P. S. Our united love to Mrs. Jenkins. Our little girl, thank the Lord, is quite well. I thank you for your kind and repeated enquiries. I wish you had not so great an inclination to travel about. You may feel pretty well in doing so, but it is dangerous to health: I fear for you. You are not a Creole yet, nor

a tropical Spanish *friar*, although you do wear a long surtout."

"*Aberdeen, February 24th*, 1826.

"My dear Brother,

"Your highly esteemed letter of the 16th of December came to hand, which I read with great interest, thankful to the great Head of the church that you were yet in the land of the living, but sorry that yourself and your partner had been unwell. I rejoice to hear that you have moved out of that house of death, and got into so comfortable and healthy a residence, and hope that divine Providence will preserve you and yours, and make you a blessing. Your wonderful doings surprise me---overpower my imagination, and I hope that you may not travel too fast, for fear the reins or stirrups may break. I could not conceive it really possible that missionary meetings and candle-light service should be held in Kingston. We may say, 'What hath God wrought!' I am afraid that you will kill yourself, from what you say of visiting here and there, &c., and getting sick. Do take a friend's advice, and travel cautiously. Is it not, think you, pity but that your soul were either a little less, or your body a little bigger and stronger? I was sorry to hear of Mr. Kerr's sickness, but hope he has recovered. I am truly happy to find that Mr. Thompson is still manifesting his good-will towards the mission in so decided a manner. Hope that the Lord will reward him for his many acts of kindness to the cause of religion. I hope that Mr. T 's good-will has not been much impaired, and that Mr. S. continues pious and faithful. Please to offer my kindest regards to these gentlemen."—After some miscellaneous news respecting his circuit, which was "very trying to his West-India body," the writer concludes,—

"Mrs. S. and I are much obliged by your kind wishes, and I can only say that I do not know any thing more gratifying than seeing you would be. However, we must be submissive to the will of a gracious Providence, who has cast your lot on the western side of the Atlantic, and ours here. But, if

we should meet again, I think it will afford us not a small degree of pleasure. Well, if we do not meet again on earth, I hope we shall meet each other at the feet of Jesus from day to day, and let us thus 'seek after glory, honour, immortality, and eternal life,' and we shall all meet under a milder clime, and in much happier circumstances. Mrs. S. will add a little: I shall therefore conclude, begging my kindest regards to Mrs. J., your colleague, and all the friends, as if named.

"I am yours in Christian affection, and I cannot say what,

"JOHN SHIPMAN."

"*Montego-Bay, March* 14*th*, 1826.

"My dear Brother,

"Although I am at this moment very ill qualified to write, yet I will try, if it be only to reproach your negligence. From the day we parted in Spanish-Town I have not enjoyed three days together good health. For some time past the intermittent fever, with paroxysms of ague, has shattered me very much: two hours since I was almost roasting. I feel that much patience and constant prayer are necessary. Our journey from Spanish-Town to Montego-Bay was attended with unpleasantries and dangers which brought back (in a good measure, I am persuaded) the fever, which kept us eight days at Bellemont. We were made exceedingly comfortable by Mr. and Mrs. Ratcliffe, and arrived at Montego-Bay the day fortnight we left Spanish-Town, unspeakably thankful for a home. A few disagreeables had to be settled, which is, I believe, an unavoidable case every where; but, generally speaking, the work assumes a very encouraging aspect, and I do hope that we shall not labour in vain. On the estates there are difficulties which probably are general, though I think better in some respects of Halse Hall than I did before I had seen these. I congratulate you on having obtained a helper; but, had the meeting not appointed one to Falmouth, there would probably have been occasion for a fourth district meeting. I have found it neces-

sary to be cautious in anticipations of success; but at Falmouth there is almost every thing encouraging; and I am fully persuaded that, were the claims of superior promise regarded, Falmouth would stand first among all our claimants. If we live, however, the matter will be proved.—The ire of the magistrates had been excited by some reports of my coming in the spirit of defiance, and I was summoned to a special meeting, where all ended well.

"My dear Maria is looking much better, and, were it not for her anxiety respecting me, would improve faster. We have you in constant remembrance, and hope ere long to see you. Take care that you stand on the right side of "need" when you venture out with your poor *wife*, however *needful* it may be for her to have a change. But you will say, 'Pho, never mind, lad, keep heart.' So we'll try to go in the right way, and hope to have a continual interest in your prayers. To Mr. Morgan and Mr. Beard I intended to have written.—Present *our* kind Christian love to Mr. M., and Mr. and Mrs. Beard. *You* are assured of our united affection.

"J. Crofts."

"Rev. J. Jenkins."

"P. S. Remember us affectionately to Mr. and Mrs. Kerr, and the Morant-Bay friends."

CHAPTER VI.

Loss of the Maria Mail-Boat.—Letter of condolence to Mr. Jenkins from the Rev. Mr. Trew.—Remarks on the removal of Missionaries.—Letter from the Rev. Mr. Crofts.—Letter from Stephen Drew, Esq. —Mr. Jenkins's Removal to the Bahama Islands.— Shipwreck on his arrival.—Appointed to Turk's-Island.—Illness and departure for New-York.— Sails for England.—Letter from the Rev. Mr. Morley.—Appointed to Pembroke, South Wales.— Letter from the Rev. Mr. James.—Letter from the Rev. Mr. Shipman.—Specimens of Mr. Jenkins's Poetry.—Appointment to the Scilly Islands.—Sickness, Death, and Epitaph.

On the 28th of February, 1826, the Wesleyan mission in the West Indies experienced one of the most mysterious disasters which ever occurred to any mission, in the shipwreck of the Maria mail-boat, on Sandy-Island reef, off Antigua, with five missionaries, two of their wives, and four of their children, on board; all of whom perished except Mrs. Jones, the wife of one of the missionaries. Missionaries especially felt this as an awful stroke of an afflictive Providence, and the writer of this memoir participated deeply in the prevailing consternation; for he had frequently passed the reef, and knew three of the sufferers. In losses of this kind, all the earthly relief we can expect or receive is the sympathy and condolence of the wise and good. How acceptable, then, must the following note have been to Mr. Jenkins, which certainly ought

to be placed on record to the honour of the clergyman by whom it was written:—

"*Wilmington, April 18th*, 1826.

"My dear Sir,

"If you will send to the schoolmaster, he will deliver to your order twenty-four Bibles, which I set apart for that purpose yesterday.

"Permit me to condole with you on the most afflicting intelligence which has been announced from Antigua, relative to the awful calamity which has befallen your brethren, their wives, and children. This is one of those mysterious events which are inexplicable to man, though doubtless it is designed for furthering the great work of the Redeemer's kingdom. How greatly to be pitied are the poor people who were wont to sit under their ministry! It may please God that this event may preach more effectually to their hearts than your brethren could have done, had they been spared to exercise their ministry for a longer season. Amidst these heavy trials which have fallen upon the people of Antigua, what have not we reason to be thankful for who are yet spared! and what have not the people of this parish reason to be thankful for, who have the light of truth still exhibited before their eyes in all its cheering consolations, and in all its fulness! May we then remember, and labour while it is called to-day, and be looking more and more for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, that the Lord's work may prosper in our hands.

"I hope Mrs. J. is quite well, and that Mr. Morgan no longer gives way to despondency. This melancholy event should rouse him to action, and every one of us.

"With Mrs. Trew's kind regards, believe me,

"My dear Sir,

"Sincerely yours,

"J. M. Trew."

The affectionate familiarity which generally exists among missionaries, and the attachment of their societies to them, makes removal especially painful; and it is frequently too unconditionally required even when the

occasion may have been such as to justify every appearance of an absolute requisition on the part of their employers; for the three months required to exchange letters at the distance of 4000 miles is a space sufficient for that health which, at the time of writing, appeared to be irreparably lost, to be providentially restored. The writer speaks feelingly on this subject. With some such feelings as are found expressed in the following letter, he was obliged to leave the West Indies, owing to an unconditional appointment for British North America, dictated by the best of feelings on the part of the Missionary Committee, but which he is persuaded they would have repealed had they been acquainted with the change in his health which had so happily occurred during the correspondence. In these cases all the latitude ought to be allowed to the foreign district meetings which the arrangement of the committees in England for the other parts of the mission field will permit. The following letter on this subject is equally honourable to the writer and to Mr. Jenkins:—

"*Montego-Bay, June 27th*, 1826.

"My dear Brother,

"I have for some weeks expected to receive a letter from you, but my wishes have not been gratified in this respect. Perhaps you do not consider the few lines which *my* dear *M.* wrote *your* dear Sarah as exonerating me at all from replying to your last of March 20th! I can scarcely hold my saucy pen, which is more than half inclined to give you a gentle dash. I cannot tell what a week, yea a day, may bring forth. I fancy that *this day*, probably, the brethren (and you amongst them) are deliberating about those affairs which according to *our* views have thrown a sombre hue over a part of this district. I refer to our dear brother Young's removal to a cold climate, in connexion with its cause and probable consequences. I am through mercy much better, and now Mr. Murray is arrived must look for something decisive to be done. I say decisive, because I have been in suspense since the hour I received the Committee's order. First, my own

sickness and its precarious issue; Secondly, Mr. Murray's arrival, which had been almost given up; Thirdly, Mr. Young's removal, in the event of which it was said I must remain; and, receiving from brother Young information that he had taken a passage, and was to sail for 'New York' as yesterday, I was looking with anxiety for something final by the last post, in which I have been altogether disappointed, for I have not had a line; so that I am still unsettled, after nearly five months' residence here; and may probably receive information next week that this station is to be supplied by brother ———, and that I must look toward Turk's Island or somewhere else. I want to say from my heart, "The will of the Lord be done;" but to me there appears a cloud surrounding this appointment which prevents my seeing it clearly to be the will of God: for, if I judge of it by Mr. Wesley's criterion, I think I should unhesitatingly say, I can neither be more holy, more happy, nor more useful; perhaps altogether otherwise. I hope I am so far above mere worldly motives as not to imbibe a prejudice against the place because the people are poor. I do not however like there being so few, about 800; whereas there are in the parish of St. James's about 32,000 or 33,000 souls. I cannot ascertain much about the comparative healthiness of Turk's Island, which is little more than four degrees farther north. New Providence, and those islands which are out of the tropics, must be considerably colder at one season of the year than this climate. You have not said any thing to me as to your own views; and, as the mandate of the Committee is so imperative, perhaps you thought there was but one way, and you would leave me to be driven into it without putting any additional obstacle in my way by exciting feelings which must ultimately be lacerated. It would be well if we could only feel for others, and forget ourselves—rare attainment!

"I am now able to attend to nearly every part of the work of my circuit, and such is its present state that some decisive and vigorous measures are necessary to render the feeling which through the goodness of God has been excited subservient to some valuable purpose.

I have lately commenced candle-light service, and the chapel has overflowed by nearly one-third of those who came for admittance. All has been peace as yet, and great joy is felt throughout the community: every pew is taken except one, and the number of applicants is daily increasing. Advantage should be taken of this feeling, and the issue would be a fine chapel, and a different dwelling. If people have no prospect of being accommodated, they will soon of course cease to come near the place. There are a few sturdy subjects who talk very obstinately, and threaten to leave, &c. &c., if they are 'to be treated,' they say, 'in this manner:" i. e., if Turk's Island is to be regarded as of greater importance than their station. I have shown them the unreasonableness of their remarks, and have fear only of one; but he is as a host among a number of females. I know that you feel for us and pray for us, and the degree of resignation that we feel is partly in answer to the prayers of our dear friends, I have no doubt. Both myself and my dear wife feel such a degree of submission to this dispensation that, if you will look at page 25 of the book of Psalms and Hymns, you will find the language of our desire. We find, however, that, though the spirit is through grace willing, the flesh is weak, and at times shrinks from the prospects before us; and now and then disappointment causes a temporary war: but Jesus reigns within, and I trust we shall see his salvation. I have not thought it safe to do or say any thing with a view of being detained in this island, though I have never yet wished to leave it but for the sake of my dear M.'s health. My mind has had a variety of exercises, since the district meeting especially; of some you know; but up to the present time I have found almost every week some fresh occasion for the exercise of forbearance and charity in reference to my good brethren. Mr. Orton is an excellent man, rather of the primitive stamp, and somewhat original, in disposition resembling Allen, i. e. in some particulars. I have reason to think that he did not come from the south side with very favourable views of his colleague; and through your forgetfulness, or some mishap, I had no official information whatever, and knew not that I

had any thing farther to do with Falmouth after Mr. O. arrived, until I was told by Mr. Ratcliffe after a day or two of intercourse; and I had reason not to exult much in my new office. I have, however, been somewhat agreeably disappointed, and we go on quite comfortably at Falmouth. The prospects are very cheering, and we hope to be able to give a good account at the next district meeting—*we*, I say, you see how I forget myself. Well I must confess there are a few in the island whom I love sincerely, and you and your dear Sarah have not the lowest place in *our* esteem; often do we talk of you, scold you, and threaten what we'll do if you don't write oftener. I *trouble* some of the crabbed ones with postage for their stinginess. Such lengthy epistles as this I cannot repeat to you every day. I hope you will in future be a better boy, Johnny.—Should I remain, and have our missionary meetings in July or August, will you try to come down? When I bade you mind and be on the side of "*need*," I meant no discouragement to your dear wife's coming—if you were to come without her (if she could at all travel), your old friend Maria would look upon you as she never yet did. Have you a pair of sacramental cups, &c. &c., to dispose of? Our steward (for himself) wishes to know the price. Write—*do*—next post. Tell us the news for the last quarter of a year. My dear M. joins me in affectionate regards to Mrs. Jenkins, and will allow you your share of the same, as well as

"Yours very sincerely,

"J. CROFTS."

"Rev. J. Jenkins."

The following letter from Stephen Drew, Esq., to Mr. Jenkins, will show that he and his friends were under similar apprehensions in reference to his removal. It may also account for much of the toleration which, during this time of severe persecution, was extended to the extraordinary exertions in which he and his brethren were engaged, on behalf of the Wesleyan Missions. The countenance of such men as the writer can only be properly appreciated by those who need their influence and protection; and such will be the most fervent

in their ascriptions of praise to God, who has generally raised up a few such men as "the saints in Cæsar's household," to defend and encourage his persecuted servants. It was evidently written in reply to one from Mr. Jenkins, requesting his assistance at his approaching missionary meetings:---

"*Bellemont, St. Ann's,* 13*th Sept.* 1826.

"My dear Sir,

"I am very sorry that your missionary meetings at Bath and Morant-Bay are so fixed that it is impossible for me to attend them, or otherwise, I assure you, I should have felt the greatest pleasure in being with you. I earnestly hope you will have a glorious time of it, and that your praise may resound throughout the churches. The matter that prevents me is this, that next Thursday (the 21st) I set off from hence, with Mr. and Mrs. Ratcliffe, for Montego-Bay, to attend his meeting; and I am in such a poor state of health that it is absolutely impossible for me to be with you and return, nor indeed would the time allow it. I got very wet last Sunday week in going to St. Ann's Bay to hold service for Mr. R., and also in returning the next day, which has occasioned my being ill ever since; so that it was with great difficulty I could officiate here on Sunday last. I am getting better, however, though weak. The time of appointment (5th Oct.) will also prevent my attending Spanish-Town, though I could have been there had the meeting been after the second Wednesday in the month, when my magisterial duties will be over. It is to be lamented that these meetings are not settled by general consultation, to prevent their interfering. I saw a letter of yours to Mr. R. this morning, and am rejoiced to find that with you the missionary spirit has not evaporated. It is a blessed work when conducted with a right intention. I am indeed sorry there should be a thought of your removal; but the Lord will be with you, so that you will feel in him an all-sufficiency. May he be your protector and your portion, wherever it is you are to go; but I still hope you will not be removed. I am greatly rejoiced to find that your health and strength are so fully restored to you, and that your

heart as well as powers is so determined on our Master's service. Oh! it is a blessed one in its work and in its reward, having the encouragement and honour of being workers together with him in the best of all employments, drawing from him momentarily fresh supplies of sanctifying grace, enjoying peace and joy unspeakable, hope full of glory, and a pledge and earnest that assures the final possession of that gift of everlasting life which shall be the crown of those who shall be kings and priests to God for ever.---May we all strive to run, to persevere, and to attain.

"Pray remember us kindly to Mrs. Jenkins. Mrs. Drew desires her kindest love to her. May you have all happiness and health; and believe me, dear sir,

"Faithfully yours,

"Stephen Drew."

Mr. Jenkins's removal appears to have been contemplated under an idea that his health had suffered so materially from his extraordinary labours, the influence of the climate, and repeated attacks of disease, that his recovery in Jamaica was hopeless; and, as in the case of Mr. Crofts, the requisition appears to have been such as to be capable of only one construction: and indeed, when it is recollected that the places of sick missionaries must in general be immediately supplied from home, there is great difficulty in conducting missions on any other principle but that of absolute arrangement; a consideration which, under the influence of feeling, is too frequently lost sight of by devoted missionaries and their sympathising friends. Mr. Jenkins's health had improved, but this probably was not known in England when arrangements were made for his occupying a station in Turk's Island, and for his place being supplied; or, if it were, the committee might intend to place him in circumstances more favourable to the preservation of his health, though at some little expense of feeling on his part, and on the part of his friends. His friends protested both verbally and by correspondence with Mr. Ratcliffe, the chairman; but, as his removal was the act of the committee in London, remonstrance at the distance of 4000 miles was quite inef-

fectual. All that the society could do was to submit to what they regarded as an afflictive dispensation of Divine Providence, and express their gratitude and affection to Mr. Jenkins at his departure. This they did in a meeting specially convened for the purpose, at which it appears his colleague presided. The following is a copy of the minutes of that meeting, found among Mr. Jenkins's papers :—

"*Minutes of a Special Meeting of the Leaders, &c., of the Morant-Bay Circuit, held in the Vestry of Morant-Bay Chapel, Jamaica, Oct. 26th*, 1826.

"*Question* 1st.—For what purpose is this meeting convened ?

"*Answer*.---Having heard that our much esteemed and highly respected Superintendent, the Rev. John Jenkins, is about to be removed from us, we feel persuaded that it is our duty to present him with some memorial of our gratitude and affection.

"*Question* 2nd.---How can this be most satisfactorily carried into effect ?

"*Answer*.---Let the Rev. T. C. Morgan, our preacher, and Mr. C. Robinson, our Circuit Steward, be respectfully requested to present the Rev. J. Jenkins with the following address :---

"*Methodist Chapel, Morant-Bay, Jamaica, Oct. 26th*, 1826.

"Rev. and Honoured Sir,

"Having heard that you are about to be removed from this circuit, we feel ourselves bound, by every principle of gratitude and affection, to address you on this painful occasion.

"We hailed your appointment to this circuit as a special favour conferred upon us by the Great Head of the church, and, during, the period of nearly two years, which you have laboured among us, our expectations have been fully realized, and our hopes fully confirmed.

"We thank you, sir, for that zeal and perseverance with which you have promoted the temporal interests of this circuit, and especially for the successful efforts you have made in procuring us a burying-ground.

"But, while we feel thankful for your exertions in

promoting our temporal interests, we are satisfied we can never be too thankful for that pastoral care with which you have watched over our souls. Rest assured, sir, your fidelity as a preacher, and your solicitude as a pastor, will not easily be erased from our minds: and, since we are now about to be deprived of your valuable labours, we earnestly request a continued interest in your prayers.

"And now, sir, we commend you, and your amiable partner, to God and the word of his grace.—May the promised presence of Christ go with you, and abide with you! May your valuable life be long preserved, and in the day of Jesus Christ may you be able to say, in reference to thousands of immortal souls, 'Lord, here am I and those thou hast given me!'

"Reluctantly we must now say, farewell, sir, farewell. O may we all meet you in heaven! This is, and shall be, the prayer of,

"Rev. and dear Sir,

"Yours most obediently and affectionately,

"T. C. MORGAN, Preacher.

"CHARLES ROBINSON, Circuit-Steward."

Signed also by thirteen Leaders.

Mr. Jenkins left Jamaica on the 16th of November for Crooked-Island, a passage of about 200 miles, in the "Lord Hobart" packet. His passage proved a very disagreeable one; but, on the 1st of December, they arrived at Crooked-Island, took leave of the captain and passengers, and the packet left for England. They remained a few hours on shore, and then went on board the mail-boat, and sailed for New-Providence, and at two o'clock the following morning they were shipwrecked; but, happily, though the vessel and many of the things on board were lost, the lives of all on board were graciously preserved. The following is the account of this catastrophe from the "Missionary Notices" of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, for May 1827:—

"*Bahamas.*—Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins have suffered shipwreck in passing from Jamaica to these islands; but our friends will cordially unite with us in gratitude

to God for the ultimate escape and safety of the whole of the passengers and crew. Mr. Jenkins has detailed the occurrence in a letter to his father, dated Nassau, December 13th, 1826, from which the following is an extract.—After noticing his appointment to the Bahamas, he says,—

"'We sailed from Jamaica in the Lord Hobart Packet, for Crooked-Island, on the 14th ult., and, after a very tedious and perilous voyage, landed on the 1st December, and found the packet-boat ready to take the mails and passengers for Nassau. And now I am approaching a period that never will be forgotten by us or by you, and that will, I trust, lead us to be more than ever thankful to the God of our lives. We have indeed been brought low, but the Lord has helped us. I cannot reflect upon the dreadful scenes of that fearful night without shedding tears of gratitude.

"'About eight o'clock in the evening of the first instant we weighed anchor, the weather looking very gloomy; and, an exceedingly strong current running from the north-west, the vessel was put under easy canvass, but still ran at the rate of seven and a half knots an hour. The captain, who is one of our friends, remained on deck, that a good look-out might be kept, as the channel abounds with shoals, &c. About twelve o'clock the weather became more dark and squally, and the sea frequently broke over our weather quarter. My wife and myself took our lodging on the floor of the steerage, as the cabin was exceedingly small, and there were two other passengers on board. At ten o'clock a heavy sea fell upon the quarter-deck, and rushed through the cabin upon us in the steerage; so that our mattress was very much wetted, and the lee side, where our trunks were, was flooded. Previously to this I had fallen asleep for about a quarter of an hour, but my wife, who was very apprehensive of danger, could take no rest. We now encouraged ourselves in the Lord, and longed for the day. About a quarter before two the captain came below, for the purpose of getting some dry linen, and, in answer to an enquiry, he stated we were doing very well. But, in about twenty minutes afterwards, the vessel struck! Mrs. J.

started, and asked what was the matter. I endeavoured to quiet her fears, and ran upon deck, when the sloop struck again. I then got below, and, taking my wife in my arms, bade her prepare to meet our Father and God. The vessel then struck several times violently, and got fast, turning her broadside to the weather. The waves now almost incessantly washed over us, and I again, after requesting Mrs. Jenkins to get some clothes, if possible, about her, went on deck, and was the first to discover land over the larboard bow; but the darkness was intense: neither stars nor moon were to be seen, nor any thing but a black frowning rock, and the foamings of the sea. We prevailed upon one of the men to try to get on shore; he succeeded, and in about five minutes we heard the reviving sound of 'land! land!' I went again below, and found my wife quite composed. We then commended ourselves to the God of our lives, and began to prepare to reach land, and by the assistance of the men we got through the waves to the rock. We found it to be about thirty feet long by twenty wide. Here we sat down, and presented our case to the Lord, and felt perfectly resigned; my wife in her night-gown, and pelisse, and bonnet; myself in trousers and coat. The rain fell in torrents, and the sprays of the surf beat over us (for the rock was only about fifteen feet high), whilst the sharp points of the rock pierced our skin. We hoped at the time of landing that the tide was ebbing, but in this we were disappointed; we sat watching every successive wave going upon our little rock. No person on board knew where we were, and we began to creep along on our hands and knees to ascertain if this rock were connected with any other. One of the passengers, at last, found a neck about a foot and a half wide, which attached the rock on which we were to another that appeared higher and larger.

"'As the tide was rising, our moments were precious, and we began getting over, and at length succeeded, with our ancles and hands much cut; but, blessed be God, he left us not to perish. We found the tide still gaining upon us; but two of the passengers set forward to try if this second rock were connected with main

land, and in about half an hour they got to a beach, above which there was bush. They soon communicated the tidings to us, and, having a lighted cinder from the vessel, we got over the remainder of the rock to the beach. Here we fell upon our knees on the wet land, and gave vent to our feelings in praise and prayer. The men, after gathering a few sticks for us, with which we lighted a fire, returned to the vessel, that was now much nearer the rock; and brought a blanket, in which Mrs. J. wrapped herself, as the rain was still falling in torrents. O who can describe the feelings of our hearts while with the other passengers we sat round our little fire! I thought of our divine Master. 'He had not where to lay his head.' I thought of Paul sitting before the fire the barbarians had kindled for him. I thought of the beloved brethren lost off Antigua, and my heart melted within me. Day at length discovered to us that we were upon a part of Long Island, but there were no inhabitants within several miles of us: and now, for the first time, we discovered the dangers we had escaped; for, had we not struck upon the point we did, we must have been, to all appearance, inevitably lost. Had the vessel been steered or drifted half a point nearer the main land, we must have struck upon some tremendous reefs.

I have not time or room to detail more at present, but that we got on board a boat sent to assist us across the harbour, and, about four o'clock in the afternoon, wet, almost naked, wounded, weary, and faint (for we had neither water nor food all the time), but thankful for our escape, we reached the house of the hospitable Mrs. Taylor, who, with her affectionate family, did every thing that could be done to make us comfortable. May the blessing of them that were ready to perish abide upon that family! We got on board the Harlequin sloop, and sailed on the Monday following; and, after touching at several islands, reached this place on Friday afternoon, and found Mr. and Mrs. Horne and family well."

Referring to this event, Mrs. Jenkins remarks, "The next morning it was an affecting sight to behold

the beach covered with things saved from the wreck. About nine or ten o'clock my dearest husband was obliged to retire to his room and bed, as the fever and ague returned, through his being exposed to the wet and cold. There is no minister on the island; and it was very affecting to see the people waiting from ten o'clock A. M. to four P. M., expecting Mr. Jenkins to lose the fever, and be able to preach to them: but he was unable to leave his bed until the next morning, when we left Mrs. Taylor's, where we had been treated with the greatest kindness, and again returned upon the mighty deep. In the afternoon we got in sight of Rum-Key. Near this island there is a very dangerous reef that runs into the sea, and, between seven and eight o'clock, we got very near it: the captains thought we were out of danger, but I felt very uneasy, and requested Mr. Jenkins to get Captain Gould to sound. He thought it quite unnecessary; but, to quiet my fears, he did heave the lead, and instantly discovered danger. They put the ship about, but she was thrown on her side, and they feared she would not right again, but, through the mercy of God, she did. About eight o'clock we went on shore, to the house of the magistrate, Joseph Dorsett, Esq., who, with his lady, is a member of our Society. Mr. D. was in bed, but immediately he dressed himself, and received us with the greatest affection and delight. Mrs. D. was gone to Nassau (150 miles) to be confined, as they had no doctor on the island. They had neither chapel nor minister; but Mr. D. assembled the people in his own house, and held service, reading Mr. Wesley's sermons, singing, and Mrs. D. and himself joining in prayer. Mrs. D. was a Leader in Nassau before her marriage. When they wished to attend a love-feast, or partake of the Lord's supper, they were obliged to go to Nassau. On Tuesday we sailed again, and on our way touched at Cat-Island. Captain Thompson went on shore, as it was the place where his house and Negroes were; and, when he returned, he told us that the people were very anxious for Mr. Jenkins to go and baptize their children, but the captain could not remain. We arrived at New-

Providence on Friday afternoon, December 8th, and were gladly received by our much-esteemed and beloved brother Horne and family. We remained in Nassau seven weeks; while there Mr. Jenkins laboured beyond his strength, but was made a blessing to the people; and at the district meeting our appointment was changed, and Mr. Jenkins was sent to Turk's-Island, about 500 miles from Nassau. We left our kind friends at New-Providence on the 24th of January, and reached Turk's-Island on the 31st. It is impossible to describe the feelings of the people on our arrival, as they had been deprived of a missionary for more than fifteen months. The chapel is the best in the Bahamas; the pulpit was hung with black for the Rev. Mr. Turtle, who finished his work there, and entered into the joy of his Lord. The Society had kept together, though at times they feared they were forgotten by the Missionary Committee, and that they should not again have the unspeakable happiness of welcoming a missionary to Grand-Key. They soon unhung the mourning from the chapel, and I think we had not been there more than a fortnight before nearly every respectable family called to bid us welcome to the island. We went with the intention of remaining two or three years, if the Lord saw good; the people expressed themselves perfectly satisfied with the appointment, and blessed and profited under the faithful ministry and pastoral care of Mr. Jenkins; and he not only discharged the duties he owed to the church, but he also instructed the youth in reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, &c. &c. All appeared to be going on well. He laboured among them five or six weeks, and, hearing that the captain with whom we sailed was very ill, Mr. J. got a horse and rode to the other side of the island to see him, and, soon after his return home the same evening, he was taken very ill. The physician was sent for, and he paid him every attention day and night; but, as he despaired of his life, he decided on our leaving for England without delay. Mr. Jenkins replied, 'Though I love my wife, and the church, I can freely give up all to be with Jesus;' and he requested to be interred near the Rev.

Mr. Turtle. The doctor, however, continued urgently to advise our leaving for England, and at last my dear husband left it with him and me. The people also were anxious we should leave, fearing that, if Mr. Jenkins died among them, another would not be sent."

The following letters, from Mr. Jenkins's medical attendant, prove more than a mere professional interest in his recovery, and on this account, as well as owing to their showing the nature of his indisposition, are worthy of being preserved :—

"*Turk's Island, March* 13*th*, 1827.

"Dear Sir,

"After due reflection upon the circumstances of your case, I am decidedly of opinion that, whilst you reside in an intertropical climate, such a restoration of your health as will enable you to discharge, with impunity, your very laborious duties is not to be expected. I would advise you to avail yourself of the earliest opportunity for removal. The *tone* of your stomach is nearly gone, and there is, in your case, a strong disposition to great venous congestions of important internal organs,—the brain, lungs, &c. The whole host of tonic medicines, and all the adjuvants of diet, &c., will avail but little, without the aid of a residence in a temperate climate.

"I am, very respectfully,

"Your friend and servant,

"John Stafford, M.D."

"Rev. Mr. Jenkins."

"*Turk's Island, March* 20*th*, 1827.

"My dear Sir,

"I urgently enjoin on you an immediate return to England, for the purpose of restoring your health. I cannot but consider a longer stay than is absolutely unavoidable in a West Indian climate as nothing short of self-martyrdom.—To perform your ministerial duties with your shattered constitution will be totally impracticable, and why then should you hesitate as to the adoption of the only means whereby you can hope to be able to resume them—an immediate return to

England, and a residence there till your constitution has been renovated?—With regard to your proposition of a residence in Nova Scotia, it being the nearest part to which you could go, thus much may be said—that, notwithstanding its latitude, it is objectionable to an invalid for several reasons—the infinite variation of the weather by storms being the principal. A trip to England, I have no hesitation in saying, will benefit you; a trip to Nova Scotia would be of doubtful efficacy,—and your case does not allow of your acting on doubtful issues. A MILD, temperate climate, can alone *with safety* be resorted to.

"I am, Sir, very respectfully,
"Your friend and servant,
"JOHN STAFFORD, M. D."

"Rev. J. Jenkins."

"On the 24th of March Mr. Jenkins was carried from his bed to the vessel, amidst the prayers and tears of that dear people," says Mrs. Jenkins, "who feared he would not reach home alive; but he had not been long on the water before he began to revive a little. At eleven o'clock, P. M., when about seventy miles from Turk's-Island, we struck on a reef, but a mighty wave came and carried us into a bay. The pumps were tried, and it was found that the vessel was not much injured; and, on the 27th, we arrived at Nassau, and remained at our kind friend Mrs. Sleightam's. Here we took the advice of a medical man, and he also recommended our return. On the 7th of April we went on board the Juno, Captain Russel, and on the 13th arrived at Rum-Key for a cargo of salt. We anchored early in the morning; our kind friend Mr. Dorsett was on board before we were dressed, and he took us to his house. It being Good-Friday, Mr. Dorsett had service. Mr. Jenkins was taken to bed, and, being unable to take any part in the service, the singing affected him exceedingly. Our dear friend Mrs. D., though she had an infant, was unceasing in her attentions to my beloved partner, and he improved during the five days we remained with them. On the 18th we sailed for New-York, a passage of more than

1000 miles, and as the vessel was over-laden, and we had an exceedingly rough passage, we had not a dry deck all the way. We were in a heavy gale a night and two days, and had scarcely a hope of getting safe to land. At this time Mr. Jenkins was very ill; but when able, and the weather would permit, he held service on deck with the captain and men; for we were the only passengers. As we drew near the American coast, we witnessed the effects of the storm, by the vessels which were wrecked and driven on shore, and felt truly thankful that at the time we had plenty of sea-room. We left the brig fifty miles from New-York, and went in the pilot-boat with the captain; for he was not allowed to land his cargo, or to remain more than twenty-four hours. We arrived in the city on the 1st of May, and had great difficulty in procuring lodgings, owing to its being the day on which they changed houses, and Mr. Jenkins's very sickly appearance, which induced the keepers of the inns and boarding-houses to refuse us admittance. The preachers had gone to Conference, except the Rev. Mr. Field, who sent us to a friend's house, where Mr. Jenkins was taken so ill that we feared he could not live. In two or three days we removed from the boarding-house of Mr. Hyde to the house of Mr. Samuel B. Harper, Steward of St. John's Church, and the kindness we received from that family, the Rev. Mr. Field, Mr. Dando, Mr. Hall, and many others, will never be forgotten. The presiding elder kindly called on us, and invited Mr. Jenkins to attend their Conference; he revived a little, prayed one Sabbath morning in St. John's Church, and preached in the evening, but this threw him back; and the doctor there also advised his return to his native land; and on the 16th we left in the ship Manchester, Captain Lee, in company with twenty other cabin passengers. Mr. Jenkins was unable to preach, but the Rev. Mr. M'Colley, of the established church, read sermons. A few days before we arrived at Liverpool Mr. Jenkins got much better, and the doctor thought his native air was the cause. Although he was so weak, however, he kept up family worship in the ladies' cabin;

the clergyman and many of the passengers appeared delighted to attend, and repeatedly expressed their desires for his restoration, that they might be favoured with a sermon from him before they parted. Upon the whole we had a very good passage, though, off the coast of Ireland, we were in very great danger from a violent squall. On the 6th of June we landed, and went to the house of our highly esteemed friend the Rev. Josiah Hill. Mrs. Hill also was very kind, and we spent the day with them, and in the evening went to Mr. Daniel Mason's. Mr. M., with his excellent wife, made us very comfortable. The preachers and friends were very kind, and, having spent some days with them, we proceeded to Bristol. By this time Mr. Jenkins was much better, and he soon began to preach and attend missionary meetings."

On his arrival in England, Mr. Jenkins received the following letter from the Rev. Mr. Morley, directed "To the care of the Rev. R. Newton, to remain till Mr. Jenkins's arrival;" and, as he has written "valued" on the back of it, it appears he properly esteemed the sympathy expressed, and the desire evinced to meet his wishes and his interests in his future appointments:—

"77, *Hatton Garden, June 2nd*, 1827.

"My dear Brother,

"Your letter of May 8th is come to hand. We are truly sorry to hear of your series of sufferings, first by shipwreck, and now by sickness. Your request to visit your friends at Bristol is complied with, and we hope your visit to that place will be the means of recruiting your health, and of preparing you for future labour. As soon as you can, please to send us word how your health is, and whether you are sufficiently recruited to take a circuit, either at home or abroad, as the next Conference may appoint, or whether you think it will be necessary to be appointed as a supernumerary.—We are thankful to hear that your heart is still in the work, and that, in the midst of all your afflictions, your soul is happy in God.—Please to

remember me affectionately to Mrs. Jenkins: her letter was duly received.

"Praying that you may be comforted under your afflictions, and, if it please God, speedily restored to health,

"I am, my dear brother, for self and colleagues,

"Yours very affectionately,

"G. Morley."

Though Mr. Jenkins imprudently exceeded his strength in Bristol and its neighbourhood, by preaching both in the chapels and in the open air, he thought himself equal to the labours of a circuit, and refused to listen to the advice of those who urged him to request a supernumerary appointment for a year, in hopes of more effectually restoring his exhausted capabilities; and he was appointed to Pembroke, in Wales.

"We left Bristol," says Mrs. Jenkins, "August 24th, for our appointment, which was Pembroke, where we were kindly received by that people. Mr. J. went through his work for some time very well, till called to attend the various missionary meetings; but the extra travelling and excitement produced on such occasions generally left him unfit to attend to his circuit labours for many weeks. In one of these afflictions the President had kindly engaged a young man to supply for him, but my dear husband, unwilling to remain unemployed, and finding his strength increased, wrote to prevent his coming, although he was on the way."

The design of thus supplying his place was affectionately announced by the Rev. Mr. James, one of the missionary secretaries, in the following extract from a letter under date of January 10th, 1828:—

"We are exceedingly sorry to hear of your protracted indisposition, but hope, by the blessing of God, you will ere long be restored to your labours and usefulness in the Lord's vineyard. Remember him, my dear brother, who hath said, 'I will never leave you, nor forsake you.'

"We have obtained the President's leave to send you a young man, intended for the missionary work, to supply your places. He will be with you in a fortnight's time, or sooner, if he can obtain his discharge from his present situation. He seems a truly pious and devoted man, and I hope his labours will be greatly blessed among the people.—My colleagues unite in their expression of sympathy and affection for you, with,

"My dear Brother,
"Yours truly,
"JOHN JAMES."

Mrs. Jenkins remarks, "It was delightful to witness the happy, resigned, state of his soul under his sufferings: he used to observe, 'It is our privilege always to triumph in Christ,' and he largely partook of the spirit of his divine Master. He went about doing good, and studied the temporal as well as the spiritual comfort of those around him, and many have called to acknowledge their gratitude for his advice, and for the medicines he so freely gave them. I may say of him as was said of the holy Bramwell,

"Benevolence was he, a soul of love;
Though placed on earth his mind was still above;
On heaven's calm verge he dwelt, breathed its pure air,
And when death called—a step—and he was there."

Under these circumstances such a letter as the following, from the Rev. Mr. Shipman, would doubtless be welcome :—

"*Lynn, Norfolk, March 8th*, 1828.

"My dear Brother,

"Your kind and very acceptable letter came to hand, after going to Lyme in Dorsetshire: you will please add *Norfolk* to the address of your next. I began to think that surely you had forgotten 'Auld lang syne,' as I was so long before I heard from you; your epistle, however, entirely chased away these unpleasant thoughts, and excited a degree of pleasure in the mind of myself and Mrs. S. which I am unable to explain. I was the more troubled because I have

written three or four times to Mr. Young, who has not answered me at all, and what is the cause I do not know. Have you heard from him lately? I began to think that in some mysterious, and to me impenetrable manner, I had thought, or said, or done, something which had offended all my dear brethren, to whom my soul was knitted, as the soul of Jonathan to David, but am happy in perceiving myself, in one case at least, disappointed. Well, so much by way of preface.

"I was very sorry to learn from yours that you had suffered so much, but indulge the pleasing hope that, if I should go to Conference, I shall once more shake a friend by the hand for whom I have always had a much more than ordinary esteem. Looking back to the days when we saw each other's faces as the faces of angels—when we felt that mutual glow of friendship which could not find utterance in words or expression, in looks or gestures, or violent squeezing of each other's fingers—I seem carried back to scenes of Christian fellowship and joy which I am never again to witness as an inhabitant of this world. The only prospect of such delightful feasts is when I have crossed the flood of death, and meet them on the banks of deliverance. And, after all, that will exceed all that I then enjoyed, because it was not all pleasure,—there were many trying circumstances. Some brethren had what was not always agreeable,---and there was the persecuting spirit of the wicked,---the threatened insurrection of the poor slaves,---the unhealthiness of the climate, &c.; these things often threw bitter ingredients into that cup of pleasure put into my hands by those other circumstances. As I now am, I seem to have less delight and less pain; it is a mixed cup still, but the bitters and sweets are not so strong. If I am faithful, I hope, after a while, to possess joys more sweet than those of Jamaica, when in company with my brethren, without the infusion of a single chip of Quashie, or any other bitter ingredient; till then I pray the Lord to make me willing to have as much bitter infused into the cup of life as He in his wisdom may appoint, because this is for my health. What I most need, and I trust desire and seek, is more religion, and then, even here, my joys will be

greater, and my sorrows less.—But how inconsiderate I am: I write as if I were intending a volume like the Pilgrim's Progress and not a small sheet, which I find will soon be filled, and you have no news.

"I am now at one of my country places, and am writing with a short pen, hardly two inches long, and surrounded by the family, which will plead both for the inaccuracies of diction and the coarseness of the execution; but, having a little leisure, I thought you would excuse these things, if you could only make out my meaning.—I am in the immediate neighbourhood of a large river, up which the tide flows, and which is prevented from overflowing the country by high embankments; the tide, however, was so increased by the winds this morning that, in one place, it came over the bank, about 200 yards from where I am writing: the house at which I stopped yesterday is two stories high, and stands immediately under the bank, which is about on a level with the top of the chamber windows. Should the bank burst in such a place, you see where we should be. The country to the westward is fenny and very much below high water mark.

"We are going on better in our circuit than when I wrote you last. We have not only peace within our borders, but some degree of prosperity: our congregations are good comparatively now, both in town and country, and I hope we shall have some additions to the society. On the 20th of April Mr. M'Nicoll is to preach our chapel anniversary, and we think that Mrs. West will perhaps come with him to see us. Mrs. S. was quite overcome when we received the Magazine for this month, and saw the account of Grimsdale's imprisonment and death; and told me that, if I felt as much about Jamaica as she did, I should go back again. I shall see her before I send this off, and I am sure she will unite with me in a thousand 'how does' to Mrs. J. and yourself. Perhaps when I get home I may add a postscript: till then adieu.

"JOHN SHIPMAN."

"My dear Mr. Jenkins,

"I am very much obliged by the very affectionate

manner in which you enquire after me; I do not recollect much about Jamaica, but I have a perfect remembrance of you. Please present my affectionate regards to Mrs. Jenkins, and believe me to be

"Yours respectfully,
"SAMUEL A. SHIPMAN."

Mr. Jenkins was fond of poetry, and occasionally beguiled a sleepless night, gave utterance to his feelings, or excited his devotional sensibilities, by original poetic effusions. Those which he left behind are of somewhat unequal merit; and the following have undergone a little revision,* to which he would probably have been the first to consent had he been consulted. At the bottom of the first Mrs. J. has written "Mr. J. was very ill, and unable to sleep, when he made the above;" and as they were all composed in June, 1828, they appear to have been the spontaneous efforts of an active mind now rendered unable to pursue its favourite avocations by bodily affliction.

"WASTING AT MIDNIGHT OIL."

Thy brow is feverish,
And thou seem'st saddened down with care:
Sleep hath thine eyelids fled,
And thou art thoughtful and alone.
O tell me, weary one,
What woe oppresses thy lone mind?
For I will feel for thee,
And weep, couldst thou but be relieved.
Go to thy pillow soft—
Dream not of one whose mournful sighings are
Heavier than e'en his tale.
I love thy mournful sympathy,
But dare not think of it.
My friendly lamp is nearly spent—
'Tis like my ebbing life.
Yet hope, thank Heaven, is not for ever fled;
She points to future good,
And o'er my present darkness throws
A welcome dawn, which gives
Earnest of better prospects yet to come."

"*Pembroke, June 18th*, 1828."

* By the Rev. J. W. Thomas, author of "*Lyra Britannica*."

"TO FRENZY."

"Frenzy! thy face is haggard, and thy vest
Flies loosely, and thy hands are white;
Thy brow is covered o'er with feverish dews:
Thy eyes roll wildly, and thy frame is chilled
And agitated, and thy hair is torn,
And strewed around! Frenzy! I pity thee;
For fell despair hath marked thee as her victim,
And waved her wings, and cast her shadow o'er thee.
Thy soul is blighted, and, within thy breast,
Grief, like a vulture, gnaws incessantly.
Frenzy! thy heart, though changed, is not all marble;
For I can read in that vague wandering glance—
That look of thine—a sensibility,
The remnant of affections warm and pure,
'The farewell beam of feelings passed away.'
And had thy sun not set, thy fires been quenched,
Thy heart had throbbed, thine eyes had sparkled still.
Thou hast known friendship—though thy tearless eye
Now looks upon thy dearest as on strangers,
And thou, unmoved, couldst view thy offspring slain.
I pity thee, thou sad, soul-stricken mourner!
I hear the bitter sighs that heave thy bosom;
I see thee shake thy head, and fold thy vest,
And hurry to and fro despondingly.
And I will grieve for thee, and share thy woes,
And give thee sigh for sigh, and groan for groan,
Till my sad heart shall weep itself away.
Now sit thee down, and listen to the winds;
Their howlings will be music in thy ears:
Thy lute is wild, and I would stay with thee,
And learn its tones;——
But see! his eyes distended,
Glare most horribly,—and a film covers them!
Ah me! his blood whirls madly, and he raves;—
He sinks;—he falls;—his senses are o'erpower'd.
May angels chase the demon from his hold,
And balmy slumber give the sufferer rest!"

"*Sageston, June*, 1828."

The somewhat irregular style adopted in the above pieces adds much to their poetic effect, they are what the lovers of epithet would call "*spirit-stirring*" productions; and they will lose none of their effect by contrast with the following hymn, written but a few days previously, and descriptive of Sabbatical *rest*:—

"THE SABBATH."

1. "Holy Sabbath, day of rest,
Full of comfort to the blest,
Swiftly pass thy hours away,
Sacred, peaceful, blessed day!

2. God of all-abundant love!
Hymn'd by Cherubim above;
Men have oft extolled thy fame,
We presume to lisp thy name.

3. Thousand praises thou hast heard;
Thousand prayers to thee preferred;
Souls unite this day, and share
In the work of praise and prayer.

4. I would praise, and love, and pray,
I could sing my life away;
This is heaven, but not so sweet
As to worship near thy seat.

5. I could weep, but, cease my tears,—
God is good—away my fears;—
Lord, the contrite heart is thine,
Take this humbled heart of mine!"

"*Pembroke, Lord's-day, June 15th,* 1828."

The following account of Mr. Jenkins's last appointment, sickness, and death, is from the pen of Mrs. Jenkins, and it is all that needs to be said, either as history or eulogy, on her departed husband:—

"His labours were blest in the Pembroke circuit, although he could not always attend his appointments: just before we left he had not been able to preach for several weeks. The quarterly meeting had pressed him to take the superintendence of the circuit, but it was too laborious. I have just met with a copy of a letter written, I think, to Mr. Buckley, at the Conference, 1828:—

"'Dear Sir,

"'I feel much affected that your mind should have been so much occupied and concerned about me and my circumstances. Your letter of the 7th came to hand this morning, to which I have only to state,

"'Mr. Bersey is so engaged that he will not be able to write until to-morrow. I feel I cannot, without thinking I incur the charge of obstinacy, resist your opinion, and the opinion of the brethren, respecting an appointment for the next year.

"'If you, after what I stated in my last, deem it *right* I should not take a circuit, I will most willingly yield to your decision, and you may put me down for Bristol. Since your former letter, we have been much in prayer with the great Head of the Church for direction and I think I feel that *for me to live is Christ:* let him do with me as seemeth good in his sight, where he pleases, and in what way he pleases, to fix my station. I also feel that *for me to die is gain.* Blessed be God! my heart is more than ever in His work; but, if He think fit to lay me aside, I am willing; *let Him do as seemeth good in His sight;* and I take the voice of His servants as *His* voice.'

"I think the next letter informed us of our appointment for Scilly. We were perfectly satisfied; we hired a vessel, and sailed from Milford, on Sabbath evening, six o'clock, August 31st, and landed at St. Mary's, Scilly, Tuesday morning, six o'clock, September 2nd. The voyage proved very beneficial to my dear husband, so that he was able to go through his work the first Sabbath. In about a fortnight he had to cross the water again, to attend the district meeting in Cornwall; during his absence (ten days) he preached in Penzance, and some other places. I received the following communication from him:—

"'*Penzance, Sept. 20th*, 1828.

"'We arrived at this place about half-past eight last evening, so that our voyage was unusually long, and, on account of the heat by day and the heavy dews at night, was not very comfortable. Our stock of provision also did not hold out, so that we had nothing from about twelve o'clock till we reached Penzance. We left the vessel becalmed about four miles from the town, and walked in; but, to our great mortification, we had not landed more than a quarter of an hour before a breeze sprang up, and she was in

harbour before us. I lodged last night at an inn, as it was late: I was hungry and weary, and did not know where to find Mr. Scurrah. This morning I called upon him, and was very kindly received; I have been with him ever since. I have been nearly over the town, and am greatly pleased with the beautiful scenery of the surrounding country, covered with verdure, and pretty thickly sprinkled with lovely villas. The chapel is a very good one, about the size and form of Pitt Street chapel, Liverpool. The organ is very handsome, and, after I have heard its tones, I can tell you whether I think it a good one. The lower part of the town I think far from neat or clean, but there are some good houses in it.

"'Mr. Webb knows you; he and Mr. Taylor seem agreeable men. I have promised Mrs. Scurrah, who is an agreeable and kind woman, to bring you with me the next visit I pay. I am pretty well, and am looking forward to next Friday with anxiety. The Lord be with thee my dearest.

"'I am,

"'My dearest,

"'Yours,

"'JOHN JENKINS.'

"We hoped that the health of my dear partner would have been perfectly restored. In a letter to a friend, January, 1829, he observed, 'I feel grateful in being able to add that this place seems to agree with me much better than I hoped before my arrival, so that, with little intermission, I have been able to attend to my work. For this I am thankful to the Lord, who, I believe, directed the appointment.'

"He had the affections of the people. He was *exceedingly* zealous in promoting the cause of missions and Sabbath schools; his whole soul was engaged in the glorious cause of the Redeemer. When on a visit at my parents' I received the following letter:—

"'*St. Mary's, Scilly, March 3d*, 1829.

"'My dearest love,

"'I looked for a letter by the last packet, al-

though I did not fully expect one, as mine could not have reached you in time for answer.

" 'I have no doubt but you are trying to spend your time to the very best advantage; and my very fervent and earnest prayer is that the blessing of our common Father and God may every moment rest upon you, and our dear parents, and other relatives.

" 'I told you in my last that, at the time of writing, I was indisposed. My indisposition continued to increase for some days upon me; I however at once had recourse to medicine, and am now very much better, so that I intend to-day to go out a little. You need not feel the least uneasy about me, as Ann does all she can, and the friends are very attentive—Miss Grace and Mrs. Hooper. I need not tell you they are not my Sarah, and that I look forward with some anxiety to the time of your return—this I am assured is mutual.

" 'We were very near meeting with a serious accident a few nights ago, that could hardly have been foreseen: after falling asleep, about two o'clock I awoke almost suffocated, with my room full of smoke; the door and window were closed, and the candle burning on the drawers. I leaped out of bed, weak as I was, and ran into Ann's room, and called her; I ran down stairs, but all was safe: I returned to my own room again, and perceived that the lower drawer was open about an inch, and something was burning; I laid hold of it, but it was nearly extinguished, so that a gracious Providence himself interposed. A spark must have shot from the candle, and have fallen into the drawer; and yet the candle was full twelve inches from the edge. We will bless the Lord for his mercies. Mrs. Banfield has been dangerously ill. Betsy Phillips is very low. Betsy Duff, I think, will be soon in heaven. Mrs. Tregarthen is recovering. Of course I have not been able to see them, but hope to do so to-morrow.

" And now, my dearest, what shall I say more, but exhort you to stay your mind on the Lord; faithfully serve him, ardently love him, implicitly believe him. He can save. He will save. My kindest love to our

dear parents at Cheddar and Bristol; also to our dear sisters, and brothers, and children. I wish I were with you; how greatly would it rejoice me to see them all! When you write in reply to this, inform me when you *fully* purpose to return, that I may send to Penzance for them to be apprised of it. I neglected to state above that only the covering of the drawer and one of my shirts have been burnt.

" ' If the people knew of my writing you, I should have loves enough; but Ann does not know what to say, leaving it to me to tell you whether she has been good or not. I sent for her little sister, who is now with us. Farewell my love.

" ' I am, my dearest Love,

" ' Thy affectionate Husband.'

" As Mr. Jenkins kept no journal whilst at Scilly, I have thought giving an extract or two from some of his letters will give an idea of the state of his mind.

" *Extract of a letter to Rev. Mr. S. of Penzance.*

" ' *Scilly, May 11th*, 1829.

" ' Dear Brother,

" ' I will do what I can on the 23d instant, but I am so doubtful, that I feel already much depressed lest what I shall say be not accepted. I often think this sort of questioning and unbelief arises from pride of heart. Why should I feel so, if my only desire is to lead sinners to the Lamb of God? Mrs. Jenkins and I have prayed for you, your dear wife, and children, that your present afflictions may indeed be fully sanctified, and that in heaven you may reap the *eternal weight of glory* that these *afflictions* are working out.

" ' Need I say to you, *Cast all your care upon the Lord, for he careth for you?* You have proved his word to be faithful, and you must, you will, trust in him to the end.

" ' We are exceedingly grateful to hear of the composed and happy state of Mrs. Scurrah's mind, and have no doubt but through the whole length, ruggedness, and darkness of the way she has to pass, she will feel and rejoice, *Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.*

" ' Please make our most affectionate love to Mrs. Scurrah, and assure her of the hope and joy we have of meeting her, her husband, her children, before the throne of God, to praise him for ever.

" ' I have written this hasty scrawl in much pain, being confined by a bruised knee, that has nearly kept me in bed the whole of several days. You may see me yet leaning upon my staff, but I hope you will not.

" ' I enclose a note to my friend Harry, telling him that I shall make his house mine for the time I shall be with you.—The Lord bless you.

" ' I am, my dear Brother,

" ' Yours affectionately,

" ' JOHN JENKINS.'

" Sabbath, 16th May, he was unable to preach, being ill in bed. Tuesday, 18th, we sailed to Falmouth: landed on Wednesday morning. Mr. J. was so much recovered that he walked to the chapel in the evening, and, being disappointed of a preacher, they pressed him to preach; he did, to our great astonishment. 21st, we went to Penzance, and found that our dear sister Scurrah's spirit had left its clay tenement on the preceding Wednesday. On the 22nd her dear child Elizabeth expired. These events affected my dear husband; he felt more than he could well bear. Sunday, 23d, he preached in Penzance for the benefit of the Dispensary in that town; he preached twice, and held a love-feast in the afternoon, in which he expressed a desire to be again engaged in the missionary work. The next morning we, with many hundreds, followed the remains of our dear sisters to the grave. Six o'clock, P. M., Mr. Jenkins preached at Newlyn, from Rev. vii. 14, ' These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes,' &c. 25th, we returned to Falmouth, Rev. A. B. Seckerson, Webb, Jackson, and Callaway, accompanied us; he attended all the services during the district, and greatly enjoyed the company of the brethren. 28th, we left Falmouth, and got to Penzance just in time to go on board the packet; got home the next day. He continued to go through his work until Thursday, June

24th, when he preached, for the last time, from the apostle's exhortation to the Colossians, 'Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom,' &c.; and, although there was a great noise outside the chapel, in consequence of an illumination in the town, our friends, on leaving the chapel, could not help remarking the very great composure he manifested throughout the whole service, and observed, 'It was indeed a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.' We little thought that was to be the last time we were thus to be favoured. We spent the evening at the Circuit-steward, Mr. Banfield's, with his excellent family, and Mrs. B.'s worthy father and mother, Mr. John Mumford, the other steward and leader at Holy-Vale. Before we parted, Mr. Jenkins prayed (this was his invariable rule), and the presence of God was so powerfully revealed that I think most of us felt as if we had been 'alone with Jesus.' He had been poorly before, but the next day was taken much worse. Our dear friends at Scilly evinced the greatest attention, concern, and affection; this feeling was not confined to the members of our Society, but to the inhabitants generally, especially the most respectable part of them; and many fervent prayers were presented to God for them by him. July 10th, our dear brethren arrived from Cornwall to attend our Missionary Meeting, Rev. T. Webb, W. Lawrey, T. W. Smith, George Jackson, and Mr. Harry. It was very affecting to see them approach his bed, one after the other; and they will not forget the joy that filled his heart, and beamed in his countenance, as he embraced them, and blessed the Lord for their safe passage, and prayed that much good might result from their visit to the islands. Sunday, Smith, Jackson, and Lawrey, preached in St. Mary's; Mr. Webb visited Tresco. Monday, the 12th, we had a most interesting Missionary Meeting, both preachers and people were highly delighted; and the affliction of dear Mr. Jenkins was the only drawback to our mutual joy and delight.

"At the commencement of his illness he gave me directions for his funeral, should he die in Scilly, requesting the Sunday-school children and teachers might

walk before the corpse, &c. &c. He suffered more than can be described; sometimes not being able to breathe until nearly suffocated: when he could get a breath, he would praise God, and say, 'That was worth a world.' For nine or ten days his stomach was unable to retain any thing. He would put his hand to his chest, observing, 'The seat of the complaint is *here*, and that is not touched.' Though the doctor was very attentive, and did all he could, it baffled his skill. Mr. J. thanked him, saying, 'Doctor, I entertain the highest opinion of your attentions, and shall ever cherish a grateful remembrance of them.' One night he had a severe conflict with the enemy, who wanted him to doubt the safety of his state, and the faithfulness of God. 'But,' said he, 'I looked to Jesus, and he vanished.' This was, I think, about three weeks before his death. July 22nd, Thursday morning, half-past eight o'clock, he said, 'My dear, I feel I have peace, and no doubt of my acceptance in the Beloved; but I want more joy in the Holy Ghost.' He then prayed aloud for about twenty minutes: instantly his soul was filled so unutterably full of the love of God that he exclaimed, 'Glory be to God! glory be to God!' till nearly exhausted. He observed, 'I as sensibly felt the change the second time, *Be clean!* as I did when I was justified.' He longed for all the world to feel and enjoy the same blessing. He had often received benefit from a sea voyage, and to day, about eleven, A. M., Mr. Banfield and I got the doctor's permission to take him on the water. He soon began to revive, took food, and enjoyed the sail till three, P. M. After we got home, the doctor came, and, to his great astonishment, found him sitting in the parlour, much stronger than before we left. We went again on Friday and Saturday. 24th, soon after we got home, brother Jackson landed from Penzance to supply for Mr. Jenkins. Mr. Jackson thought my dear husband's legs were swollen, but *he* thought lightly of it; and we hoped that my dear partner would soon be raised up again; but the swelling increased in the legs and bowels. 25th, Sabbath, Mr. Jackson preached; and, whilst he was engaged in the first prayer, Mr.

Jenkins was telling me how very happy he was, that his soul was full of love, that he knew not how to praise the Lord enough. I said, 'I have no doubt but Mr. Jackson and the congregation are praying for you now,' and so they were; and, while they called, the Lord blessed his suffering servant with such a glorious manifestation of his divine presence as led him often to exclaim, 'My cup runneth over.' One day, he said, 'I feel so sweetly resigned to the will of my heavenly Father, he fills me so full of himself, that I am nothing but love!—all love!—and was never in such a state before.' One day, two ladies called to see him; one of them he had repeatedly visited when she was apparently near death, and was restored, as many believed, in answer to his earnest prayers. She then promised to live to God. He now reminded her of her resolutions, begging her to give her heart to God without delay; and asked, 'What would my condition be now, were I not in possession of the salvation of God?' He then asked, 'Shall we four meet in heaven?' Some months before his illness, he was requested to visit a young gentleman who had often been impressed under his ministry. He found him very ill, and under conviction for sin. Mr. J. gladly pointed him to the Lamb of God, and he soon obtained peace. One night Mr. Jenkins was much distressed. I asked, 'What is the matter, my dear?' He replied, 'C. L. is so much on my mind I cannot rest.' He spent the night in earnest prayer for him. In the morning we called, and found that his mind had been greatly distressed. His mother said, she believed he had not ceased praying all night, and often wished Mr. Jenkins had been with him. We prayed, and left him more comfortable. He was restored.

"An extract of a note from another young gentleman, who attended his ministry, will show that he was always ready to impart comfort to all. The note is dated St. Mary's, Sept. 22nd, 1829. 'Allow me to thank you (as I feel I never can thank you sufficiently) for your kindness in rising from your bed (and at my request) to visit me during the night of my severe illness, a grateful sense of which I hope long to retain.'

"I must believe that the seed sown in the Scilly Islands by Mr. Jenkins, and followed by his prayers, and watered with his tears, will, with the blessing of the Divine Being, produce an abundant harvest. 2nd August, I wrote to the Conference, to Rev. F. Truscott, to have John Jenkins attached to the Bristol North Circuit as supernumerary. He observed to me afterwards, 'I believe, my dear, there is a nearer way to heaven for me than Bristol.' He said, with great earnestness, 'My dear, is Jesus precious?' I replied, 'Yes, love.' He said, 'Bless the Lord!' When suffering inexpressible pain, he would say, 'It is all needful, though it is humbling that it should be needful. The Lord has an infinite reason for all he does.' 8th, Sabbath morning, between twelve and one o'clock, he was suddenly seized, so that the nurse and I could hardly hold him. The servant called up the doctor, who came in a few minutes, and we all thought my beloved husband was just expiring. It was then, for the first time, that I had abandoned hope, as I had so often seen him raised as from the gates of death. None can tell the agonizing feelings of my soul at that awful moment, when he would not allow me to pray for his recovery. In a little time he revived, and exhorted for half an hour, as though addressing the congregation for the last time; then gave out,

'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,' &c.

The great solemnity of manner and voice, the sublimity of language, the depth of thought, and the powerful and impressive way in which he entreated all to strive for the possession of holiness, without which we shall be rejected, was extremely affecting. When he had nearly closed, he said, 'This is Bible!—this is Bible!—let the infidel confute it if he can.' He then repeated,

'O for a thousand tongues to sing,' &c.;

then prayed for a considerable time. From that period he looked more like an inhabitant of heaven than earth. He would often enquire the cause of my looking sorrowful; and, with a heavenly smile, said,

'I love you dearly,' and expressed his thankfulness to God for our union. I said, 'Shall I meet you in heaven?' He answered, 'That is not for me to say,—but, as it regards myself, there is no doubt, no fear, no, nothing like it—there is the same mercy, the same Saviour, the same heaven, all free for you as for me; trust in the Lord, then my soul for yours.' About seven o'clock, he said, 'My dear, I have had a most delightful dream about Father; I thought we were conversing, and the subject was the love of God. Father repeated, *Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might*, &c.; then enquired, John, will you engage to do it? I answered, I will, Father; and we both engaged to love the Lord with all our hearts. Father said, This is the standard around which we will rally.'

"He spoke most affectionately of our parents, brothers, and sisters, and with pain anticipated their feelings when they should hear of his removal. I requested him to pray for me; he commenced praying for himself, then for me, then for our parents, and all our other relatives. I said, 'Do you think the Lord will spare you?' He answered, 'If he has any thing for me to do, he will.' I said, 'Do you think it wrong for me to pray for your recovery?' He said, 'No.' I said, 'Will you pray for it?' He returned, 'If *you* wish it, I will,'—with a most interesting smile, as if it had been of no importance whether he recovered or not. So completely was his will lost in the will of God, that he had no choice but to say, '*Thy will be done*.' He saw me weeping, he turned his head from me, and said, 'Nurse, Mrs. Jenkins is grieving, but she ought not to do so; she ought to put her trust in the Lord, and her bread shall be given, and her water shall be sure.' When he had commended me to the care of our gracious God, I reminded him of the day of our union, when, on our return from the altar, as soon as we entered the house, he requested my sister and I to go up stairs; we fell on our knees, and he earnestly entreated God's blessing on our union, and presented this petition, 'Head of the Church, be head to my wife.'

"Our dear friends often called, also the Baptist and

Bryanite preachers, and one of the church ministers. He always gave the right hand of fellowship to all who loved our Lord Jesus, and whose aim was the glory of God, in the conversion of sinners. He wished me not to allow persons to leave without seeing him. And they will not soon forget the many blessed seasons they have enjoyed while around his bed, listening to the gracious words that dropped from his mouth. I said, 'O that I were fully prepared to go with you!' He smiling said, 'Make haste, and get ready: cannot you slip away from earth?' In the afternoon I expressed my gratitude to God for lengthening out his life to the present, as he had so often been near death, and to him, for his unparalleled affection and attachment, and his unceasing concern for my comfort and happiness, which he had always promoted, and that he had more than answered my highest expectation in every respect. I told him, if I had been the means of adding to his comfort in any degree, it would be a sufficient recompence. He said, 'I am glad to hear you say so, my dear,' and assured me the feeling was mutual. Soon after Mr. Taylor called (the person who preached for him that day), and prayed with him; and although his mind had been wandering just before, during prayer it was quite fixed. Misses E. and N. Mumford called; on hearing the bell go six, he reminded them it was time to go to chapel. He wanted to be dressed, telling me he had prepared a sermon on purpose, and must go. I told him he was unable, and it was then too late. Mr. B. came up: he said, 'Doctor, I was preparing to go to preach, but the time deceived me.' We could hear the singing, and he knew all the tunes. After service, two of the leaders, Mr. Strick and Mr. W. Mumford, came to remain for the night; they, with the doctor, nurse, and myself, sat up; and that night will never be forgotten by us. When the nurse gave him any thing to take, he, with his usual kindness, would beg our friends to take something; he then looked at me, and said 'My love, take something. Nurse, do give Mrs. Jenkins something to take, for I am sure she needs it.' About midnight he wanted to sing, and gave out,

'O God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home;'

but was unable to sing. He said, 'My love, I have spent a most delightful Sabbath.' He then prayed for our most gracious king, that when he may be called to put off his earthly crown he may receive a crown of glory, that shall never fade away) and for the establishment of the religion of the Bible in the world, and for all that he had ever had the charge of, that every individual might meet him at the right hand of God; then,

'That all may hear the quick'ning sound,
Since I, ev'n I, have mercy found.'

He added, 'We praise thee, O God! we acknowledge thee to be the Lord,' &c.; saying, 'Lord, make me useful to this people.' He appeared as if worshipping before the throne; and, every time he prayed, he concluded with the Lord's prayer, "The grace of our Lord," &c., and "may the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of his son Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen, and Amen." The devotional manner, accompanied with so much sacred awe, it is impossible for any to conceive who did not witness the heavenly scene. About half an hour before he expired, I said, 'My love, do you know me?' He said, 'Who, James?' meaning his brother, I thought.—I said, 'No.' He said affectionately, 'Kiss me.' I said, 'Yes, my dear.' He then appeared to sleep. Our friends had just gone down, and only Mrs. Thompson (the nurse) and myself were in the room, when, without a struggle or groan, his happy spirit escaped to be for ever with the Lord, about 5 o'clock on Monday morning, August 9th, 1830, aged 32.

—"In his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

The writer of this memoir, at the time of Mr. Jenkins's death, was at Penzance in Cornwall, in the capacity of a supernumerary, and, on the death of Mr. Jenkins, he was requested to go and preach on the occasion. He did so, and chose as his text, Rev. xiv. 13, believing it to be applicable to Mr. Jenkins. On the same day, August 15th, his remains were interred in the church-yard of St. Mary's, Scilly, accompanied, it was said by an old and respectable inhabitant, by a greater number of persons than ever attended any other corpse to the tomb in those islands.

The following character of Mr. Jenkins was published in the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine :—

"Died, August 9th, at Scilly, the Rev. J. Jenkins, aged 32 years. In 1827 his emaciated constitution obliged him to return from the West Indies ; and hopes were entertained, both by himself and his friends, that his health, which had been greatly impaired in an ungenial climate, would be renovated in his native country. He continued to preach, with few interruptions, but often with great difficulty, until last June ; when his extreme debility compelled him to resign that work in which his whole soul was engaged ; but not without a hope of resuming his labours after a little rest. His talents as a preacher were highly respectable, and his placid temper, amiable disposition, and uniform conduct, endeared him to the people among whom he laboured. The affliction which brought him to the grave was most distressing: but patience had its perfect work, and he suffered according to the will of God. For some time previous to his death he experienced that 'perfect love' which 'casteth out fear,' witnessed a good confession, and rejoiced in hope of the glory of God.

"During the aberration of his mind, occasioned by the disease under which he laboured, he was generally engaged in praying and preaching ; and even in those seasons of mental debility he lamented that his strength would not enable him to do more.

"When recollected, as was generally the case, his mind was quite tranquil, his peace flowed like a river ; death to him had no terrors ; the religion which he had recommended to others supported him under his se-

vere affliction, and enabled him to triumph over the last enemy.

"R. S."

The following inscription, on a plain stone, is placed at the head of Mr. Jenkins's grave, which will be long visited with feelings of melancholy interest, by a truly pious, intelligent, and affectionate people:—

IN

MEMORY

OF

THE REV. JOHN JENKINS,

SOME TIME

A WESLEYAN MISSIONARY

IN THE

WEST INDIES;

LATE

THE WESLEYAN MINISTER

IN THIS ISLAND.

He departed this Life

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1830,

Aged 32 Years.

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"Along with these remembrances, most affectionately cherished, of the few short months that you were with us in Charleston, I take occasion to express the pleasure it gives me to see your work on Baptism published in this country. Permit me to say that I consider it every way worthy of you. The authorities are well selected; and you have used them with a sound discretion. The whole execution of the work displays judgment and ability; and, I doubt not, will afford general satisfaction to those who may be seeking information on the subject of Baptism, and who would not choose to search through many volumes to obtain it. The pith of the argument is here given, within a reasonable compass, with perspicuity, and, as I consider, with effect. You have my best wishes for its extensive circulation."

From the WORLD of Oct. 8th, 1828.

"In the work before us, the author has, we believe, placed the baptismal controversy on a new footing, and hence it merits the attention of both of the parties concerned. Dr. Gill, in his answer to Dickinson, has said, "Let it be proved that infants are, or ought to be, members of Gospel Churches, and we are ready to admit them," that is, to baptism. Now this is what Mr. Jackson has here undertaken to prove.

"We are happy to have it in our power to say that we have not observed any tincture of the *odium theologicum* throughout the work."

From the WESLEYAN METHODIST MAGAZINE for Oct. 1828, p. 690.

"These letters embrace the principal topics of dispute between the Baptists and orthodox Christians of other denominations, are written in a Christian spirit, display an intimate knowledge of the subject, and are well adapted to answer the end of their publication, and be very useful—in neighbourhoods where attempts are made, not to convert men from sin to holiness, but to perplex and disunite Christian brethren on the subject of baptism."

From the IMPERIAL MAGAZINE for Oct. 1828, col. 955.

"A Series of Letters on the Subjects and Mode of Christian Baptism, &c., by George Jackson, the reader will find worthy of his attention. Within the narrow compass of 120 pages, the author has contrived to compress history, argument, and scripture, which in their combined effect place this subject in a commanding light. Few works on baptism contain so much information. The essence of the controversy is fairly exhibited, and we perceive at one glance the marshalled forces which appear to protect the infant's font."

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